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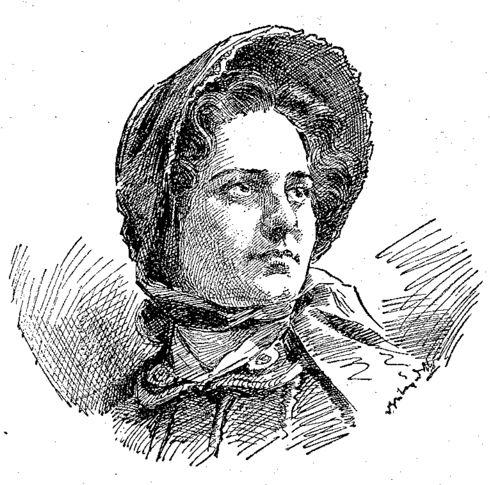

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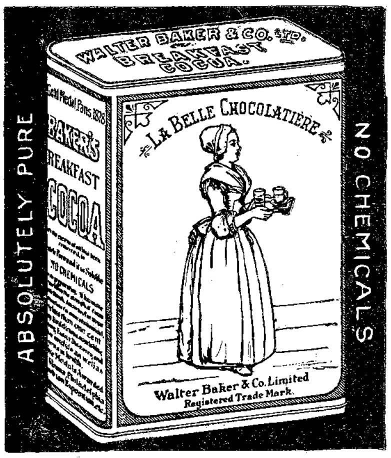

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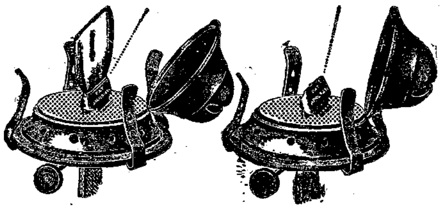

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* * *

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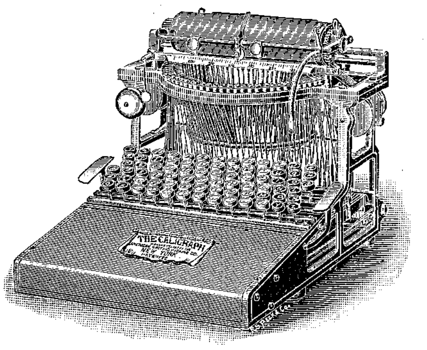

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 22 February, 1896 Number 8

THE Queen's Speech last week was, as usual, a kind of formal and non-communicative prelude to the opening of the new session of the English Parliament. The principal interest in it centered in the expressions with regard to Armenia, Venezuela, and South Africa, but on all these matters the tone of the message, while distinctly pacific, was vague and noncommittal. The Queen conveyed the rather stale information that the Sultan had sanctioned reforms proposed for the Armenian provinces, and expressed her regret that the fanatical outbreak among the Turkish population had resulted in a series of massacres. She also regretted the sudden excursion into the South African Republic of an armed force, and declared that the matter would be made the subject of a searching inquiry. The Government of the United States having expressed a wish to co-operate in the termination of the differences between England and Venezuela, the Queen expressed her sympathy with the desire to come to an equitable arrangement. In a word, the Speech, as usual, was purely a formal matter, but the debate which followed was significant as showing the attitude of the parties. Lord Rosebery severely criticised the Government's policy toward Armenia, which he declared was most mysterious and led to the conclusion that the Ministry had decided to abandon the cause of Armenia. Touching on the Venezuelan question, Lord Rosebery said that he welcomed the intervention of the United States because it introduced the important element of a substantial Government offering to guarantee the permanence of any settlement that might be arrived at. The whole speech was distinctly friendly in character, and Lord Salisbury, who followed, declared that the chief obstacle to settlement had been the extravagant claims of Venezuela, but that the difficulty would, in his judgment, be solved before long by the mutual development of a desire for arbitration. On Monday of this week an amendment to the reply to the Queen's Speech was moved in the House of Commons urging that the whole question should be submitted to arbitration. A most interesting debate followed, which was closed by the assurance of Mr. Balfour that the amendment would only hinder the object in view. Sir William Harcourt declared that both inside and outside the House the consensus of opinion was in favor of arbitration. The feeling seems to be very general in London that an early adjustment of the affair is now assured. Pressure has been brought to bear by our own Government on Venezuela to resume diplomatic relations with Great Britain, and when a Minister from Venezuela arrives in London, it is believed that the way will be open for a prompt adjustment of the differences between the two countries. The immense advantage of treating international affairs with calmness and deliberation instead of bluster and buncombe is plainly seen in the contrast suggested by the speeches of Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords, and of Mr. Frye in the United States Senate. Lord Rosebery's attitude was that of a trained statesman dealing with affairs of world-wide moment with dignity and a deep sense of responsibility. Mr. Frye's attitude was that of an angry boy who shakes his fists and declaims.

⁂

The legal opinion of Professor Bernay, of the University of Lausanne, which we publish on another page, is a very important document. It was obtained, as will be seen, by the British Peace Association, and has been forwarded to The Outlook by a special English correspondent. It is distinctly a judicial opinion, wholly free from political and national bias. It has the authority of an impartial opinion, and settles, as far as any opinion from a single unprejudiced and disinterested expert can settle, some of the disputed questions involved in the Venezuela controversy. According to this opinion, the Monroe Doctrine does not justify our intervention in the Venezuelan dispute; the claims of Secretary Olney in this respect are unfounded, and, moreover, were not presented in proper forms of diplomatic courtesy. On the other hand, our declaration that England's refusal to submit the Venezuelan question to arbitration would be regarded as unfriendly, though "ill conceived from some points of view," is not a menace of war; nor is the appointment of the Commission an infraction of international law. Finally, while intervention by one State in a controversy between two other States is sometimes legitimate, notably when a stronger State is committing an unlawful act to the injury of a weaker State, it appears impossible to discover in the issues between Venezuela and England any conditions which justify such intervention by the United States. Such, in brief, is the substance of this opinion, which we commend to the studious consideration of our candid readers. This valuable paper gives us the gift to "see ourselves as others see us"—always a valuable though not always a welcome gift.

⁂

The chief figure of the week in England has been Mr. Chamberlain, whose very able management of the difficulties in South Africa has elicited praise even from his political enemies. The notable quality which has characterized Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of South African matters has been directness. He seemed to grasp the situation the very moment the startling news was conveyed to him, and before the newspapers had published the reports the Secretary for the Colonies had taken every step necessary to disavow Dr. Jameson's enterprise in every form. There was none of the usual diplomatic evasion and procrastination. In the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain has shown the same qualities. He has apparently taken the whole English public into his confidence, and told them the entire story without any of the usual diplomatic reservations and concealments. He has substituted complete publicity for the traditional diplomatic policy of secrecy, and it is not surprising that this new method has secured popular approval on the instant. From the very beginning Mr. Chamberlain has made the newspapers free of all the information which he possessed. Twenty-four hours before the debate on the Transvaal affair in the House of Commons he had published the dispatches, and when he stood on his feet to meet his critics he practically disarmed them by telling the whole story simply, frankly, and apparently without any evasions. His critics had expected to make a point of his unwise haste in printing the dispatch to the British High Commissioner in South Africa, in which he had set forth the grievances of the foreign residents of the Transvaal and suggested a scheme of reforms which included the practical autonomy of the residents of the Rand. To this suggestion President Kruger took serious offense, and has refused to carry out his intention of visiting England for the purpose of conference with the Government.

⁂

Mr. Chamberlain described this whole transaction, went over the whole question with the greatest apparent candor, said frankly that he had irritated President Kruger by his unwise action, and had possibly prevented his proposed visit; that he had made a mistake in making public a scheme of reform in the government of the Rand without previously submitting it to President Kruger; that his action had been met by an angry protest; that he withdrew it as a mere tentative suggestion; and closed a very able speech by the declaration that the English Government intended, under all circumstances, to stand by its rights in South Africa. The speech, by reason of its lucidity, intelligent arrangement of detail, and general air of candor, disarmed criticism and has made the most favorable impression in England. While Mr. Chamberlain was speaking in the House of Commons, Baron von Vieberstein, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, was also speaking in the German Reichstag. He said that Germany had never attempted to obtain any kind of a protectorate over the Transvaal, but that the German Government will uphold the *status quo* at Delagoa Bay, the rights involved in the ownership of the German railways, and the maintenance of the independence of the South African Republic. In other words, Germany apparently conveys to England the decision that she will not stand by and allow English intervention in the affairs of South Africa. The situation undoubtedly contains elements of danger. It may be doubted whether the English Government proposes to send an army corps of twenty thousand men to South Africa, as is reported in the newspapers, and whether the German Government is also making preparations looking to the same end; but the English cannot leave the difficulty with the Boers where it is, and, if German declarations are to be believed, England cannot interfere to change the conditions for the better without antagonizing Germany.

⁂

The prophecy has been freely made of late that the Bourgeois Ministry would go out of power in France, as its predecessor went out, on the question of the Southern Railway scandals, and the large attendance of visitors in the galleries of the Chamber of Deputies on Thursday of last week was an indication of the popular interest in the subject and in a possible Cabinet crisis. The trial of the first group of speculators involved in the Southern Railway scandal resulted in the defeat of the Ribot Ministry. An examination of all the matters involved has been in progress for several months, and the question upon which the Bourgeois Ministry was to stand or fall last week related to the appointment of what is called in France a Judge of Instruction to conduct the inquiry. Judge Poitevin was selected for the work, and the charge has been freely made that this official was too much under Ministerial influence. On that ground the Ministry had been beaten in the Senate, and its opponents expected to beat it in the popular body. How much sincerity there is in the charge against Judge Poitevin it is impossible to say, but the opinion seems to be that the charge was simply a pretext under cover of which the opponents of the Ministry hoped to overthrow it. Out of 581 members of the Chamber, 326 voted for the Ministry and 43 against it, leaving a large group of Deputies, 212, who seem to have preferred to leave the present Ministry in office, but who were not willing to indorse it. The affirmative vote came largely from the Moderate Republicans. In the Senate the Ministry is accused of being too radical; among the Radicals it is charged with being too conservative. But it is probably having as comfortable a time as any French Ministry can under the existing conditions in the Chamber of Deputies. All parties and groups are now looking more to the municipal elections, which will take place throughout France in May, than to the carrying out of any distinct policy.

⁂

In the United States Senate last week five free-coinage Republicans voted with the Democrats and Populists against the consideration of the House tariff bill. The Republicans who thus broke away from party lines upon a question involving what has been the cardinal principle of the party were: Senators Jones, of Nevada, Teller, of Colorado, Dubois, of Idaho, and Carter and Mantle, of Montana. With their aid the Democrats and Populists buried the tariff bill by a vote of 29 to 21. Some Republican papers express confidence that this action will be reconsidered, but the general belief is that the tariff bill is killed and that the bolting Republicans have formally served notice that they care as little for the protection of Eastern manufacturers as the latter for the protection of Western silver-miners. Whatever the outcome, the vote furnishes another sign that Republican unity is increasingly difficult to maintain. When so many Western Republicans will vote with Southern Democrats against a tariff bill, the union of the free-trade and free-coinage sections of the country in one political party certainly seems less remote. In the House of Representatives the important event of the week was the defeat of the Senate's free-coinage amendment to the Bond Bill by a majority of 125 votes. This majority against free coinage was without precedent in recent years. Even in the fall of 1893, the free-coinage amendment to the bill repealing the Sherman Act received 125 votes, as against 226 in opposition. This year the free-coinage proposition received but 90 votes, as against 215 in opposition. An analysis of the two votes shows that the increased strength of the opposition was due to the increased strength of the Republican party. In 1893 the Democrats voted 114 to 101 against free coinage; this year they voted 58 to 31 in its favor. In 1893 the Republicans voted 112 to 13 against free coinage; this year they voted 184 to 25 against it. In 1893 the free-coinage proposition had the support of 11 Populists; this year of only 7. It was, therefore, to the displacement of Democrats and Populists by Republicans in the elections of 1894 that the extent of last week's anti-silver victory was due. Only seven Republicans from east of the Missouri River supported the free-coinage proposition. This vote is admitted by silver men to be a decided setback to free coinage.

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In interpreting the significance of this action the reader must recall the classification of parties on the financial question which The Outlook has heretofore given. These parties are not two, but three: the first is in favor of gold monometallism; the second is in favor of a double or alternating standard of gold and silver, kept at parity by being made legal tender for all debts, private and public; the third is in favor of free silver coinage. Some bimetallists are in favor of free silver coinage, either because they think it will lead to bimetallism or because they think that, if it does not, the evils of silver monometallism will be less than the evils of the present gold system; other bimetallists are opposed to free silver coinage, because they fear it will retard bimetallism, and they prefer to endure present evils rather than fly to ills they know not of. The free silver coinage men are reinforced by the silver-mining and co-related industries. The vote in the House indicates, if it does not demonstrate, a popular majority against free silver coinage, but it does not demonstrate such a public majority against bimetallism, and we doubt if it even indicates such a majority. It does indicate an increasing determination that every dollar shall possess the same purchasing value, whether it is redeemable in gold or silver. This is a wise determination; bimetallists all believe that it can be realized under bimetallism; if not, bimetallism is scientifically false. The way to secure a test vote of the opinion of the House on that question would be to introduce a bill requiring the Secretary of the Treasury, when the gold reserve fell below a certain definite minimum, to redeem in silver coin the notes which, by the terms of the act providing for their issue, are payable in silver at the option of the Government. Every vote against such a law would be a vote against National bimetallism; every vote for it would be a vote for bimetallism.

⁂

Secretary Morton, of the Department of Agriculture, is trying to institute an important reform, the purpose of which is to be heartily commended, but by a method which ought not to pass unchallenged. Since 1839 the Government has expended sums gradually increasing from $1,000 a year to $150,000 for the distribution of seeds, plants, vines, and the like, in order to diversify and promote the horticultural and agricultural industries of the country. The aim was to bring the attention of farmers to new seeds and plants which our consuls abroad or correspondents in different parts of our own country brought to the attention of the Bureau of Agriculture. Naturally, the number of rare products really deserving to be thus distributed was very small, and the institution framed for the advancement of science and agriculture has developed into an institution for enabling Congressmen to show personal attentions to farming constituents. Though the total amount appropriated seems small, the number of packages of seeds distributed last year was upwards of nine million, of which about eight million went to farmers through the favor of Congressmen. The exact amount spent in purchasing and handling these seeds in 1894 was $123,000, and the cost to the Post-Office Department of transporting them free of charge was in the neighborhood of $30,000 more. Secretary Morton rightly insists that the system has developed into a gross abuse, and urges that, instead of this wholesale and indiscriminate sending of seeds to constituents, it would be better for the Government to appropriate $500 for each of the forty-eight agricultural experiment stations, permitting these to distribute as they see fit. Unfortunately, however, Secretary Morton does not stop here. Unable to persuade Congress to change the law, he discovered and followed a method by which he claims he may legally refuse to extend the appropriation. The method pursued was, in brief, to advertise for competitive bids for the furnishing of the seeds, plants, and so on, but to find that no one of the bids received by the date specified was satisfactory at all points. Those most interested in the promotion of agriculture in this country agree with Secretary Morton that the present law which he opposes is a bad one; but the way to get rid of a bad law is not to evade it. We regret to see Secretary Morton making use of a questionable means to accomplish a very commendable end. The foundation of democracy is government by law as opposed to government by officials; and when officials, in the Nation, State, or city, set out to defeat the obvious purpose of the law, even when that purpose is pernicious, by evasive methods, they set an example which, unfortunately, is quickly and skillfully adopted by those who wish to break the force of good laws.

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Several bills distinctively in the interest of morality have been introduced at the present session of Congress. One of them, forbidding prize-fights in any territory of the United States, has passed both Houses. The others have not been brought to a vote in either House, but may be helped to one by those in sympathy with them. One of these measures forbids the issue of Federal liquor licenses except to dealers possessing State licenses. The object is to reduce the number of illegal dram-shops in high license, local option, and Prohibition States by making the lawbreakers subject to the severe penalties of the Federal law as well as the comparatively mild ones of the Commonwealths. The measure was introduced in the Senate by Mr. Peffer, of Kansas, and in the House by Mr. Denny, of Mississippi. The New York "Voice" reports that the Mississippi Legislature will memorialize Congress in favor of the measure. In that State, under the local-option law, more than four-fifths of the counties have prohibited saloons, and the public sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the law is so strong that the traditional hostility to the strong arm of the Federal Government has been forgotten. It is noteworthy that most of the Congressmen quoted in the "Voice" as heartily supporting the bill are Southern Democrats. The two remaining bills especially notable for their moral purpose have been introduced by Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts. One forbids the granting of a divorce in any Territory unless the applicant has resided in the Territory for one year. The other is so short and so important that we print it in full:

> "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who shall be a party to the transmission by telegraph or telephone or mail or express or otherwise, from one State or Territory into another State or Territory, or from or into the District of Columbia, of any gambling bet, or report of such bet on any race or prize-fight or other event, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be punishable in the first offense by imprisonment for not more than two years or by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or both, and in the second and after offenses by such imprisonment only."

Already the transmission of any such bets or reports of bets from one State to another by mail or express is forbidden by National law, but the transmission by telegraph, aimed at in this bill, is a far more important way of nullifying the anti-gambling laws of various Commonwealths. By all means let this bill be pressed forward.

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The annual report of the New York State Factories Inspectors has been published. The most startling part of the report is that in regard to the violation of State laws in bakeries. The worst conditions prevail in New York and Brooklyn. The men are reported to work fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours a day. The overworked men in many cases sleep in the bake-shop on the bread-troughs; not infrequently it is their only home. The bread and other products are made, in the majority of the bakeries, in cellars damp and unfit for use, which are without means of lighting or ventilation. The details of the investigation are sickening, and make immediate reform imperative. The day must come when bakers will pass examinations before they can hold a license to make bread. All bread will then be made by machinery, and in buildings in which the most careful obedience to the laws of sanitation will prevail. A people who permit an industry, whose product is a food common to every home, to be carried on under conditions that are so revolting as to produce nausea, must recognize in this fact the mark of its low degree of civilization. A bill was passed last May which was intended to improve the conditions under which bread and other bakery products are manufactured, reducing the hours of labor, and requiring rooms separate from the bake-shop for the sleeping-rooms of the bakers—sanitary conditions that merely come within the bounds of decency. To enforce the provisions of the bill it was recommended that four deputy inspectors be appointed. The factory inspection has been as thorough as could be expected when it is remembered that there is but one inspector of bakeries for the entire city of New York. The Factory Inspectors advise the passage of a bill which will prohibit the making of bread in cellars. Regarding the general condition of labor throughout the State, the Inspectors' report is decidedly encouraging. The enforcement of the law regulating child labor has resulted in marked improvement in the conditions surrounding child labor in the State, and a marked increase in school attendance throughout the State.

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Last week a resolution was passed at Albany requiring the Superintendent of Public Instruction to transmit to the Legislature whatever information he possessed as to the number of children refused admission to the public schools of New York and Brooklyn because of lack of room. The resolution also called for a general statement of the need of additional school buildings in these two cities. The police census, which has just been completed in New York, throws some light on the question. The total number of children of school age in New York City is given as 448,493. Of this number 192,929 are attending the public schools, 65,285 are attending other schools, 22,780 are at work, 983 are known as truants, 65,117 children between the ages of four and eight years are not attending school, and 101,399 between eight and twenty-one years of age are out of school. Of this last number 5,685 do not speak or write English, 907 are deaf and dumb, 133 are blind. These figures are open to question, doubtless. Many of the children reported as attending school are attending half-day sessions—this compromise the schools have been compelled to make because of the pressure in certain districts. One school below Fourteenth Street has seven hundred children attending half-day sessions. The effect of this state of things is demoralizing.

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In Brooklyn the able Superintendent of Education, Mr. W. H. Maxwell, recently called attention to the educational conditions of that city. On September 30, 1895, 9,200 in that city were attending school on half-day time. The overcrowding of classes in Brooklyn is as great as in New York. 262 classes have registers of over 60. Forty-nine have registers of over 70. Twenty-two classes register over 80. Five have registers of over 100 and below 120. One had a register of over 140. Where the register numbers over 80, the classes are divided into two half-day sessions. About 25,000 children in Brooklyn are attending other than public schools. The difficulties attending the gathering of correct data of the number of children of school age unprovided for by the Department of Public Education are many. In New York, for instance, every child who is refused admittance to a school is counted as one. That one child may make application in a half-dozen schools, and count in each school as one. Then the children in the corporate schools are not counted at all in the school census, though the chief reason advanced for the maintenance of those schools is the inadequacy of the public school. There is in New York City, not a system of public education, but systems. The corporate schools draw from the State, county, and city funds hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to develop and maintain an entirely independent system of education; that is, to maintain as part of a system of charity a number of schools. The income of these corporate schools is on a per capita basis—a most pernicious system because of the temptations it offers to induce children to attend the corporate in preference to the public schools, where no material inducements are offered. In at least two of the wards in New York there are empty class-rooms in the public schools near which are two corporate schools overcrowded. The Amended Laws of the New York State Constitution, Article IX., Section 1, says:

> "The Legislature shall provide for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein *all* the children of this State may be educated."

Governor Morton in his first message says:

> "The new provision of Section 1 of Article IX. requires the Legislature to provide for the maintenance and support of a system of free common schools, wherein all the children of the State may be educated. That is now far from being the case, and the Legislature ought to take immediate steps to fulfill this mandate."

The resolution referred to above is a step toward carrying out the purpose of the amendment and the advice of Governor Morton.

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No scientific discovery since that of the principle of the telephone has aroused such wide interest as that of Professor Röntgen's now famous "X-rays." In this country as well as abroad, Professor Röntgen's experiments have been repeated by a host of scientists, and new developments are daily reported. Photographs have already been reproduced showing clearly marked outline pictures of such objects as keys, coins, eyeglasses, pencils, and the like, taken through leather or wooden cases or other solid substances, and of the human hand, showing the shape and articulation of the bones with great plainness. The discovery has already been applied with success in surgery: in Montreal a bullet was located in a man's leg by the X-rays and extracted; in Chicago a buckshot was located in a man's hand in the same way; in Berlin, Professor Röntgen himself, the cable tells us, located a needle which had been swallowed by a seamstress, it being discovered in a corner of her stomach by the new photography, and extracted with safety and with the result, probably, of saving the patient's life. In view of these and similar facts, there can hardly be any doubt that the discovery will be of extraordinary value in a practical way. Thus far the attention of scientists has been directed rather to repeating or improving upon Professor Röntgen's experiments than to defining the exact nature of the new medium. The most original advance is the partly proven discovery that not only can the rays be used for photographic purposes, but that they may be so treated as to present a direct shadow-picture of the hidden object to the eye without the intervention of photography. As to the exact nature of the "rays" which possess the extraordinary properties now brought to light, nothing more definite has been learned than the tentative theory put forth by Professor Röntgen himself. He says:

> "A kind of relationship between the new rays and light-rays appears to exist; at least the formation of shadows, fluorescence, and the production of chemical action point in this direction. Now it has been known for a long time that, besides the transverse vibrations which

account for the phenomena of light, it is possible that longitudinal vibrations should exist in the ether, and according to the view of some physicists must exist. It is granted that their existence has not yet been made clear, and their properties are not experimentally demonstrated. Should not the new rays be ascribed to longitudinal waves in the ether?"

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The news—if it be really news and not rumor—of Dr. Nansen's safe return from his Polar expedition is so incomplete and scanty that it will only arouse the liveliest curiosity and impatience to learn the history of the great explorer's achievements. The news first came from Irkutsk, and merely stated that Nansen was safe and "returning from the North Pole." Little credence was given to the report at first, as it came from an unexpected quarter, and as several unconfirmed rumors about Nansen have hitherto been printed. Another dispatch, however, was soon received from Archangel, briefly reasserting the same thing. It is supposed that the news may have been brought by natives of the Lena River region, and may possibly have come to them from New Siberia. At present geographers and Arctic experts are inclined to believe that there is basis in the reports that Nansen has been seen, but to doubt the vague statement about the explorer's success in reaching the North Pole. The surprising thing about this report is that it indicates that Nansen has returned to his original starting-point. It will be remembered that his plan was to proceed to the New Siberian Islands or as near them as he could get, and then force his way northward in the sturdy Fram, until he should find the current which he firmly believed would in the course of two or three years carry him across the Polar circle and down to the coast of Greenland, thus following the course taken, it is supposed, by the Jeannette relics which (it has been alleged, though the fact is now doubted) were found on the southwest Greenland coast in 1884, three years after the Jeannette sank north of the New Siberian Islands. If Nansen is now returning by way of Irkutsk, it is quite clear that his original plan has failed, and the most reasonable theory of his having penetrated the region adjacent to the Pole is that he found land at a very high altitude, made the last part of his journey northward by sledge, returned to the Fram, and slowly pushed his way south and east by steam-power and drifting until he again reached the Siberian coast. The Fram was last heard from two and a half years ago, steering into the Kara Sea, and it is known that the plan of stopping at the Lena Delta and New Siberian Islands was not carried out, the season and circumstances having apparently warned Nansen against going too far east before making his course to the north. Of all recent Arctic explorers Dr. Nansen is the most interesting in personality and most fascinating as a descriptive writer. If he be now really returning from the Polar seas with a record of new and great achievements, the reading world has before it a rare treat in the story as it will be told by him.

The Salvation Army

The Church of Christ has always been a democratic organization; that is, it has appealed to the common people, and has grown by recruits from their ranks. The effect of Christianity has been growth intellectual as well as moral, in culture and wealth as well as in character. Thus, gradually the Church has grown rich and aristocratic, and then the spirit nurtured in the heart of the Church has gone out from it to the poor and the uncultured, and a new growth has started from the roots. The Christianity of Jesus Christ, beginning in the heart of the Jewish Church, laid hold upon the common people whom the Jewish Church did not reach; Lutheranism gathered its recruits from the peasant population of Germany, between whom and the priesthood a great gulf had opened; Puritanism gathered its recruits, not from the Cavaliers and aristocracy, but from the "tapsters and serving-men;" Methodism went out from the Established Church with its Gospel to the farm laborers and the colliers; and in our time the Salvation Army, beginning in the Church, went beyond its bounds to gather in the destitute and the outcast, whom the Church by its customary methods failed to reach. In three articles we give in this issue of The Outlook an account of this great movement—as truly great as that of primitive Christianity under the leadership of Paul, Protestant Christianity under the leadership of Luther, Puritan Christianity under the leadership of Cromwell, or Methodist Christianity under the leadership of Wesley.

Perhaps this is the place to say that we hope that the result will not show that General Booth has made an irreparable mistake in recalling Commander and Mrs. Booth from this country. Loyalty doubtless requires that all the members of the Salvation Army should accept with unquestioning obedience the orders of their Commander-in-Chief, but it does not require that the general public should do so, and it must be frankly said that this recall has administered a severe blow to the public confidence which Commander and Mrs. Booth had won for the Salvation Army by their consecrated zeal and practical wisdom. That confidence may be secured by the successor of Commander and Mrs. Booth. It will be easier for him to secure it than it was for them when they took command in this country ten years ago. But he will have to secure it by his administration; it will not be given to him as of course. For that confidence, so far as this country is concerned, has been largely personal confidence in the Commanders rather than in the organization, whose principle of autocracy does not commend itself to the American habit of mind.

Grounds for Courage

The forces of evil are very apparent; the forces for good less visible—necessarily less visible, for beneficence sounds no trumpet before her, accomplishes her mission unwitnessed, unadvertised. Faint heart never won anything worth winning, and there is sometimes advantage in reinforcing our courage in our combat against evil influences by considering the invisible but potent influences which co-operate with us in the battle of life.

First among these is the home. The police reports a few years ago showed 4,800,000 lodgings in police stations and lodging-houses in one year in New York. That seems an appalling number; but if we multiply the population of the city and the number of the nights in the year, we shall find that between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000 people slept in homes; and though some of these homes are nurturing-places of ignorance and vice, on the whole the influence of the home in America is good, not evil. This is true even of indifferent homes; sometimes even of homes that are bad. A number of years ago the writer visited in Cherry Street a man who had the reputation of being the "wickedest man" in New York. This hero of iniquity put his little boy, four or five years old, on the dinner-table to make a speech for us. "He is a bright boy," said the proud father; "he will be a Senator one of these days. The older boy is not so bright; he is going into the ministry." "Will they live with you?" was asked him. "Oh, no," he said; "they cannot live here. The older boy has gone to his grandfather's in the country already; the younger boy is going soon." The "wickedest man" in

New York did not want his children to be the wickedest children in New York. The husbands who do not go to church are glad to have their wives go, and often insist that the children go to Sunday-school. There are millions of homes in the United States whose invisible influence is, on the whole, on the side of virtue, and is quietly and effectively combating the more apparent but less potent influence of the saloons and the gambling-hells.

The influence of the churches is not insignificant. A certain glamour surrounds the preachers of the past; the pulpit and the church are supposed to have lost their power; but this is not true. Even the revival meetings of Whitefield, Finney, and Lyman Beecher were not so largely attended nor accompanied by such significant results as those of Dwight L. Moody and B. Fay Mills. Why do not young men attend the church? the newspapers are asking. The answer is, More young men attend the church than ever before. The membership roll of the Young Men's Christian Associations, the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, and the Epworth League attest the truth of this statement. The preaching of the present is more practical, has more to do with actual life, concerns itself more with business, with politics, with the household, with the life that now is, with the kingdom of God on the earth, than preaching ever did before. The churches are not all they ought to be, but they are more schools of virtue and less schools of theology, more working forces and less social clubs, more aggressive, more forthputting, with a greater variety of enterprises, philanthropic and Christian, than ever in the past history of the Nation. We have not been accustomed to think of the pawnbroker's shop as a Christian or even a philanthropic institution, but it has been consecrated [to the service of humanity through the inspiring instrumentality of one great church in New York. The churches, too, are the reservoirs of the best moral sentiment. When lately the note of war was sounded from Washington, and echoed throughout the country from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf, it was not statesmanship, nor journalism, nor commercial interest that first cried Halt; it was the Christian ministry of America, speaking in every city, East and West, North and South, without agreement, without mutual understanding, that bade the Nation pause and solve this problem by reasonable and amicable measures.

Many are the institutions growing out of these churches, drawing their life from them and really though not visibly rooted in them, which are working for a higher life. Preeminent among these are the colleges and private seminaries established and maintained by Christian beneficence. Less visibly associated with the church, though not less really dependent upon and inspired by it, is the public-school system. Serious limitations have been put upon this system, which the future, we hope, will remove. Politics has put into the schools some incompetent teachers. Ecclesiastical prejudice has taken out from them religious and even moral instruction. Nevertheless the public-school system as carried on by the State in America is doing more religiously for the children of America, more to make them intelligent and noble men and women, more to fit them for all the duties of citizenship, than ecclesiastically managed schools have ever done in the world's history; more than the parish schools of the Roman Catholic Church are doing to-day in the United States; more than the parish schools are doing in England, Spain, or Italy.

Add to these forces the tremendous force of the Bible, which has carried light and life with it wherever it has gone. Is it nothing that to-day this is a free book and men can read it if they wish? Nothing that it is in every library, in nearly every institution of learning, in most homes? Nothing that, despite the imperfections of Sunday-school instruction, it is being studied and by a greater number of pupils than ever before? Nothing that every Sunday an overwhelming majority of children in the United States are learning such simple lessons as "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery;" such a simple law of life as "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you;" such an illustration of righteousness as is afforded by the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth? Is it nothing that the spirit, the doctrine, the figures, the very phraseology of the Bible, have gone into all current literature? gone so thoroughly that the English literature of to-day dates from Wyckliffe's Bible, as the German literature of to-day dates from Luther's Bible? Is it nothing that, almost despite itself, literature, and even journalism, are disseminating spiritual ideals, inculcating spiritual principles, and furnishing for the test of life spiritual standards?

Religion to-day transcends all religious institutions; it finds expression in innumerable so-called secular forms; it utters itself in such poetry as that of Browning and Whittier, in such sonnets as those of Watson, in such novels as "The Tale of Two Cities" and "Marcella," in such music as Gounod's "Redemption" and Wagner's "Parsifal," even in such discussions of divine themes as the ecclesiastical debates in our churches, carried on through the ministry of the public press, force upon the attention of the public.

More vital and more potent than all are the forces within the human soul which make it respond to all that is highest, purest, best. The power of conscience is greater than the power of the pocket. When a Garrison denounces slavery, a thousand sleeping hearts awaken and answer to his call. When a Parkhurst denounces corruption, all that is chivalric in manhood and womanhood responds with applause, if not with service. God is in the hearts of men. The soul is not dead that slumbers, and the voice of God speaking through the prophet is heard despite itself by his careless children. More powerful than the passions of men, their covetousness, their ambition, is conscience. To doubt this is to doubt that God is God, or at least to doubt that he has to do with his children. The powers that make for righteousness are divine powers and cannot be conquered. It is well sometimes to take account of these reinforcements and take new courage.

A Truth for the Times

Perhaps the greatest refreshment which men gain from Nature at this end of the century flows from the unconsciousness in which her forces are put forth and her processes carried on. The unconsciousness of childhood, says Froebel, is rest in God—a deep saying, which goes far to explain a great deal of current skepticism and pessimism. For nothing breeds doubt and despair so quickly as a constant and feverish self-consciousness, with inability to look at life and the world apart from our own interests, emotions, and temperament. This is, in an exceptional degree, an epoch of morbid egoism, of exaggerated and excessive self-consciousness; an egoism which does not always breed vanity, but which confirms the tendency to measure everything by its value to us, and to decide every question on the basis of our personal relation to it. It is always unwise to generalize too broadly and freely about contemporary conditions, but there are many facts to bear out the statement that at no previous period in the history of the world have so many men and women been keenly and painfully self-conscious; never a time when it has been so difficult to look at things broadly and objectively, to see things as they are with entire sanity of soul and clearness of vision. All the arts are saturated with morbid self-consciousness; in literature especially, sane, wholesome, and real books in certain departments have become exceptional. Pathology has usurped the place of art, and the artist has become a specialist in diseases of the nerves. Every morbid nature rushes into print, until the weary reader of current fiction is tempted to think that the making of a modern novel involves nothing more unusual in the way of gifts than a diseased mind, a bottle of ink, a few reams of paper, and a friendly or speculative publisher. Introspective meditation, egotistical personal records, crude yearnings, immature ambitions, sickly emotions, unwholesome or premature passions, are spread out before the world with a fullness of detail of which only the wholesome and eternal verities of character and experience are worthy. Poor human nature, as illustrated in some modern fiction and verse, seems to have gone mad with the passion for publicity, and stands naked in the public squares, content with any shame if only people will look at it. The hospital and the dissecting-room have become places of habitual resort, and every morning this humanity of ours, whose diseases we used to shield from public gaze, is laid out on the operating-table while the surgeon cuts down to the last quivering nerve for our entertainment. It seems at times as if fiction had become a vast clinic, without the hush and awe with which human suffering has always been witnessed by the pure-minded. Morbid curiosity has bred an irreverence which violates the innermost sanctity of the human soul. How far this attitude is from that of a really devoted and noble nature! "We are struck by something bewildering and ineffable when we look down into the depths of an abyss," writes Amiel; "and every soul is an abyss, a mystery of love and pity. A sort of sacred emotion descends upon me whenever I penetrate the recesses of this sanctuary of man, and hear the gentle murmur of the prayers, hymns, and supplications which rise from the hidden depths of the heart." We have become so egoistic that we would rather show our deformities than be passed without notice.

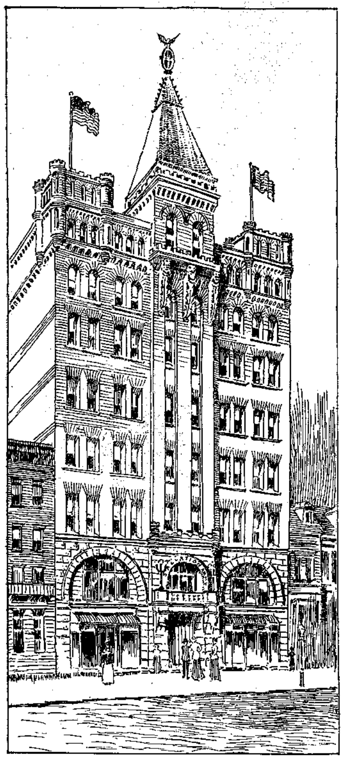
From this heated atmosphere and from these representations of disease, put forth as reproductions of normal life, we fly to Nature, and are led away from all thought of ourselves. We escape out of individual into universal life; we bathe in the healing waters of an illimitable ocean of vitality; we come into contact with a mighty organism which continually receives and as constantly gives out in perfect unconsciousness of its functions. In health we hardly know that we have bodies; we breathe, move, and live without taking thought. Pain is physical self-consciousness, and when self-consciousness becomes a positive element in our lives it is an evidence of disease. A perfectly sane nature, perfectly adjusted to its time, its task, and its fellows, and expressing itself normally through normal activities, is free from abnormal self-consciousness, and therefore free to pour all its power into objective and creative work. For nothing limits normal growth and expression so inevitably as consciousness of self. In the diffusion of this morbid consciousness lies the explanation of the obvious limitation of so much genius, talent, and beauty which ought to have been large and free and sane. The talent of men like Leopardi and Verlaine commands the most generous recognition, but it is sheer blindness to accept such men as authoritative interpreters of life. Both were diseased; neither was sane in the real sense of the word, and neither saw life as it is, any more than the man in a fever, looking through the hospital window, sees Nature as she is. Byron, with the most powerful and spontaneous lyrical gift which has appeared in English literature since the days of the Elizabethans, could not escape from himself, and, when he attempted to deal with the problem of personality, painfully revealed his incapacity. Intensely self-conscious, he lost the power of seeing and reflecting life broadly and simply, and parted with that clearness and breadth of vision with which the really great poet must supplement the gift of song. Such a man, on the other hand, as we have reason to believe Shakespeare to have been, presents the entire surface of his mind to the world unvexed by a morbid sense of self, and reflects the whole order of things, as the still surface of the water gathers into itself the landscape and the sky. If for a single generation we could lose our abnormal self-consciousness and live simply, reverently, and actively, the whole race would be reinvigorated; we should see things as they are and not as they appear in our distorted vision; for society is full of sick people who see themselves more distinctly than they see anything else, and we have been taking our reports and interpretations of life largely from sick men and women, forgetful of the fact that, however interesting such reports may be, and however artistic in form, as revelations and records they are absolutely worthless. The sane mind is the only mind that can authoritatively report or interpret the immense diversity and range of experience which we call life, because it is the only mind that can see life.

The secret of productive living lies in the preponderance of the unconscious over the conscious life; for we do not really possess an experience or a truth until these things have become so much a part of ourselves that we have ceased to think of them as distinct from ourselves. Feeling, experience, conviction, tradition, never find noble expression in art until they have sunk far below the conscious into the unconscious life of a man or a race; the artist has not gained complete freedom of expression until he has completely mastered the material in which he works and the instrument which he employs. So long as he is hampered by the consciousness of himself in dealing with them, he falls short of mastery. It is significant that the descriptions of childhood are often impressive and beautiful in books which deal very feebly and ineffectively with the experiences of maturity. The reason is obvious. Childhood lies so far back in our experience that it has become part of ourselves. We do not reproduce it by observation; we do not possess it because we have consciously studied it; it possesses us because it is part of our deepest selves. It lies there, as we look back upon it, in a light at once clear and soft, apart from our self-consciousness; a vision of that which we once were. Those mountains which so often appear in Titian's pictures were the hills which gathered about the home of his childhood, and became so much a part of his memory that his whole life seemed to be lived at their feet. To drain into ourselves the rivulets of power which flow through Nature, art, and experience, we must hold ourselves open on all sides; we must empty ourselves of ourselves in order to make room for the truth and power which come to us through knowledge and action; we must lose our abnormal self-consciousness in rich and free relations with the universal life around us; we must turn our conscious feeling, acting, and living into unconscious feeling, acting, and living. For the more a man can learn to do instinctively and unconsciously, the more complete will be his emancipation from the drudgery of living, and the more complete his freedom to develop his own personality.

The Salvation Army

I.—The Story of its Beginning, Growth, and Achievements

By the Rev. J. M. Whiton, Ph.D.



THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK

Dora Greenwell, a gifted Christian Englishwoman, defined man as "a being capable of being saved." This way of thinking about men is the distinguishing characteristic of the Salvation Army. With this ruling idea it has, in a comparatively few years, initiated in all parts of the world what Mr. Depew, in Carnegie Hall, pronounced "a movement superior in its operation and influence to anything done in this generation." One may say more: that it goes beyond any Christian movement since the Apostolic age.

Its beginnnig, some thirty-five years ago, was in the work of a Methodist minister among the poor of East London—the Rev. William Booth. Experience deepened his conviction that the debased and ignorant could be saved only by seeking them in ways not favored by the churches. For freedom to do this he severed his ministerial connection in 1861, and in 1865, seconded only by his noble wife, Catherine, the "Mother" of the Army, as he is the "Father," he began an open-air mission, with no more thought whereunto it would grow than Columbus, sailing from Palos, had of these United States. Friends were gradually attracted to the work, for which all sorts of rough, temporary shelters were utilized. In 1869, known as "The Christian Mission," it had branches in various parts of Great Britain. The organization was Methodistic until the co-operators unanimously resolved for greater effectiveness to place the entire control in the hands of Mr. Booth. Experience, by removing prejudices, promoted the Army idea, and since 1878 the mission has been known as the Salvation Army.

In March, 1880, "seven illiterate but earnest young women" landed at Castle Garden, New York. They were the vanguard of the Army, ably led by Commissioner Railton. We all remember the prejudice then generally felt. But fifteen years pass, and instead of the general wish that they would depart out of our coasts, a mass-meeting, addressed by the Mayor of New York and other chief citizens, proclaims its admiration of the work, and petitions that Commander Booth and his wife may stay with us to carry it on.

Statistics are less eloquent than such a contrast. At present there are 597 corps in the country, with a total of 4,564 officers of various grades. During eleven months the total attendance on Sunday services is reported at over eight millions, and on week-day meetings at nearly thirteen millions, with 58,390 professed conversions. The circulation of the Army's weekly publications is 122,187, and of the monthlies 18,330. There are also twenty-six social institutions of various kinds.

Considering the formidable difficulties at first encountered both in prejudice and persecution, it is certain that if the work were not of God, it would have come to naught. The Army has its critics still, and who has not? People whose Puritan ancestors were called to the New England meeting-house by drum-beat object to the Army drum. People who glibly sing in cushioned pews,

> Onward, Christian soldiers,
> Marching as to war,

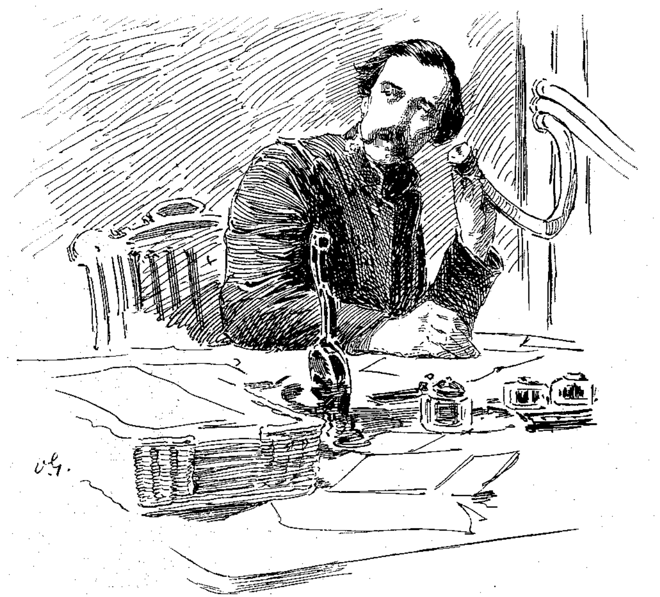
think the Army should take these words figuratively. But, apart from all the conversions which the Army statistics report, unreportable numbers of conversions have taken place in the churches themselves, as the seal of the Spirit to the work of the Army. They have seen the Army take up the work they did not, or could not, do, and do it. They have seen the slum-sisters carrying the incarnate Christ into kennels

> Where the smoldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
> And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

There they have seen them washing the filthy, nursing the sick, rescuing the victims of the brothel, and singing grace into souls that were "damned into the world," as Bishop South said, rather than born into it. They have seen the Salvationist loving his way into the hearts of "Hell-fire Jack" and hundreds of his comrade toughs, and converting them into God-fearing, orderly, and industrious citizens. By the logic of such facts antagonism has been converted into alliance, and the experience of Jesus at Samaria has been repeated—coldly received, then besought to abide.

Imitation is the best commendation. Not only have a Church of England Army, a Methodist Army, and others sprung up, not only have the Salvationist hymns been borrowed, and even stolen under fraudulent copyright, but their "self-denial week," a thing much closer to the life of their work, has been widely imitated; and large numbers in various churches have identified themselves with the work of the Army by becoming members of its "Auxiliary League."

What the Congregationalists did in England three hundred years ago, and the Methodists more than a hundred years ago, in preaching the Gospel to the poorest and lifting up the lowliest, the Salvation Army is now doing—only that poverty and degradation to-day are deeper than ever in degree as wealth is greater. The Army, however, has taken for its field the world. It may ask, with Æneas, "What region on earth is not full of our toils?" It may say: Finns and Hottentots have knelt with us. The Kaffir and the North American Indian are enrolled with us. Our uniforms are worn by Frenchmen and by Argentines. Our ranks are recruited from Canada and Australia, from China and India. After the immense hindrances overcome, and with the momentum and sympathy gained, what may we not hope to do?



COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH AT HIS DESK

The missionary revival at the close of the last century, noble as its fruits have been, has nevertheless taken heart-hold of but a small minority of the Church. In view of the appalling wastes of heathenism, and the even more terrible brutishness inveterate in Christendom, thoughtful men have felt that only a new breed of Christians could succeed in converting the world—that is, in renovating the character of the masses of mankind. Such men, one might antecedently think, would have to stand clear of the existing divisions and controversies of Christendom in the original simplicity of Christ, on the Pauline line of becoming all things to all men, and winning all by the eloquence of love and self-sacrifice in purity of life and greatness of service. The Salvation Army seems to meet these conditions, besides having the immense practical advantage of thorough subordination to centralized control. Its Gospel is Christ's simple evangel to the lost. Its conviction of the Holy Spirit's presence and power is absolute. Its faith in Christ as the Captain of salvation is unqualified and unquestioning. Its self-forgetfulness is heroic. Its consecration is all-devoting. Its loyalty to its General is filial. Under such conditions its fitness for apostleship to the evangelized is indubitable.

The prejudices against its peculiarities, which still inspire some with coldness or aversion, are those which the members of the Army itself, even its General, once had, but have been disciplined out of by the exigencies of their work. But the Salvationist himself, however criticised by his fellow-Christians, is strictly forbidden, even were he inclined, to criticise in turn. Hearing what others say, he is content to let them see what he does. In view of what he does, the critic often comes to himself in the words of Professor J. S. Blackie:

"Salvation Army!" Well, they mean to save,
  And in their own rough way they do, no doubt;
And I would liefer fling wild words about
  With them than slip through life a smooth-lipped slave
Of reputable forms. Far better with too much
  Of zeal to swell, and hot aggressive love,
Than sit in cleanly state, and fear to touch
  The clouted sinner, lest you soil your glove.

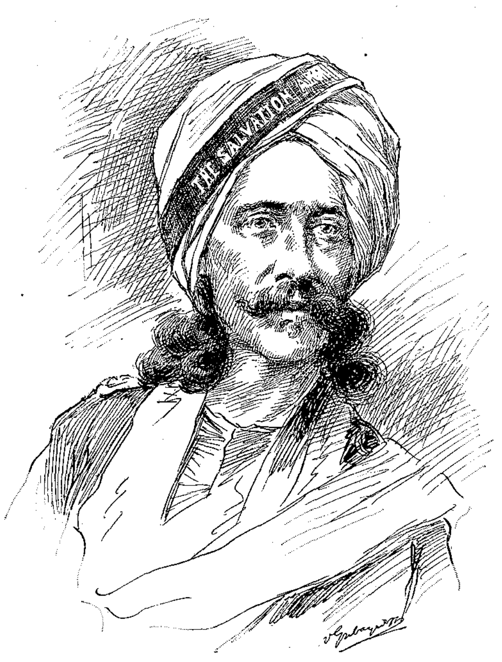
The Salvation Army soldier is much the same sort of person the world over—a cosmopolitan Christian. His versatility of adaptation is remarkable. In a university town, as at Upsala in Sweden, he—or in that instance she—can call out the students by a poster in classical Latin, "*Cives Academici!*" In India he and she live and dress as the poorer natives do, except that the dress is of the yellow color held sacred there. Wherever they take hold of things, their line is the same, "from the least to the greatest," beginning at the bottom and working up. Their subsistence is frugal: $6 weekly for a Captain, and $5 for a Lieutenant, out of which they pay rent and buy food. The 3,700 officers in work as foreign missionaries do not draw from the general treasury more than an average of $25 yearly, so largely is their work self-supporting. Their General has always served without salary. Gifts for the work they receive and turn in; gifts for themselves they will not; it is forbidden. Silver and gold they have none, even for watch-chains; they abjure them. But in their self-denial week, by stinting their frugal rations, they save in the aggregate many thousand dollars to spend upon their work. They love to do it; they are a cheerful though serious folk; they allow no black mourning; the joy of the Lord is their strength. They live not by bread alone, but by the word of God. Constant Bible-reading, the same portions daily in whatever part of the world, imparts to their utterance a vigor and purity at which college-bred men sometimes wonder. In their prayers, as in their toils, they strive together, all over the world at half-past twelve o'clock joining in supplication, especially for all in persecution, poverty, or peril.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

COMMANDER BALLINGTON BOOTH

But mere love, however fervid, must be schooled. "God hath given us," said St. Paul, "a spirit of power and love and discipline." The early Methodists saw this; hence their name. To discipline Napoleon and Wellington owed victory—a discipline not neglectful of shoe-strings. The achievements of the Army are conspicuous; its not less wonderful organization and discipline must be studied in the manuals prepared by General Booth. The "Orders and Regulations for Soldiers" is a pamphlet of sixty-three pages; that for Field-Officers, a volume of seven hundred and eleven—the text-book next to the Bible in their forty Training Homes. Consummate genius is manifest in these Order books, dealing first and thoroughly with things of the spirit and character, then with all conceivable matters of outward life—not only

Army work, but conduct in all sorts of situations, with minute cautions and directions about personal appearance, diet, clothing, exercise, hours of sleep, etc. All this, of course, has been gradually elaborated through experience. So thoroughly organized is the Army that in twelve hours its General's order is heard by its million soldiers from Hindustan to Manitoba. In this organization the children are included, and have their little book of "Orders and Regulations for the Junior Soldiers' War," with 304,974 attending their meetings during the last year. To nourish this organization a copious literature serves, not only in periodical issues, but in a library of one hundred and twenty-six volumes, mostly written by General and Mrs. Booth. As one contemplates all this, one of the Army mottoes recurs: "You can only keep company with God by running at full speed."



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER IN INDIAN COSTUME

Space forbids to speak of equally noteworthy facts—the Labor Colonies for the outplanting of London slum-dwellers in the country; the Homes of Hope open here for girls rescued from the white-slave market; the Prison Gate Brigade to save discharged convicts; the industrial work for the relief of the unemployed and the manufacture of Army supplies; the honesty and exactness in money matters, in which the Army management has been demonstrated equal to that of any bank. Read Mrs. Ballington Booth's inspiring book of Army sketches, "Beneath Two Flags." For the Army we owe England much. But it is not, as some object, governed from England. Of its officers in this country five-eighths are our fellow-citizens. Here it is distinctively American, as well as Christian. As such it should be sustained by all who are concerned about our terrible social problems, which, in its root-and-branch method of changing characters as well as conditions, it is trying to solve. At the opening of Oklahoma the Army rode in on the train which carried eight thousand to plant the town of Enid. Thus is its chosen place ever in the forefront of the battle, and wherever the fighting is hardest. The main body must see to it that it is well followed up.

II.—Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth and their Work

By a Member of Commander Booth's Staff

Commander Booth was born in the town of Brighouse, Yorkshire, England, on the 28th of July, 1857, and is the second son of General William Booth and his late wife, Catherine. His childhood and boyhood did not point favorably to a robust, active future. For many years Ballington was looked upon as the delicate member of the family; tall, thin, intensely high-strung, it was evident that he had outgrown his strength. But he began the work which he has carried out so characteristically, consistently, and successfully throughout his life in his early boyhood. He began conducting little meetings on the playground, and was often struck and knocked down by schoolmates who took issue with him. His first serious work was undertaken in Manchester, England, when he had attained the rank of Captain in the Salvation Army. During his work there he was arrested and imprisoned, so violent was the opposition to the methods of the Army at that time. He was treated as a common felon, given prison clothes and prison diet. This, however, far from quelling his enthusiasm and stopping the work, only acted as a further incentive to Captain Booth and his brave assistants, and brought thousands to hear him who would otherwise have ignored his appeals.

Captain Booth became Major Booth, then Colonel Booth, father of the first Training Home in 1880. This was the Old Devonshire House Training Home so dear to the memory of men who are now Commissioners and Colonels and Brigadiers and Majors, and was the first step toward the Training Home system for the Army. His next work was in Australia, for which country he sailed in 1884. Nearly two years of faithful, untiring toil left their deep mark upon the Australian Colonies. On the 16th of September, 1886, General Booth, just previous to sailing to the United States, united the lives of America's future Commanders, Ballington and Maud Booth. In April of the following year the steamship Servia brought the Commander and his wife to this country. His enthusiasm, hope, and faith in the American field is unbounded. After the darkest trials and most discouraging obstacles the Army finally won recognition.

Commander Booth stands about six feet three inches, is of striking appearance, and has keen eyes. His reputation as a ready and powerful speaker has traveled throughout the country. He is also a musician, playing a number of instruments. He has a full baritone voice, and many of the most popular songs in the organization are of his composition, both words and music. To see him personally conducting a great meeting of the Salvation Army, directing the music, introducing the speakers, appealing to the audience, interjecting apt and epigrammatic comments or illustrations during the exercises, and making his own speech, is something worth seeing and hearing, as the great audiences who have crowded Carnegie Hall on two recent occasions will testify. He is a tireless worker, and possesses marvelous vitality. The work of the Salvation Army in the United States is focused in his office. But his work is not confined to his office, for he travels thousands of miles on Army business.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, a rector of the Church of England. This youngest of his three children was born at Lympsfield, near London. Three years after her birth, Mr. Charlesworth was given charge of a large and important parish in the East End of London. It is rather a singular coincidence that the "penny gaff" which the Rev. William Booth had captured for his mission was just opposite the church in which Mr. Charlesworth preached; and still more singular that when the police drove Mr. Booth from the streets, the Rectory gates were thrown open, and upon those grounds were held many successful open-air meetings.

Her mother, too, was one who made the people's interests her own, and in their parish no one was so reverenced and loved for kindly deeds and cheering words as the rector's wife. It was her indefatigable toil and self-sacrifice for others that shortened her life by many years, and brought to Maud Charlesworth a loss that was irreparable. Mrs. Charlesworth had frequently taken her little girls across to Mr. Booth's mission, and it was no surprise or disappointment to her when her youngest daughter consecrated herself to God in one of these meetings.

Shortly after her mother's death, at the age of seventeen, Maud Charlesworth, accompanied by her father, crossed to France to begin an active warfare by the side of Catherine Booth, the General's eldest daughter, amid the darkness and infidelity of Paris. Two years in a warfare which still counts as the most difficult and bitter in Salvation Army history made of the timid girl a tried veteran. Returning to England at the end of two years, Miss Charlesworth spent some time visiting all the large cities, on the Army's behalf, in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Later she also visited Norway, Sweden, and other parts of Europe where the Army was carrying on operations.

Mrs. Ballington Booth has always been a co-worker with her husband, and has been as active in service. Her constant travels and many important meetings are well known, and there is not a woman in America who is more widely listened to or whose opinions carry more weight from the public platform. Few people are able to interest both extremes of society and to deal wisely with both. But Mrs. Booth's influence has been felt alike in the drawing-room and in the slum, and she is thoroughly at home whether surrounded by an audience in a Bowery saloon or in the rich parlors of an up-town residence.

Mrs. Booth has also been known as a writer, one who has, notwithstanding her crowded and busy life, contributed largely, not only to Salvation Army publications, but to the public press and magazines of this country. Her book "Beneath Two Flags" has been widely read, as also two very popular booklets written a few years ago—"Wanted, Antiseptic Christians" and "The Cause of Septic Soul-Treatment."

Mrs. Booth has two children, a boy and a girl—both bright, intelligent, well-cared-for children.

Recently her father, the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, visited this country and remained in the home of Commander and Mrs. Booth. He expressed his delight and appreciation of the good and noble work Mrs. Booth was doing.

One word more is due Mrs. Booth, and that regarding the warm feeling entertained by all classes for her. She is one of the best-loved women in the United States. It is certainly true that she and her husband have a future of large prospect and opportunity wherever their work may carry them.

When the Commander and Mrs. Booth arrived in New York, in April, 1886, they found the Salvation Army recovering from what was one of the severest blows it has ever received, in the form of a breach of trust on the part of persons in whom confidence had been misplaced. True, they were the second leaders after this event, but although much had been done and suffered by those who immediately preceded them, they found that there was plenty of both toil and trial for them.

COLONEL AND MRS. WRIGHT, OF THE ARMY IN JAPAN

The number of corps has been multiplied by three, and there has been a corresponding increase in the figures for officers. The Army had then no training garrisons, no slum work, no rescue work, and no shelter depots; nor had any such valuable adjuncts as Charioteers or Outriders been thought of. Indeed, the representatives of the Salvation Army on the Pacific coast in those days found their hands quite full in holding all the meetings required by regulation so as to get a quiet hearing, and without personal assaults becoming *too* violent; which remark applies more especially to the open-air exercises.

In those days, also, the municipal authorities knew little good of the Salvation Army, and in many instances they had heard much that was calculated to produce a bad impression upon the minds of those responsible for peace and good order. The prospect of the labors of the officers of the force being increased by clearing streets blocked by open-air meetings, and the arrest of drunken hoodlums irritated by "flat" drums and discordant cornets, was not enchanting, and the fact that most of the Army halls were supposed to be in "low" and poor neighborhoods did not suggest pleasant company or extensive "tips" for the officers who would spend their evenings in these places.

Nor were the modes of the Army specially attractive to the members of the churches, and others who wished to hasten the coming on earth of the kingdom of God. Just where the "religion" lay in marching up a slushy road jingling a tambourine and singing

Bright crowns! Bright crowns!
Bright crowns laid up on high!
For you-u-u! and me-e-e!
There's a crown of victory-y—
There's a crown of victory!

was not immediately apparent to persons whose ideas of church services ran chiefly in the direction of worship and adoration of God. And then, too, the idea of holding meetings in places that had been only a few weeks before used as stores, or saloons, or dance-halls, or even worse, could not but offend the tastes of those who had always associated religious meetings with "sacred edifices." Then, again, the idea of sending young men and young women out into the world as religious teachers who had never been to college, and who only a year or two before had been mechanics, school-teachers, or "helps"! What *could* these people really know about theology and the Bible, and the deep things of God? Surely, if there were no "money in it," and these folks were sincere, they must be presumptuous.

And the noise! Some of these people prayed as if they feared the Lord was deaf. And as for the singing—why, they never seemed satisfied unless the congregation was positively roaring out the choruses of the songs! And the tunes! The less said about them the better. The words were all right, of course. "The Suwanee River," "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue," "Dixie's Land," and the tunes of the popular street songs of the hour were good enough in their places, but it seemed positively irreverent to sing "sacred" words to such airs. And so on.

No, there really was nothing much about the Salvation Army at that time to attract the average church-goer.

And then, too, other thing were against the Army. It was looked upon as English—it had a military government—it took collections at every meeting—it wore red shirts—it sent its women into saloons with "War-Crys"—it gave no entertainments—it condemned tobacco as well as whisky—it forbade theater-going, card-playing, and dancing; and insisted on the real denial of self and sacrifice of personal interests in a way that was as novel to the average American citizen as it was repugnant to him.

There are now six thousand members of the Auxiliary League—an association of persons outside the ranks of the Army, who subscribe five dollars a year to its funds. These friends comprise, not only members, but prominent ministers in all the leading evangelical denominations, while Roman Catholics, Jews, and skeptics are not unrepresented.

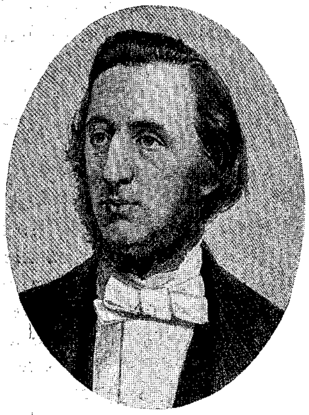
In all the largest cities of the Union now occupied by us the Army stands well with the churches and the religious people. And this not because the Army has changed—for it has not—but because its leaders have been able to obtain the ear of the ministers, and the poor people, and to explain to them the why and the wherefore for what seemed grotesque, bizarre, and unnecessary.

We would not for a moment have it thought that the Salvation Army had become too "respectable;" it has won its present standing and the approval of the American public not by deserting its mission to the outcast, not in any instance by toning down its measures or making easy its truths, but by the fact that it has demonstrated itself a *success*. The Commander and Mrs. Booth have insisted, in all their dealings with their soldiers and officers, that rather than become more "respectable" the Army shall become more disreputable, that it may more thoroughly reach the class for whom it lives—the lost, the outcast, the black sheep of society.

Perhaps in no country in the world is the Army more strong in its lively military and unique practices than in this land, and more than ever are its officers and soldiers determining that they will make no compromise, but go down into the deepest depths, in which their help and comfort are so needed. The Commander and Mrs. Booth, it is true, have spoken in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy and in the churches of the rich, but they have done so only to explain their work and pave the way for their dear people; they have themselves led the midnight meetings on the streets, they have themselves worked in connection with the slum officers, and their dealings with the respectable and wealthy have been only for the Army's sake. They have lived among their own people, they have lived upon the level of their own officers and soldiers, and have distinctly shown in dress and actions as well as word that they wished the world always to regard them as humble and devoted followers of Christ Jesus beneath the flag.

III.—General William Booth

By Commissioner George S. Railton, of the London Headquarters



GENERAL BOOTH IN 1862

After having known General Booth in the most intimate manner for twenty-three years, during nine of which I lived in his house, and during all of which I lived in the utmost imaginable fellowship with him, it is not only an easy but really a delightful task to describe him. His character and work I shall not pretend to estimate worthily, for both appear to me far beyond the possibility of a just estimate till, say, a century or two has rolled away.

Never can I forget our first interview. I had offered myself to him, and he had insisted upon my coming to London, so that he might see me, and that I might see the Christian Mission which he had founded. Somehow or other, I had imagined I should find a venerable, solemn personage. What was my astonishment to discover a middle-aged man, full of vigor, who scarcely ever kept still two minutes while he talked, who stood up, hand in pocket, just as frequently as he sat down during any conversation, and who was every inch a man of business!

Such was the reverend founder of a mission to the heathen of London, which had then only a dozen meeting-places, most of them small and by no means prepossessing in their appearance, their street doors and windows being generally well spattered with dirt and vegetable refuse. Yet when I heard him speak to the people I saw that he was, on the platform, every inch the true minister of religion. In those days, let it be remembered, the Christian Mission stood almost alone in England, at least in the use of the platform for religious speakers. Elsewhere the use of pulpit, to which I had myself been accustomed, was all but invariable. The Rev. William Booth, however, had already descended entirely from the pulpit, and there was nothing about his style of preaching that would have fitted those elevated boxes. Yet, all the more because he came so near to the people, and moved about as freely as in his own house while he talked to them, I felt that he was truly their minister. His care for and knowledge of them, his determination to make them not only hear and understand but agree with and follow him, was manifest in every word, look, and gesture. Everything about him, on or off the platform, indicates the simple purpose of a man who, having got a great object in view, is determined to attain it if he can.

And then I saw, at a glance, his close relationship to all his people. They all evidently stood as much in awe of him as if he were a huge locomotive; and yet the very grimiest, in his working clothes, could stand beside him without feeling any more stiffness or awkwardness than if he were just a fellow-workman. A great leader, to whom no one could dare to say a disrespectful or idle word, he was yet so intimately acquainted with the family and business affairs of all who marched regularly under his command that with a word as he passed them in a doorway he could say more to their hearts than a stranger could have put into a long interview.

Of course the growth of the Mission into the Salvation Army soon made it impossible for him to have anything like so precise an acquaintance even with officers as he had with all his people in those days of small things. But nothing gladdens us all more than the fact that no amount of renown or earthly greatness has in the slightest altered our "father and general" in that continual exhibition of brotherly love which makes him such a favorite with every poor man who comes into close contact with him. He really cares for everybody, and that is the chief reason why he has come to be so widely and fully obeyed.

There could not be a more absurd misconception than that which paints General Booth as a man who has imposed his will upon others. His energy and power of will are, of course, very extraordinary; but his modesty and hesitation with regard to the correctness of his own views, and his eagerness to learn from anybody, were to me always quite as striking. In the early days of the Mission's growth into the Army, when we lived together almost day and night, there was nothing about him that I so disliked as his everlasting unwillingness to insist upon the carrying out of his own view of what ought to be done by the little people, with their "buts" and head-shakings, whose duty it was to follow him. "Wait, and let us see," he would always say, and it was only when practical lessons had forced the dullest to see that his way was the best one that he would make that way the regulation path for the future. It was his patience, his willingness to hear all that everybody had to say, his constant consideration for the weaknesses and ignorances of others, even more than his desperate courage or zeal for the right, that gained for him the hearty obedience of many thousand.

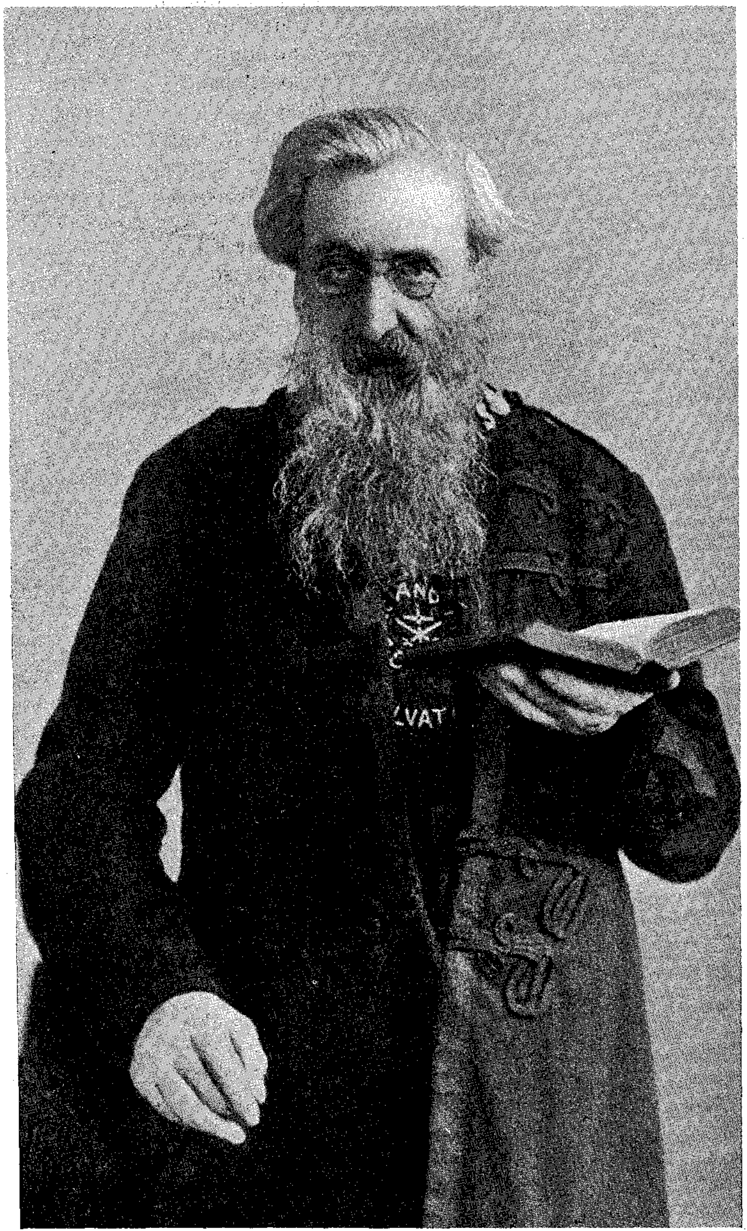
In private as well as in public the General always dealt very largely in similitudes, and one that he used perhaps more frequently than any other in home consultations with Mrs. Booth, his eldest son, now the Chief of Staff, and myself, was deserving of universal attention. "Look," he would say, "at the peep-show man, who goes to captivate the thousands at the fair. If his show were provided with only one row of spy-holes, placed, say, five feet from the ground, he could exhibit only to the six-footer. But he has enough rows of glasses to suit the height of all possible comers, from the little child to the big man, and thus he manages to get all to see what he has to show them." How often he would extinguish all our pleas for insistence upon some course, or for the use of some phrase in print that he thought all would not at once properly understand, by the remark: "It's your one row of holes again!"

I never had the pleasure of seeing the General in really good health. It was, even in our smallest and easiest days, an extremely rare thing for him to get a good night's sleep, and his appetite was generally so poor and his digestive power so bad that it used to be a constant trouble to Mrs. Booth to so provide for him as to induce him to eat without incurring the after reproach of having made his work or his sleep more difficult. How often in after times have

I heard him complain of the "great spread" which the loving care of officers and friends would set before him on his travels—the "great spread" simply being an ordinary square meal! "Oh, if you *would* only let me have a cup of tea and a bit of dry toast, how grateful I should be to you!" he would remark. Since great ocean voyages have become part of his usual yearly programme he has set up the custom of a little private tea of this sort, instead of the huge, prolonged dinner included in his passage-money.

Not that there was ever any leaning towards asceticism on his part. Instead of wishing to get people to fast, he was always on the stretch for some means of getting the poor better fed. Tea-meetings were one of the most useful and honored institutions of the Mission from the first, and the General was always glad when he could give Mrs. Booth the cheering assurance that he had eaten a hearty meal anywhere. But he regards eating and drinking as bothersome necessities, to be submitted to for the sake of maintaining the body in health and vigor, rather than to be needlessly indulged in, lingered over, or talked about.

For work is the great guiding star, one might almost say, of the General's life. He does nowadays at sixty-six a very great deal more than in the first years of our acquaintance, but it is not because he was then less entirely absorbed in his great task, but because the ever-multiplying appliances of civilization, and still more the growth and improved efficiency of the Army, enable him to get through more in a day than we could then hope to accomplish in a month. From the very first day I knew him he has just lived entirely to carry on his one business—the salvation of the world.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

Of his character as husband and father I will say little. Surely the many of us who have felt how much he can love those who have no personal claim upon him, and even the multitude who have only seen all this as exhibited in his life, can form some sort of estimate of the intensity and depth of his affection for "his own." How much the General endured during the terrible years of Mrs. Booth's last illness, or how much to this day the great blank of her absence haunts his grandest as well as his loneliest hours, God only can ever know. But the triumph of a father who has eight grown-up sons and daughters spending their whole life in carrying out his plans in various parts of the world is too great for one to attempt in one article to describe it, and that triumph is perhaps the fullest description that could be given of the General's private life.

Of his religion, for the same reason, I have little need to write. Is it not written in living battalions across the world? But I will just say that I think we have in the General's private life a picture of the religion of Christ as it really should be lived nowadays. I have never known him to have time to spare for the prolonged prayers and meditations which we read of in the lives of saints of other days. Much less has he had leisure for those profound religious speculations which have, as we think, disgraced the present generation. Believing the Bible as simply as on the day of his conversion, half a century ago, and accustomed always to look upon God as a friend ever at hand to hear and help, the General has been, I think, a man of prayer in the best possible understanding of the word, a man to whom it is just as natural to speak to God in the street or the railway carriage as in a cathedral or a bedroom. And he has convinced others of the truths he proclaims, not by means of highly elaborated argument or much-studied discourse, but by forcing them to treat with God as naturally, personally, and fully as he has himself done.

To hear him denounce the sin and unbelief of his hearers, whether they be a crowd of workmen gathered round a railway truck, or an assemblage of the élite of a great city in one of its finest edifices, finishing with a call for instant decision in favor of Christ, is to understand at once why he has been so successful and why he is in many circles so much disliked.

If he has held aloof mostly from all sorts of reformatory and civilizing movements, it is not that he lacks interest in them, or appreciation of every honest effort to improve the condition of the people, but that he has little hope from anything that does not lead up, and that very quickly, to the transformation of the individual heart and life.

Naturally, the General has been misrepresented and abused as few men ever have been. This could not but be the case with any man who attacks unsparingly the forces of evil. To carry on a great work, large sums of money must needs be gathered, and the General has suceeeded in this as well as in any other branch of his efforts, notwithstanding all the attempts that have been made from time to time to arouse suspicion of his motives, his integrity, or his economy. Intensely sensitive as he naturally is, he felt abuse and slander, especially when they came from the religious press, very acutely for some years, and all the more as they tended always to lessen the Army's opportunities to do good.

His restlessness has perhaps done more in the past and promises more for the future than any other characteristic of his life. Far from any inclination to settle down or cling to long-cherished habits of thought or action, he is never to be found, after any triumph, however great, in a state of contentment, but always full of regret as to the little accomplished, the slowness of our progress, and the blunders of the past.

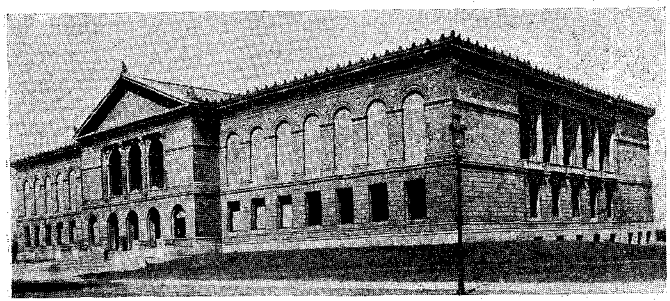
The Higher Life of Chicago[1]

By Melville E. Stone

REV. D. L. MOODY

It is doubtless the first impulse of the average reader to put in concrete form his opinion of the "higher life of Chicago" in Betsy Prig's words respecting Mrs. Harris. Certainly if he has been moved at all by the observations of Editor Stead or Dean Hole or any of the thousand and one other candid friends who have given a waiting world the benefit of their impressions of this wicked city, such will be his view. For it has become quite the proper thing to deride Chicago. Follow almost any current criticism and you will be told that it is the abode of the braggart and the parvenu, where every rich man is a *nouveau riche*, long on cash and short on good taste, where every temple is filled with money-changers, and where no altar is ever raised but for the worship of mammon. You will be warned that in every way it is a most unwholesome and unholy place.

Yet, if you make the city your home, it will surprise you to find among your neighbors a civic pride and loyalty the like of which does not exist elsewhere. As was once said of Venice, while other towns have admirers, this alone inspires affection. You must regret, as many others do, that the marvelous growth of the city, its singular natural advantages for commercial prosperity, and the consequent accumulation of vast fortunes with astonishing rapidity, have led to an undue quickening of the business instinct and an excess of zeal for money-getting. You may feel that the average citizen's perspective of life would be more accurate if he would somewhat foreshorten the shop and the factory. You will doubtless wish that something else than the Commercial Club were the goal of a man's social ambition. You are likely to long for more devotion to art and music and letters and godliness.



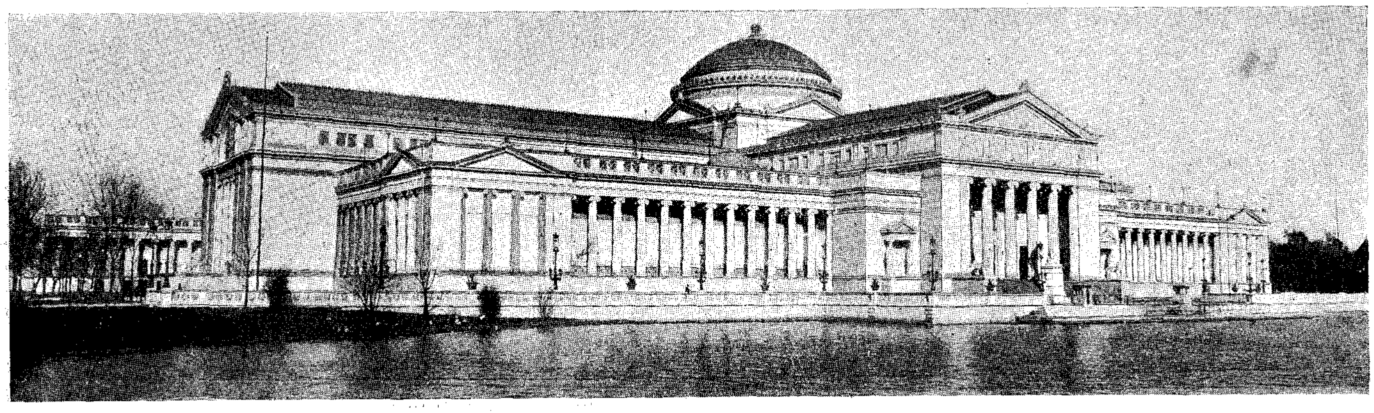
THE ART INSTITUTE

All of these facts will impress you. But they will not lead you to say that this is the veriest Sodom of all the earth, nor even to think it. If you have traveled far, you will agree that Chicago differs very little in point of culture or morals from the other great cities—differing rather in modes of vice than in degree. More guilty of tax-dodging, and bribery, and franchise-grabbing, and public jobbery, and all of those forms of misdoing that spring from lusting after wealth, if you please, but certainly far less chargeable with those offenses which attach to idle and luxurious living. Such, it seems to me, is likely to be the analysis of a thoughtful and dispassionate student.

PRESIDENT W. R. HARPER

The columns of The Outlook do not afford space for a fair survey of the good works in which Chicago has been zealous. Beneath all the surging waves of profligate energy, beneath all of the apparent indifference to any form of vice which does not interfere with business, there is now and has ever been a deep and wide undercurrent of artistic sense and religious feeling. This has found expression in many ways. The most notable among the earlier apostles of righteousness was Mr. D. L. Moody. His influence upon the life of the city was great and lasting. For a dozen years preceding the great fire he devoted himself unceasingly to mission work in Chicago. He was closely identified with the Young Men's Christian Association, and to his efforts are due, in large measure, the efficiency of that institution. It now numbers among its members a large body of conspicuous merchants, and occupies as a home and workshop one of the finest of the great office buildings of the city. The structure is thirteen stories high, faced with white marble, cost over a million dollars, and is admirably provided with the requisites for practical Christian effort. There are large halls for evening classes in language, stenography, telegraphy, bookkeeping, and kindred studies, gymnasiums, laboratories, reading-rooms, baths, and chapels. The Young Women's Christian Association, with a new eight-story palace overlooking Lake Michigan, and the Athenæum, a people's college, paying less heed to ethical culture, represent much the same idea. These and similar societies are gathering in the young men and women who come as strangers to the metropolis, saving them from the saloon, the gambling-hell, and the brothel, finding honorable employment for them, furnishing them with temporary homes, and giving them free or inexpensive tuition. At each of the railway stations, continuously on duty, are volunteer agents, badged and uniformed, to direct the unwary to these places of refuge.

Towering up among the "sky-scrapers" which have attracted so much attention in Chicago is another stately pile, the Temple of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It has few if any equals among the commercial buildings of the world. In architecture it is a striking departure



THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

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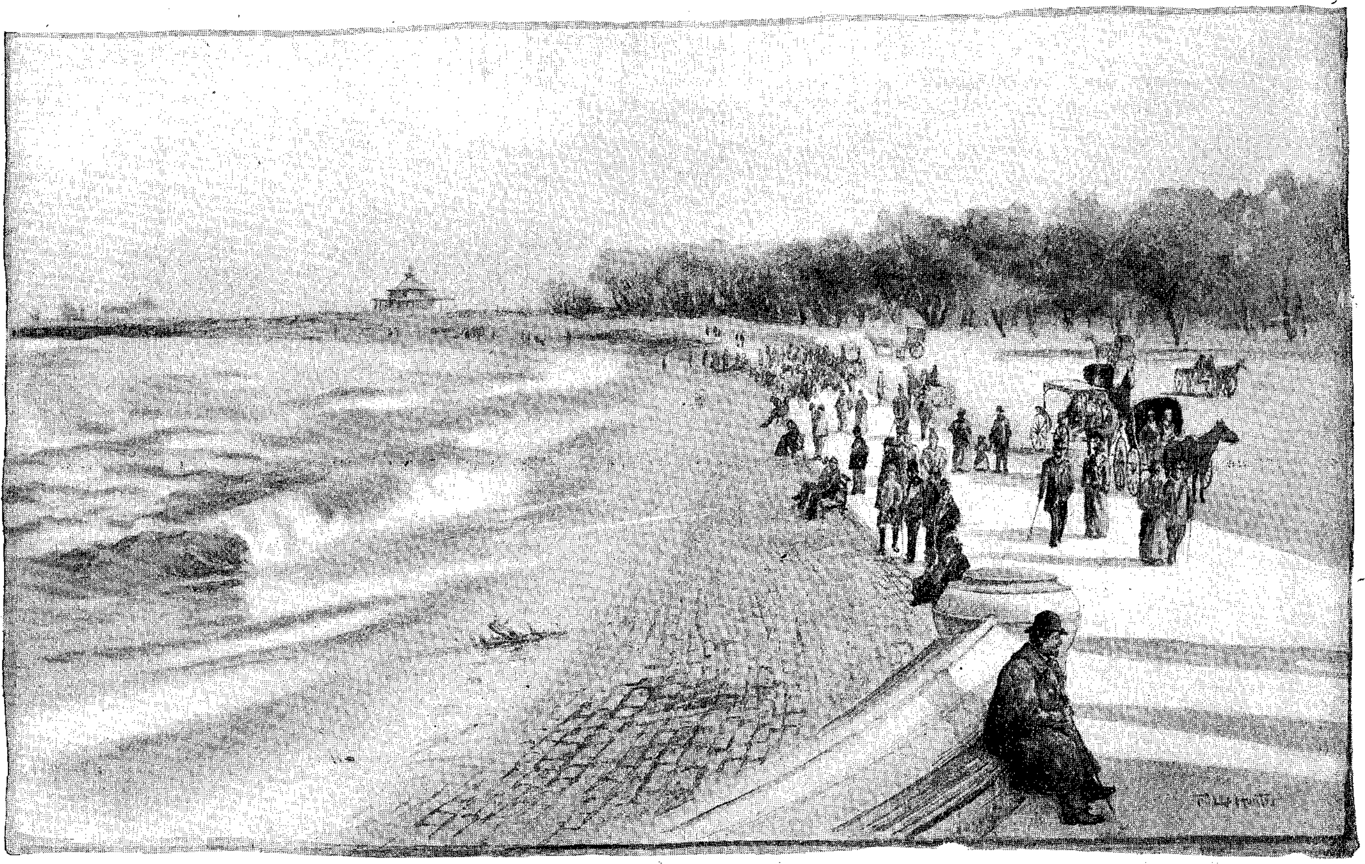
[1] Previous articles in this series have been: "The Higher Life of American Cities" (introductory), by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt (The Outlook for December 21, 1895), and "The Higher Life of New York City," by Albert Shaw (The Outlook for January 25, 1896). Other articles will be on "The Higher Life of Boston," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D.; on New Orleans, by Miss Grace King; on Philadelphia, by Mr. Talcott Williams; on St. Louis, by the Rev. John Snyder; and on Buffalo, by the Rev. William Burnet Wright, D.D.



THE LAKE SHORE MALL

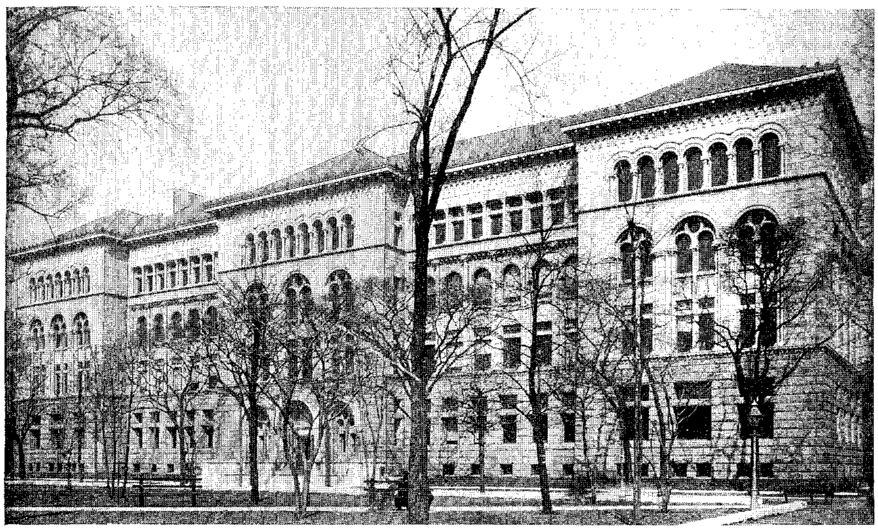
from the conventional type. It is a good example of English Gothic, with shapely gables and broad expanse of red tile roof. The thirteen vast floors furnish accommodation for a great army of professional men, besides ample provision for the local and national headquarters of the society. Here are the offices from which Miss Frances E. Willard gives direction to the great reform of which she is the acknowledged high priestess. Here are the publication rooms from which issue vast quantities of tracts and other printed matter on behalf of the propaganda.

JOHN V. CHENEY
Librarian Newberry Library

These four institutions are always in evidence. They have world-wide fame. It may well be doubted, however, whether the fruits of their local service count for more than those of some less pretentious establishments. Scattered over the city are unnumbered oases in the desert of ignorance, poverty, and vice. The polyglot population is divided into colonies. Every nation of the earth is represented. And each nationality has its own charities, its own hospitals, its own libraries, its own culture clubs, all working in the same direction. The agencies are thus multiplied indefinitely. They would doubtless prove more efficient if there were more co-operation among them, if one could know better the methods of the other, if each could profit by the other's experiences. But the conditions are such as to inspire great individual effort, and this, of course, has special value. The Armour charity comprises a fine group of buildings located in the heart of a depraved district of the South Side. It includes a large apartment-house, a manual-training school, kindergarten, dispensary, and Sunday-school. It is handsomely endowed by a wealthy packer, who has wisely turned the control over to the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, the energetic young pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church. The attendance is large and steadily increasing. Fees and rentals are adjusted to meet the necessities of the case. There are two hundred apartments which yield a fair income, and the proceeds are applied to the maintenance of the mission. It is Mr. Armour's wise purpose to make the Institute self-supporting. In doing so he has adopted a policy which, happily, characterizes very generally the Chicago charities. As a rule, the founders aim to put them beyond the need of appealing to the general public. The Chicago Manual-Training School, the Newsboys' Home, and the Home for Incurables are all so endowed.

The social settlement idea has taken a strong hold on the city. Hull House, the oldest and best-known of these agencies, was opened six years ago. A fine old residence stood alone in the heart of a congested ward. All the better world had moved away, and Italians, Bohemians, and Russian Jews had come in to supply the place. Two young women saw the opportunity. They rented this abandoned mansion and opened in a modest way a second Toynbee Hall. They sought to adapt themselves to the work at hand. At first the untamed youngsters of the neighborhood broke their windows and despoiled their grounds. The priests and rabbis looked askance and prepared to guard against proselytes. The young women were patient and tactful, however, and slowly but surely they won their way. It was neither a University Settlement nor a religious mission. The object, as stated in the charter, was "to provide a center for a higher civic and social life, to initiate and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprises, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts." Miss Jane Addams, the leader in the movement, has very clear ideas upon the subject. "It is an effort," she says, "to add the social function to democracy." Not that there is any objection to the use of the settlement idea in either the purely scholastic or strictly religious work. Far from it. Rather, the local conditions must finally govern the nature and direction of the effort. The good and the bad, the ignorant and the cultured, are brought together. When this is done, the leadership of the Hull House management is very gentle, beautifully subtle, and never offensive. There is boundless play of the sympathies. There is a careful avoidance of the didactic. Self-governing clubs are formed, admission to which can be gained only by ballot. One of them includes forty factory-girls, who rent an outlying tenement from Hull House, board themselves at a nominal rate, take their meals at the coffee-house, and attend nightly classes in the lecture-room. There

REV. F. W. GUNSAULUS, D.D.

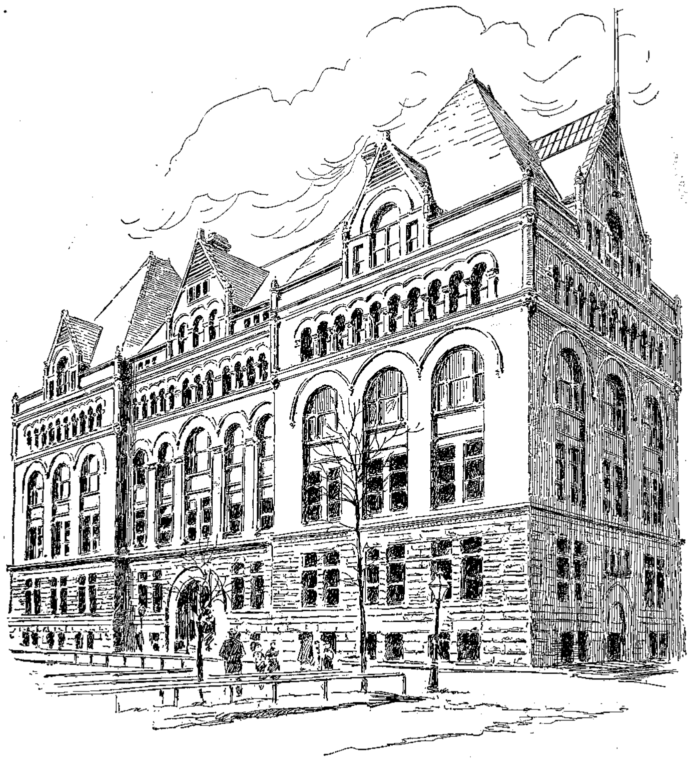


THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY

is a men's club of a similar character. Then there is the men's social club, which has a billiard-room; members may do about as they please, although drinking and gambling are forbidden. The Jolly Boys' Club for reading, the Gymnasium Club, the Woman's Club for the study of household economics, the German Woman's Social Club, the Italian Fencing Club, the Debating Club, the Mandolin Club, and twenty others, all have their places in the institution. The Kindergarten and Day Nursery occupy an independent building. Other departments are the free dispensary, the visiting nurses, factory inspection, street and alley inspection, food inspection, art studio, penny savings-bank, circulating library, labor bureau, music school, and relief bureau. It is a busy place. There are eighteen or twenty "residents," a large corps of working visitors, and an average attendance of persons from the vicinage of about 2,500 per week.

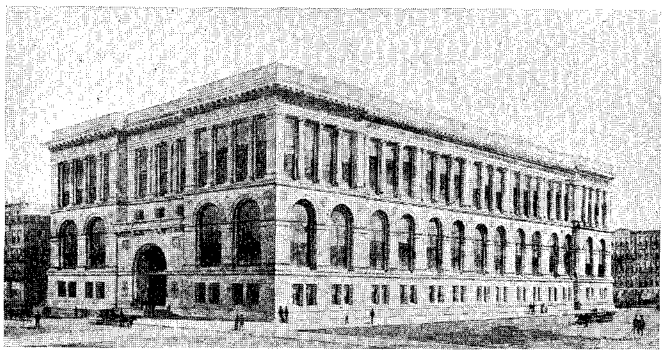
Miss Addams is the official street inspector for the ward, and Mrs. Kelley, one of the residents, is a State inspector of factories. It follows that Hull House must take a deep interest in civic affairs. At this moment it is arranging for the spring campaign, with large hope that it may compass the defeat of certain corrupt aldermen who now hold seats in the City Council as representatives of its neighborhood.

While the work of Hull House thus divides itself, as Miss Addams says, "according to the receptivity of the neighbors, into social, educational, humanitarian, and civic" effort, The Commons, a settlement of the Chicago Theological Seminary, located in the Scandinavian colony, naturally takes on a more distinctly Christian character. The residents consist of two ministers, five women, and five theological students, two of whom are physicians. There are daily prayer-meetings, Bible classes, and song services. Certain of the residents regularly visit the county hospital, the jail, and the poorhouse for inspection and ministration. There are sixty classes for educational work, besides free lectures on hygiene and household sanitation, neighborhood clubs, and friendly visitations. The University of Chicago has a similar settlement in the stock-yards district, with five residents and nine neighborhood helpers, and the Northwestern University, the Methodist institution, maintains one in the Polish and Bohemian district. The Seventh-Day Adventists have a prosperous establishment devoted chiefly to medical mission effort, and recently two young Jews have opened a house in the Chicago Ghetto and seem to be doing excellent service. This work is rapidly extending. One by one the plague-spots are brought under the influence of these Christian gentlefolk, the heavy loads which so weigh upon the lives of the toiling multitude are lightened, and reciprocal benefits which spring from correct living and intelligent voting by the multitude are felt by the whole city. It is a hand-to-hand struggle with the ills which fret us who have in mind Mr. Herbert Spencer's axiom that "the type of society is determined by the natures of its units."



ARMOUR INSTITUTE

Going into the field of pure scholasticism, one cannot fail to be impressed with the astonishing advancement of this young city. Of course every one knows of the great Chicago University, which at a single bound has taken the very forefront among institutions of its kind. The story of its liberal endowment by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and of the generous gifts which have poured in from every direction, is too well known to justify repetition. Million has followed million with bewildering rapidity. The President, Dr. Harper, has seemed a veritable magician. He accepted office in July, 1891, began the buildings in the succeeding November, and opened the doors a year later with nine hundred students. The enrollment for 1896 will reach eighteen hundred, while the income now exceeds $600,000 per annum. There are one hundred and sixty-four teachers (including a number of specialists of very high rank), besides another hundred in the University Extension department and a large corps connected with the administrative branches. There is a library of 300,000 volumes; an observatory with the largest telescope ever constructed; and a list of halls, museums, and laboratories which might well stand for the labor of a century. But besides this great enterprise, Chicago boasts another University of no mean proportions, the Northwest-



CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

ern. Indeed, in enrollment of students it stands third in the country. Its equipment includes an excellent astronomical observatory and a full complement of professional schools of a very high order. Its endowment, largely in Chicago business property, yields an annual income, even in hard times, of over a quarter of a million dollars.

These great institutions, not to mention a dozen or more independent but well-sustained medical, divinity, and technical schools, combine to give Chicago a high place among educational centers.

The Public Library, supported by a city tax, contains over two hundred thousand volumes. It owes its origin to a handsome donation of books by the people of England after the great fire. This gift included offerings by Queen Victoria, the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and the British Government. The library, thus founded, has been in a special sense an object of local pride. No other in America has enjoyed as large patronage from the general public. Last year 55,000 readers held drawing cards, and borrowed 2,500,000 books and periodicals. The reference-rooms are visited by over a million persons annually. For the convenience of those living at a distance, six branch reading-rooms and thirty-two free-delivery stations are maintained. A new building for the library will be completed next autumn. It will cover an area of 62,000 square feet, and will cost something over two million dollars.

THE W. C. T. U. BUILDING

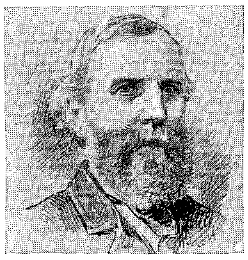
Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

The Newberry Library, a fine collection of books adapted to the uses of specialists, has an endowment of three million dollars, and contains 160,000 volumes. Two other large library funds, the Crerar and Lewis legacies, are awaiting investment.

The Art Institute, the Academy of Sciences, and the Field Columbian Museum are also noteworthy enterprises.

These are some of the things which make answer for a higher life in Chicago. And it is not so bad a showing, after all. So qualified a critic as Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote a few days since:

> The Fair showed the country what Chicago really was and is Certainly there is no other American city where the richest classes appear so enthusiastic with respect to art and literature. "The practice of virtue makes men virtuous," and even if there was some pretense and affectation in the culture of ten years ago, it has resulted in as high standards of taste as can elsewhere be found. Moreover, if our own "four hundred" had even affected or made it the fashion to be interested in whatever makes real culture, the intellectual life of this metropolis would not now be so far apart from the "social swim."



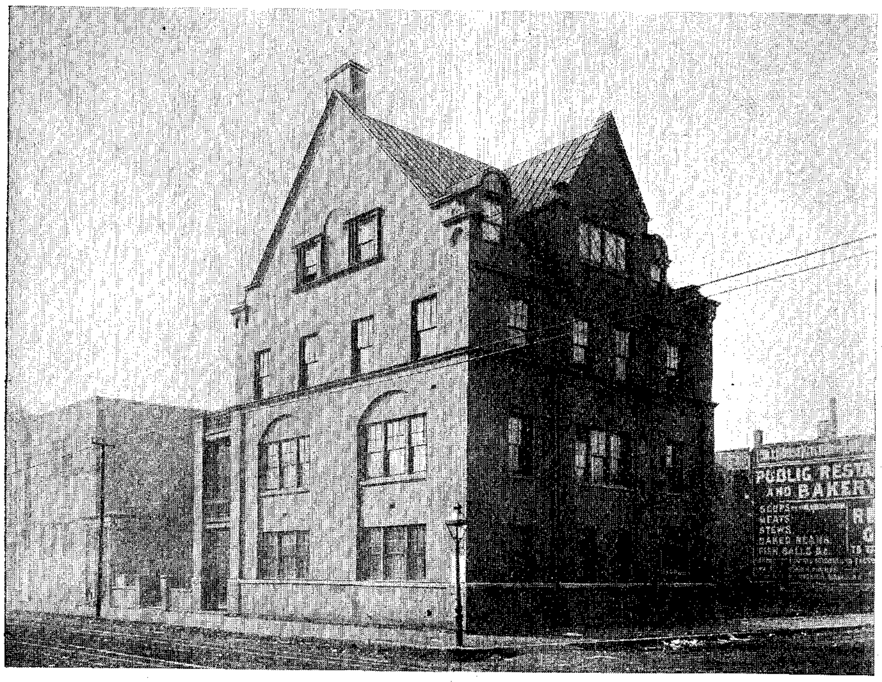
LYMAN J. GAGE

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD

HENRY WADE ROGERS
President Northwestern University

It is in its indifference to its civic duties that Chicago betrays the greatest weakness. There is nothing like an organized Tammany Hall, nor is the tenure of the dominant rascals by any means assured. But there is the unfortunate neglect of municipal affairs by good men, and the baneful tendency to divide on national party lines. Meanwhile the public enemies are united and always alert. It is only now and then, in some great emergency and under pressure of intense excitement, that all the right-minded people are aroused. Then comes an upheaval, and a short era of proper administration.

Concerning Sunday observation the situation is far from satisfactory. The enactments of the Illinois



HULL HOUSE—CHILDREN'S BUILDING

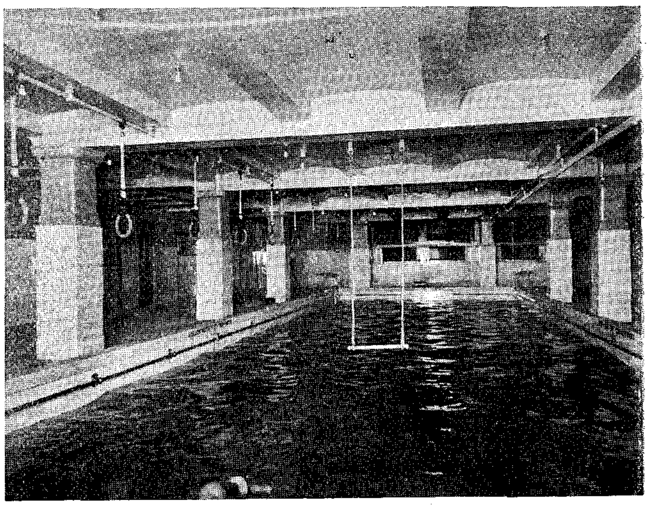
MISS JANE ADDAMS

Legislature are plain and subject to no dispute. They require the closing of every tippling-house on Sunday. This has been the law of the State for many years, and every Mayor of Chicago has taken an oath to enforce it. Yet it is a far day since any real or sincere effort was made in this direction. Republicans and Democrats alike have said that local public sentiment was against all sumptuary legislation, and by common consent of the active politicians Chicago has enjoyed all the delights of a "wide-open Sunday." To quiet the clamor of those who demanded better things, the Aldermen have passed ordinances providing for screens upon the saloon doors, and this was taken to be a compliance with the State law. But even this practice has fallen into desuetude.

Not the least among the deplorable features of this business has been the attitude of many Christian people. It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear persons of high repute say, "This Sunday law cannot be enforced. Don't try. Let us seek good government on other lines, and be content with half a loaf rather than no bread." It is needless to suggest that infinitely worse than a "wide-open Sunday," with all that it may imply, is the corrupting influence of this theory that a public officer, whose duties are purely ministerial, is to be permitted to enforce one law and ignore another. A people who tamely submit to government of this kind should not be surprised to find that it leads to all forms of abuse. Yet, unfortunately, this is the condition in Chicago to-day. The Mayor, who is, or was until recently, a Methodist Sunday-school teacher, makes no effort whatever to enforce this law for Sunday observance, and the city betrays no indignation at his neglect.

But there are signs of progress. At the instance of the journeymen barbers and the shop clerks, the Legislature at its last session passed stringent Sunday-closing laws, and an earnest effort for their enforcement is now making, and with fairly successful result. What those who have been striving for good government failed to accomplish bids fair of realization from the purely selfish labors of the overworked employees.

Chicago has gathered its full share of the ripe fruit of misgovernment. Swindling contractors, corrupt and corrupting franchise-grabbers, and "boodling" public officials have all found here a rich field for their operations. There has, however, always been a little upper room with a devoted band struggling against great odds. The Civil Service Reform League, with barely enough members to fill an attorney's office, labored diligently for a dozen years, and finally secured the passage of an ideal law, the enforcement of which has been placed in the hands of an honest, intelligent, and resolute commission. Under the operation of this act, which is far and away the best in the country, the rule of the spoilsman is fast disappearing, and, since this is believed to be the fundamental reform, an era of better things is hoped for.



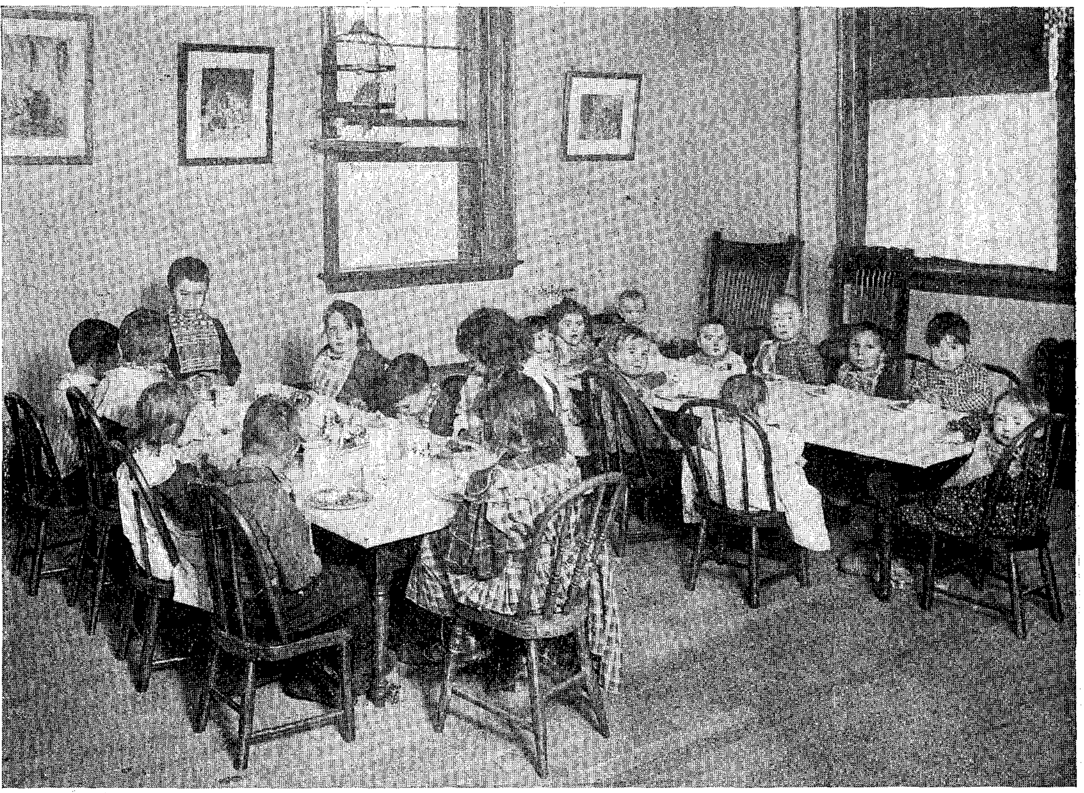
THE NATATORIUM IN THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

The Citizens' Association has been, periodically, an important agency for good. Some years ago it took up the work of prosecuting corrupt officials, and succeeded in sending a dozen or more to the State prison.

The Civic Federation, which represents in a degree a temporary outburst of public spirit in anticipation of the World's Fair, has done much good work in the way of cleaning the streets and alleys, finding work and food for the unemployed, and punishing offenders against the election laws.

JOHN M. CLARK ROBERT A. WALLER CHRISTOPHER HOLZ

Civil Service Commissioners



HULL HOUSE—DINING-ROOM OF CRECHE

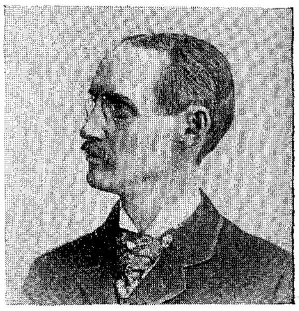
The Christian Citizens' League has taken high ground, has endeavored to arouse godly men to a sense of their duty in public affairs, has accomplished much.

It has been possible to do no more than enumerate the phases of the higher life of Chicago. The influences for good are becoming more numerous every day, although, as suggested above, the effort so far has been too spasmodic, too inconstant, for speedy regeneration. It is, nevertheless, gratifying to know that now and again this busy, rushing, money-making, free-and-easy city does astonishing things. So it did when the Anarchists threatened to make it their sport. So it did when it adopted the present admirable election law. So it did also when it put the merit system into force. And so it may again.

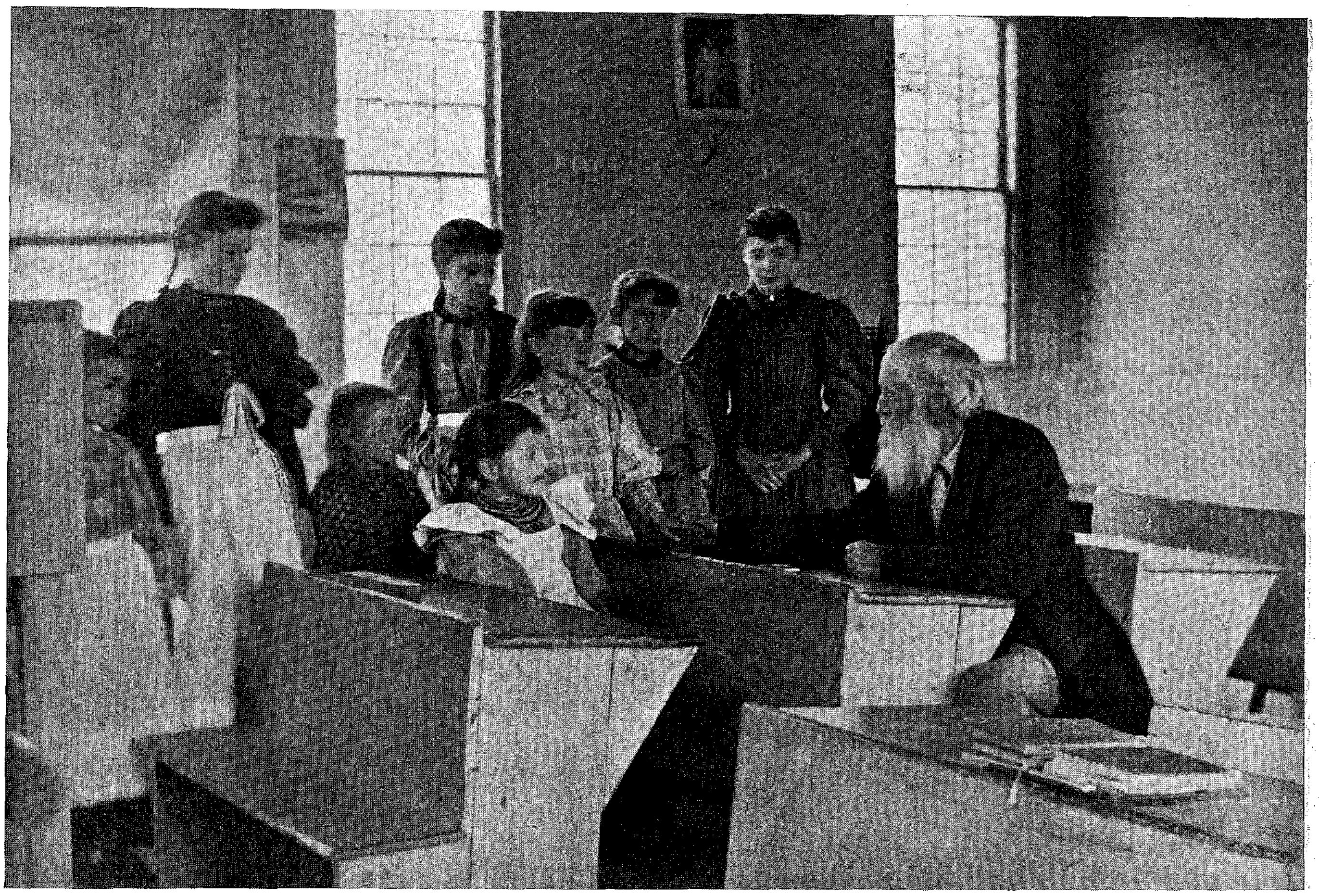
Melville E. Stone: A Sketch

Mr. Melville E. Stone, the author of "The Higher Life of Chicago," is an Illinoisan by birth and a lifelong resident of Chicago. His establishment, shortly after the great fire of 1871 (by which he suffered seriously), of the first one-cent daily newspaper of Chicago, the "Daily News," was an event full of importance to the city, compelling, as it did, after many years of struggle, the reduction of the price of every English daily in the city to that figure. In 1881 Mr. Stone added to his evening paper a morning edition, known now as the "Chicago Record." This paper, too, he brought to the point of success before selling the whole property to his partner, Victor F. Lawson. Retiring for a time from journalism, Mr. Stone gave his energies to banking, but the proverbial tendency of the journalist to return again to his calling overcame him, and he became manager of the Associated Press. As citizen and as journalist, Mr. Stone has been a considerable force for good government in Chicago. His newspapers were independent in politics, and their influence was always wisely and courageously directed. More than one threatening municipal abuse was corrected through their efforts, more than one rascal in public place brought by them to justice. It is probably fair, and in effect accurate, to say that scarcely one of the institutions which he notes as illustrative of Chicago's progress toward a broader intellectual and philanthropic life has been without substantial aid, in one way or another, from him. Political office he has never sought; such as he may have held, like the treasurership of the Sanitary District, for example, having been appointive wholly and dependent only remotely upon political influence. Since his retirement from journalism, nearly nine years ago, his voice has been only occasionally heard in public matters. As newspaper owner and publisher, however, he manifested what is perhaps a wholly unparalleled interest in purely local matters, burrowing with indomitable persistence into every department of municipal government, detecting corruption however shrewdly hid, and exposing culprits whatever their political or social standing. It may be of interest to note that he is eminently the architect of his own fortunes.

HULL HOUSE—OUTDOOR SPORTS



MELVILLE E. STONE



JOHN BURROUGHS SITS IN HIS OLD SEAT IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AND TALKS WITH THE CHILDREN

Recollections of My Boyhood

By John Burroughs

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson[1]

ONE autumn day I left the Hudson River at Rondout and made a three hours' journey by a little branch railroad far back into the Catskills. At the little town of Roxbury I left the train and climbed a steep, mile-and-a-half hill, and that brought me to the boyhood home of John Burroughs, where I found John Burroughs himself sitting at the kitchen window. The region is one of great, mounding, mountain-like hills, with now and then a small village lost among them, and farms scattered sparingly along their slopes. The fields and patches of woodland checker their sides, and the drifting cloud-shadows add to the intricacy of the pattern. The hills turn blue in the distance, and look like great waves rolling in from a distant ocean.

The Burroughs farm-house is in a wide hilltop hollow with a fine panoramic view across the low valleys and hills eastward. In our walks about the place we visited the sugar-bush, the scene of many of Mr. Burroughs's youthful exploits with the family musket, we gathered nuts in a neighboring beech-wood, and we explored the brook where once he swam and fished. Most interesting of all, we followed the winding road he had trodden so often on his way to and from school, and we did not stop till we came to the little rusty-red school-house that looks just as it did forty-five years ago. It was recess time, and we went inside. The same old box desks were in use that had been there when Mr. Burroughs was a district school-boy. He found the same seat that long ago was his, and there among the other jackknife hewings were the initials he had cut—J. B.

The reminiscences I report below were the results of two conversations, given as nearly as possible in the speaker's own words. The first was an evening talk in the kitchen, where the farm family had gathered after the day's work was done and the supper dishes had been cleared off the long table. The second was a morning talk in the neat, rag-carpeted sitting-room, where a wood fire burned in the sheet-iron stove to temper the chill of the windy autumn day. Mr. Burroughs said:

"About the first thing I have any remembrance of is of being scared. The folks went off to Pennsylvania on a visit, and left us children to take care of things while they were gone. We got along well enough in the daytime, but, come night, it was different. I know that first night the older children were out quite late—I believe they'd gone down to the village. It got dark, and still they didn't come home, and we three or four younger ones sat huddled up in the kitchen and didn't dare go to bed. I don't know what scared the others, but I remember looking into the dark cavity of the bedroom—that was father's and mother's room, and the door was open—and every time I looked into its gloom and vacancy I was filled with dread and foreboding.

"We used to hear a good many spook stories. Grandfather was a great hand for spook stories. He'd been one of Washington's soldiers and had had a good deal of experience, and he believed in 'em just as thoroughly as we don't believe in 'em. He'd seen a great many spooks, and he'd sit down in the evening and tell these ghost stories by the hour. It would make our youthful hair stand on end as we listened to the tale of things he'd seen—those dreadful apparitions. He used to tell bear stories, war stories, and Indian stories, besides. But the spooks made the most vivid impression, and I didn't outgrow my fear of them till I got old enough to go to see the girls. Then suddenly my fears all left me. I'd been thinking I couldn't go to see the girls at all and stay out late, I was so afraid as soon as night came.

"From the age of ten to fourteen I couldn't even go down to the barn, just across the road, after dark, for fear some hobgoblin would get me.

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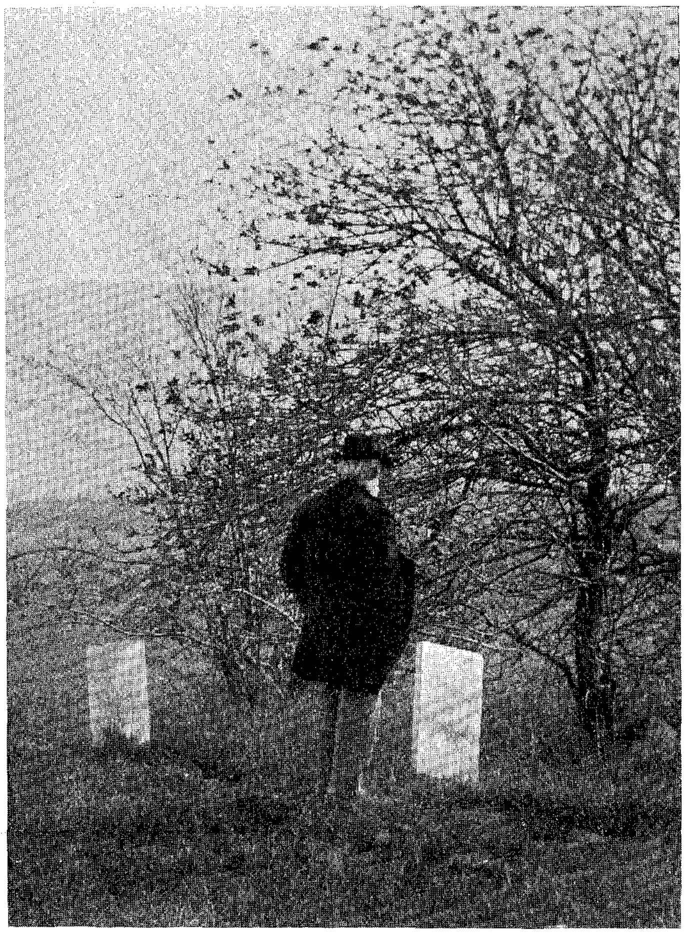
[1] The illustrations (with the exception of those on pages 335 and 337) are from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson.

"The other barn, down in the next field, I was afraid to go to in the daytime. We kept cows there, and it was my task to go daily and turn them out and clean the stables. I would go in fear and trembling. I was particularly afraid in the stable, for there was a hole there that opened down into the vacant space under the barn. This cavity was always dark and mysterious, and I used to call the dog and send him under the barn to drive the spooks away, and then I'd work like a beaver to clean out the stables while the dog was under there. These fears all came from grandfather's stories of witches and things. He was very good at telling such stories. He was very superstitious, and he would give them a true air of mystery.

"This little burying-ground up the hill here at the turn of the road used to trouble me a good deal. I knew spooks liked to haunt just such places, and you couldn't have drawn me there with ox-chains after dark. I didn't think of spooks in broad daylight, but when dusk came and I had to pass the burying-ground I would walk lively and step lightly. I was too scared to run. I thought if I did run I'd have a whole pack of ghosts right on my heels. I suppose many have the same feeling. But, as I said, when I began to go to see the girls my fears left me and I could come home past the burying-ground in the little hours of the morning without a tremor.



THE LITTLE BURYING-GROUND

"I don't think I was naturally timid—it was only because my imagination had been stimulated and distorted by what I heard. People believed in apparitions thoroughly in that time. I wasn't scared by sounds in nature—not by anything I knew about. I was never afraid of thunder-storms. I rather liked the racket and was agreeably impressed by the elemental display. I heard owls hoot, but I didn't mind that, for I knew what they were. I did not mind the barking of the foxes, either. They would bark on the hills up back of the house. It was a wild, weird sort of sound, and I liked to hear it. But if I had to go through the woods in the dusk, then I was scared. I remember driving the oxen home in the evening along the edge of the woods down here, and how fearful I was. I didn't know what I feared—only the mysteriousness of the woods and the liability to see things made a deep impress on me then. The woods themselves were quiet enough. They always are. You know Thoreau says, 'A howling wilderness never howls. The howling is done chiefly by the imagination of the traveler.'

"No doubt most children have their fears, about the same as I did. I don't think my boy ever did, though. He was never told any ghost stories—only he believed in Santa Claus. I think I never had that belief myself—my folks didn't cultivate the Santa Claus myth. We would hang up our stockings in the chimney-corner, but we always knew where the things in 'em came from. Sometimes we'd find cakes mother had put in; other times it would be some ridiculous things the older children had put in—shavings, perhaps, or a raw potato.

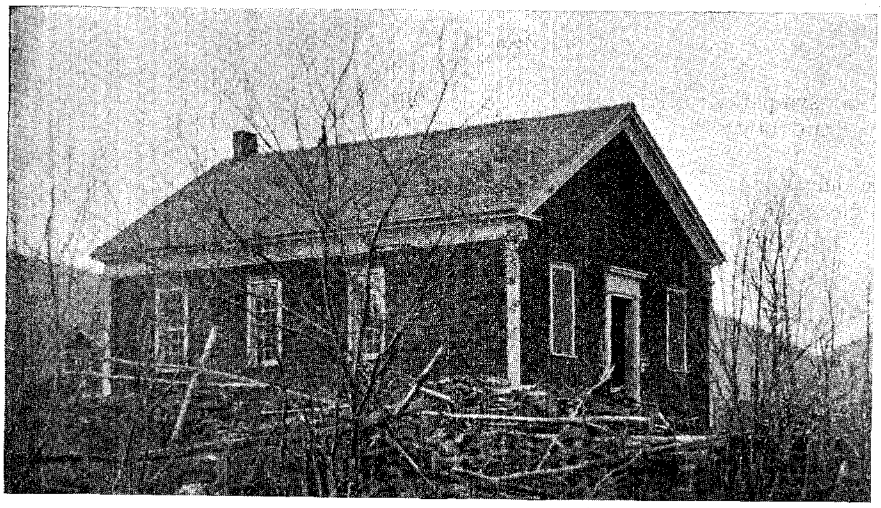
"My boy believed in Santa Claus through and through. One day, a little before Christmas, he found a new sled out in the barn. He came to the house in the greatest state of excitement about that sled, and we explained to him that perhaps Santa Claus intended to give it to him, and, if he kept quiet, like enough he would get it on Christmas morning. Sure enough, on Christmas morning there he found the sled hitched to his bed. That made a great impression, and it was a cruel shock to the boy when he was told there was no Santa Claus. He felt a personal loss. I remember how he sighed and said, 'Well, if there ain't any Santa Claus there's an awful lot of lying in this world.'

"Speaking about being afraid, there was an old man, half crazy, used to wander about the country here that we children made a good deal of a bugbear of. He was perfectly harmless and innocent, but we were in mortal terror of him. Whenever we saw any one coming slow along the road the way he did, we'd say, 'Guess that's old John Corbin.' Then we scurried over the fence and hid. He was simply a little off, you know, and would go mumbling to himself along the road. He had an orchard down near the school-house, and he buried his apples there in the ground. Some of the bigger boys broke into his apple-hole and stole apples, and I can remember just how he caught them at it and chased them away and shook his stick.

"We used to have an apple-hole up back of the house—most people did. We would stow fifteen or twenty bushels of our best apples there. Toward spring we'd dig them out, and they had a delightful flavor that apples kept in the house didn't have. They seemed to be seasoned and concentrated. We'd reach down through the hole we'd cut through the frozen ground, and part away the straw that lay over them, and pick out such apples as we wanted. We'd get so expert we could tell the different kinds by the sense of touch. There was a difference in the shape and in the surface, and there was the winesap that I could tell by some peculiarity of the stem. There were all kinds in the apple-hole mixed together, and a good part of them went to school to eat with our dinners.

"When I was a little fellow I used to help mother a good deal. Mother used to spin wool. She had the wheel up in one of the chambers, and you'd hear the wheel go wz-z-z-z, and her footsteps going backward and forward. It was a pleasant enough sound, but it grew rather monotonous when you heard it all day. In the hog-pen chamber, back of the house, we had a loom where mother wove cloth and carded wool into rolls. Sometimes there'd be a great pile of those delicate rolls in the hog-pen chamber. I used to run the quill-wheel and fill the hollow elder-stalks with thread. I can't say I liked the work much—boys are not apt to be fond of work.

"I pulled flax some, and mother spun and wove it and made garments out of it for us to wear. That linen was stout, too. If you fell out of a tree and you caught on trousers or shirts made of that stuff, it would hold you—you'd hang there—it wouldn't tear. The things were pretty harsh wear when we first put them on at the beginning of warm weather. They were full of shives, and



WHERE JOHN BURROUGHS WAS A SCHOLAR FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

scratched like blazes. They were like the hair shirts the pious old fellows used to wear, and if you were doing penance for anything they were good things to have. But by August, with the wear and the rubbing the things got on the washboard, the shives would get broken up and we'd begin to have some comfort. At first the cloth was grayish in color, but in time the washing and the soap and the laying out on the grass to dry would fade it out whitish. We didn't have underclothing in summer, but in winter we had red flannel undershirts that would shrink in the wash and get thick as boards.

"I used to help make cheese. I was very fond of eating the curd, till one day I ate so much of it I was sick—made a hog of myself, you know. I got thoroughly cloyed that time, and never could eat any curd since. But I like the pot-cheese they make out of lobbered milk.

"We would get up at five o'clock in the morning, about the same as they do here now. In winter it wouldn't be quite so early, but it would be early enough so we'd have breakfast by candlelight. Bedtime came pretty early. Eight o'clock was the time for the youngsters, but I know I used to get sleepy before that. Mother was apt to sit up latest. I suppose she'd often be up till ten or eleven sewing for us.

"We had a wide, open fireplace. The most I remember about it is lying on the broad hearthstone before the fire watching the crickets come up out of the cracks to sing. I would catch them and kill them. Mother said they ate holes in the stockings. They were never caught in the act that I know of, and I imagine that was just a household superstition without foundation. It's all vivid, too—mother frying meat with the long-handled frying-pan, and her sharpening the knife by rubbing it on the jambs. Up at one side of the fireplace was the great brick oven where she baked bread. Mother would say in the morning, 'Well, we're going to bake to-day, and I want some oven-wood.' Then we'd have to hunt the place over for dry wood—wood that would flash up quick and make a hot fire.

"Cider apple-sass was a great institution in those days. We used to cook a great lot of apples for 'sass' every fall, and we boiled down cider for flavoring them in a big kettle out in the yard.

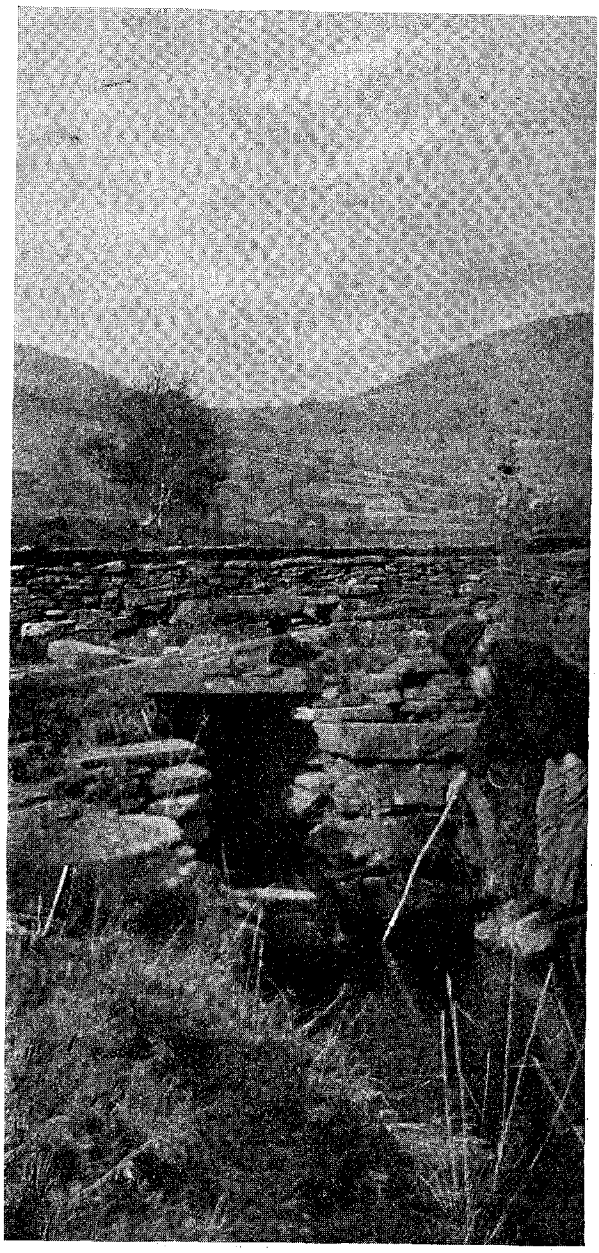
"Tallow candles were our light. We used dipped candles. I remember seeing mother make them—dip, dip, dip, forty times or so, and after each dip she put the rods the candles were hung on across the backs of two chairs to let the tallow harden. Our candlesticks had hooks on 'em. The hook was made to fit over the back of a chair. Mother would hook her candle, or perhaps two of them, on the back of a chair to do her work by, and I'd sit in the chair and study arithmetic, or read 'Robinson Crusoe' or 'The Life of Murphy the Indian-Killer,' and other books of the sort.

"I was about seven years old when we had an anti-rent war here. A great many of the farms in this and adjacent counties were of leased land. King George had granted immense sections of the country here to certain of his court favorites, and these favorites divided it up among favorites of their own, and all this land had to pay a tax to them of a shilling an acre. Of course these owners never had anything to do with the land, and settlers took it and improved it and made their homes on it.

"The people who lived on the land thought the tax was unjust, and they took the law into their own hands and said they weren't going to pay this tax. They got the idea of disguising themselves as Indians. They wore leather caps pulled over their faces, and were all paint, fur, and feathers—dreadful-looking creatures. Father sympathized with their side, and they used to call at our house and we would give them apples and things. They were usually just out on a lark. It was all boys' foolishness, and didn't amount to anything; but the feeling was very bitter, and it divided the neighborhood.

"The up-renters we called 'tories.' The down-renters, fixed up as Indians, would roam around nights, mostly, but they would come together any time of day at the signal of the blowing of a horn. They made a law that nobody should blow a horn but to call them together. Jay Gould's father was an up-renter; he was a stiff-necked old fellow, and he was going to blow his horn to call his men to dinner, whether or no. So the first thing he knew he had his house full of Indians threatening to tar and feather the old gentleman. Another time it was known around that the sheriff was going to sell a man out who wouldn't pay his rent, and the Indians gathered and shot the sheriff.

"They got so lawless the Legislature had to take the matter in hand, and it undertook to suppress the Indians and imprison their leaders. I'd see the sheriff and his posse riding past—twenty or



HIS BOYHOOD TROUT-BROOK

thirty or even fifty men going pell-mell. It scared me. They'd go rushing along on their horses, flourishing swords and muskets; it was a terrible sight for a youngster. Then, besides, the posse represented the law, and my sympathy, of course, was with my people. I wasn't so afraid of the Indians.

"Father thought the posse was after him one day, and he ran over to grandfather's and got under the bed. We had great fun over that, for they always said his feet stuck out, and that his hiding wouldn't have done him any good if they'd really been after him, which they weren't. But they did hunt a neighbor who was a leader among the down-renters. He got away to Michigan and stayed there several years before he dared to come back.

"I went to a great Indian meeting one time. The horns blew long and loud over the hills, and you'd see the Indians come from the farms and places where they'd been to put on their things. Their caps were of leather, something like a bag with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth. They had horns on the caps and a fringe round the neck, and a cow's tail tied on behind, and I don't know what all. They were hideous-looking things—perfectly infernal—and there were no two alike. Then the Indians wore blouses of striped calico, belted at the waist, and some of them had pants of the same or of red flannel. Take a hundred men dressed up in that style together and it made a sight to behold. They had their meeting in a big empty hay-barn. I went and peeked through the cracks, and the Indians inside stuck out straw at me. They had their orators, and it seemed to me the affair was something tremendous—such a lot of them, too—I thought they'd carry everything before them after that.

"But they didn't go at it in the right way. Their lawlessness and outlandishness hurt their cause, and the farmers still have to pay rent. This farm, like the rest, has to pay its shilling an acre just as it did when I was a boy.

"This house isn't the one I was born in. That we moved off out in the orchard, and built this one in its place, when I was thirteen years old. That house was rather a small, unpainted, squarish building, one story high, with a big chimney in the middle. To move it, we pried it up, put runners under it, and asked all the neighbors and their oxen to the moving. We hitched eight or ten yoke of oxen to each runner—all we could get in the neighborhood—and such a bellowing, hawing and geeing, and whip-cracking as there was I never heard in my life. It took some time to get all those oxen to pull together, and when they did get started how they would hump up! We broke three or four chains that day, but we would double them up—fix 'em some way and go on.

"I remember the first day I went to school I wore a suit my mother made. It was a little striped suit, and it had flaps on the shoulders that went up and down like a dog's ears as I ran. I couldn't have been more than four or five years old. It was my first great journey. All I remember is that I asked of my older sister, who led me, 'Who lives there?' every house we passed on the way.

"The seats in the school-house seemed very high. The seat that I and some of the other smaller ones sat on was just a slab from the sawmill, flat side up, with some widely slanting legs put underneath. I couldn't touch my feet to the floor from it. One day the teacher didn't let me go out, and I got asleep and fell over backwards and knocked a great hole in my head. The next thing I knew I was lying in a house that was near the school, and there was a smell of camphor in the air. I don't know how I got home, but I must have got home somehow.

"I learned my alphabet in Cobb's spelling-book. It had the alphabet arranged with first the vowels and then the consonants. They had the most mechanical way of drilling that alphabet into you. It took months to learn it. The teacher called us up three or four times a day and, with a penknife, pointed out the letters one by one, skipping around, and saying, 'What letter's that?' 'What letter's that?' Hen Meeker sat next me. He was older and larger than I was, and I remember once the teacher had him up saying his letters, and he came to small c and couldn't tell what it was. The teacher kept at him, but there Hen stuck at the c. 'Why,' the teacher said, 'I'll bet little Johnnie Burroughs can tell that letter.' So he called me up and I said 'c,' and was very proud of my knowledge.

"I was the only one of our family that 'took to larnin',' as my father would say, and I don't think I hankered after the studying very much. The days in school were very long, but we had royal fun in playtime. We played tag and den and, in the late autumn, ball—yes, and we could have fun out of nothing in those days.

"Children have nimble brains—how easily their imaginations are kindled! I remember one noon in particular, when all the girls at school were crying because they thought the end of the world was coming. They wept and

JOHN BURROUGHS AND THE CHILDREN

AN OCTOBER ROADSIDE

wailed, and I was scared with the rest. A storm was rising over the hills. The black clouds looked very portentous—I could see that. I expected things were going, though just what the end of the world meant I didn't know. Of course the storm passed away, the trumpets were not sounded, and we went back into the school thinking the thing was postponed—that it wasn't to come off till the next day, or the day after, or some other day—it had missed fire, anyway. I don't know how the girls got their idea; there were no grown people in the neighborhood who were looking for the passing away of the earth. They might have heard some one read an item of the sort from the newspapers, for it wasn't far from the time that the Millerite excitement swept over the country. Anyway, there those big girls stood, and the rest of us looking on to see the thing go.

"It was a two-mile road to the school I attended. The road was roundabout, and there was a short cut through the woods. But I was afraid of the woods, and usually went the long way. I had plenty of time then. A cousin went with me, and in winter some of the older children. We used to start by half-past seven o'clock, so as to have ample opportunity to loiter and play along the road.

"Once in a while we ventured through the woods on a summer morning and stopped by a spring there to get crinkle-root, which we liked to carry to eat with our dinners. It is a kind of cress—an appetizing thing, almost as strong as horseradish. We were timid about taking that route, but as we grew older we would occasionally summon up courage and go that way for the sake of variety. In the deepest, dampest spot in the woods near that spring run we used to see those ghostly insects—I hardly know what you call them—that collect in masses on the branches of trees. They are white as snow, very fuzzy, with a long down on them. They'd collect in a ropy mass bigger'n your fist strung along a branch, and they would stir and throb with a rhythmic pulsation that filled us with a sort of dread. You see we didn't know what they were; had never heard of them. Sometimes we'd hit the branch a rap which would make them come stringing down, and then we'd run.

"We carried bread and butter, pie, cake, and our pockets full of apples for dinner. In the long noontime, after we'd emptied our dinner-baskets, we'd go over to the brook and have a swim in the swimming-hole, or fish for trout. We'd roll up our pants the whole length of our legs, and our sleeves 'way up to our shoulders, and then we'd wade in and feel for the trout with our hands under the bank. Once in a while we'd get hold of one and get him out, but oftener we'd feel their slippery forms glide through our fingers. The trout got under the bank to hide. Sometimes they'd run in a hole like a sack and you'd see their tail sticking out. Then we'd run our fingers under the trout and slide 'em very carefully along towards its head, tickling it underneath at the same time. If you were gentle, the trout would hold perfectly still, as if it actually enjoyed being tickled. They fish that way in England, I believe. We discovered, as boys, that trout liked tickling. When we'd slid our fingers along far enough we'd nip the fish right behind the gills and toss him out.

"One used to get well spattered in this paddling in the water, but we didn't mind that—that was nothing in summer. But I had an adventure one winter with the brook that wasn't so pleasant. We were having a freshet and the stream was very full, and the board we usually walked across on was washed away. The older ones jumped across all right, but when I tried it, in I went, kersouse—right under water. I scrambled out quickly enough and went on to school. Then I pulled off my boots and poured the water out, and the teacher let me stand around the stove most of the day, and, strange to say, I didn't take cold, either.

"Another winter experience was the hooking up of suckers through the ice. One day I was out at recess, and there came along a sleigh with three or four men in it. They were neighbors I knew, and they asked me if I wanted to go along. So I jumped on behind and we drove down to the river. We selected a pool and cut some holes in the ice; at the holes a man would lie down with his face close to the water and a straight staff in his hand with a hook of wire loops on the end, and with that he'd pull up the fish. Some of the men went up above with their axes and hammered on the ice to drive the fish down, and I stood at the other end of the pool working a long pole through a hole in the ice to keep the fish from going out. They would hook the fish up just as fast! and the ice was soon all alive with them. They'd hook up a basket or two in that way, and in a little while the fish all froze stiff as pokers.

"When the sport was over they divided the fish in piles, a part for each man that took part in the expedition. They dropped one fish at a time in each pile till all had been allotted, and then they drew cuts for choice of piles. Of course there wasn't much difference in the piles, but one pile might have an extra large one in it, or perhaps there might be a trout among the suckers. They didn't count me in when they made the division, but at the end they said, 'There's Johnny, we ought to give him some,' and they each gave me a fish or two from their piles.

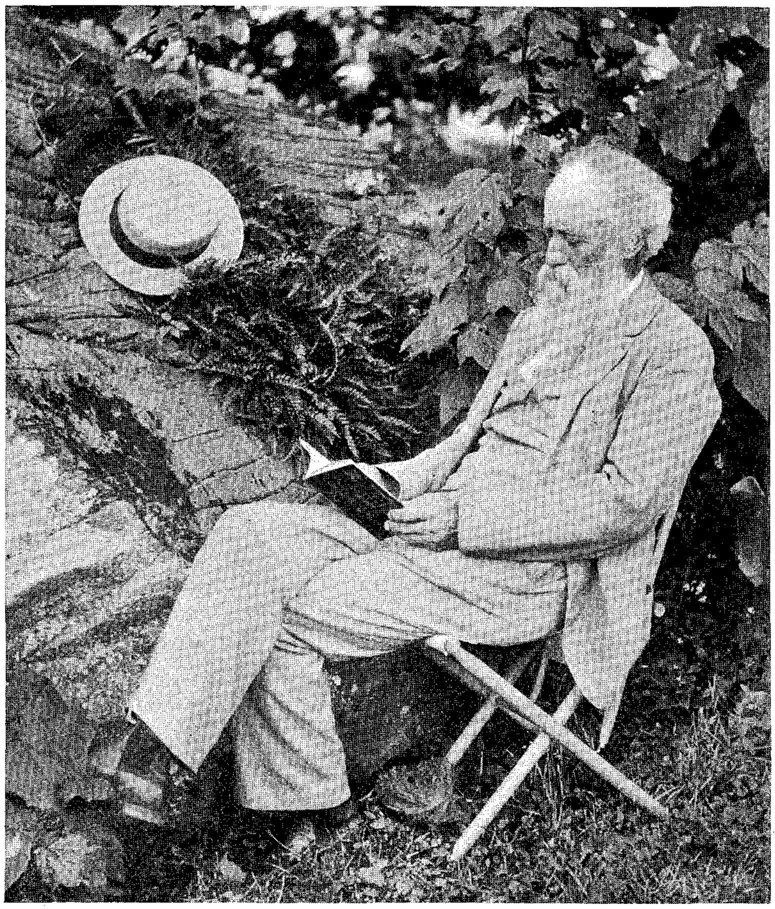
"If you took home the frozen fish and put them in water, they'd thaw out and come to life and be none the worse for their freezing. The trout, though, had a more delicate organization, and they wouldn't revive. I suppose I ran away from school to go fishing, but I don't think I was reproved much for it. Probably I didn't do it often. I'd have been hauled up for it next day if I had.

"Once in a while we children at school would play hooky and make a trip down to Stratton Falls, a mile and a half distant, after slate-pencils. There were high ledges there, and a horseshoe fall of water that you could get in behind, and we used to like to hang around there and play. We would run away at noon and not get back until long after school had begun. Our excuse was that we had to go to get slate-pencils. It was a great adventure. Streaks of slate cropped out in the ledges, and we used to get little slabs of it and carry them home. Some of it was red and some blue. The way to tell if the slate would do for pencils was to rub it across the ends of your under teeth. You could tell instantly by the grit if it was too hard or too soft.

"We took the little slabs of slate home, and in our spare time would work them up into slate-pencils. I'd cut two straight, deep gashes with my knife about the width of a pencil apart on one side, drawing the knife back and forth and back and forth by the hour. Then I'd turn the slab over and start other cuts to meet the first ones. By and by you broke off the slab along the gashes, and then you could whittle your splinter of slate into shape. We got all our slate-pencils that way. You couldn't buy them at the store—never heard of such a thing.

"We children never paid much attention to flowers. It isn't a country that abounds with wild flowers, but there were plenty of violets. We gathered those—chiefly, though, to 'fight roosters' with them. The way we did that was for two of us to each take a violet and hook them together and see which fellow's would pull the other's head off—see which violet would stand the most strain.

"I used to know every inch of the road between here and school, and had many little adventures all along it with one thing and another. My first sweetheart lived in a little red house on that road. She was my playmate. I remember going over there once with father when I was a little fellow. He took his oxen and was going to spend the day working there. He said I might go along and play with Eleanor. Mother thought she'd be in school, and when we got there, sure enough, Eleanor had gone to school. But her father lifted up his voice and called to her. He had a tremendous voice. The schoolhouse was half a mile away—I don't know how she heard, but she did, and pretty soon came running up the road to the house, and we played together all day.



JOHN BURROUGHS

"She continued to be the girl I was fondest of up to the time I was thirteen or fourteen, though there was one other girl I had a fancy for in the same period. But this second girl quickly alienated my affections by exposing one of my misdemeanors to the teacher one day. She said, 'Johnny Burroughs put his feet on the desk.' It hurt my feelings dreadfully—how could that girl, of all others, be so hard-hearted! After that there was a coolness between us.

"When I was just on the edge of the awkward age that lasts from fourteen to eighteen, I went to an apple-cut one evening. We worked away until nine or ten o'clock, and then it was in order for the boys to go home with the girls—those they took a shine to. The boys had been at me all the evening about Eleanor, asking if I was going home with her. I wanted to, but when the time came there were the boys and girls all standing around to see who was going with who, and I hadn't the courage.

"The proper thing would have been to sidle up to Eleanor and say, 'May I have the pleasure of your company home this evening?' That was a good deal of a choker for a fellow of fourteen. If you were the one the girl fancied, she'd take your arm and off you'd go. If she liked some other fellow better, she'd say, 'I beg to be excused'—at least that was the right way, but I suppose very often the girl said 'No,' bluntly. Then you got the 'mitten,' as they called it. Eleanor's brother Jim went with my sister. They'd been plaguing him about her, same as they'd been at me, but he was sixteen or over and not so easily frightened as I was, and he saw her home just the same. Eleanor had to go off without me, and to excuse myself I told the boys 'I wasn't going 'way off down there in the cold and darkness.' We sort of grew apart then, and not long after that another fellow turned his attention to her.

"When a family was going to have an apple-cut, they sent one of the boys round the neighborhood to say they'd like to have the young people come on such and such a night. We would arrive about seven o'clock, and the young fellows hung up their hats and the girls would put their things in the other room on the bed, and we'd get to work.

"The parers sat in the center of the room. They had brought their paring-machines with them, and each machine was on a board which the parer put on a chair-seat and then sat on. The apple was put on a prong, and the parer turned the crank of the machine and made the apple revolve against a knife he held in his hand. The apples were brought into the kitchen in big bushel baskets, and sometimes there was a great strife as to which machine could do a basketful first. The apples, when pared, were put in pans and passed to the rest of the company sitting around the borders of the room. Some quartered and cored them, and others would string them ready for drying.

"The crowd would be talking and laughing meanwhile, and jokes would be flying from one side of the room to the other. Sometimes there were other things flying too. Suppose a bashful fellow liked a girl on the other side of the room—he very likely was not too bashful to throw an apple-core at her. If she was friendly toward him, she would smile and look sweetly at him out of the corners of her eyes. If she didn't like him, she would frown.

"We cut two hours, till nine o'clock. Then the apples were taken away, the room was swept up, and the boys stepped outdoors and gathered in knots to stretch and air themselves. But after a little we all got together in the kitchen again for refreshments. We always had apple pie, pumpkin pie, and two kinds of cake. We'd sit down around the room and they'd keep bringing in the plates with the food on a waiter till all were served. After we'd eaten, the amusements would begin. Sometimes we had dancing, but not much. It was considered extreme, and the old people rather frowned on it. We generally had those sentimental plays, you know, that used to be so common. There was 'Button, button,' for instance—the silliest thing! You had to guess who had the button, and if you didn't guess right they said to the one you thought had it, 'What must this one do for accusing you so wrongfully?' Then you had to pay some forfeit, and the forfeit always had kissing in it.

"So we went on with 'Button, button' and 'Blind man's buff' and one game and another for about an hour. Then the girls would begin to get their things, and the boys would stand around the door, each one waiting for his victim—the right one—to emerge. They accompanied the girls to their home gates, said 'Good-night,' and separated. They don't have those apple-cuts any more."

From Atlanta to the Sea

II.—Central Georgia and Savannah[1]

By Willis J. Abbot

JASPER MONUMENT
(Savannah)

The new invasion of Georgia, and indeed of the entire Southeast, is still a Northern invasion, and, to a very great degree, is a repetition in peaceful guise of the invasion, with all the enginery of war, which Sherman led. That Northern capital is flowing into the South is only natural, but there is a certain picturesqueness, wholly distinct from any business or commercial importance, attaching to the fact that members of the Grand Army of the Republic by the thousands are flocking into Georgia and Alabama to make their homes. In Georgia has lately been established a colony, membership in which is limited to members of the G. A. R. Its age is reckoned by months; its population is reckoned by thousands. Where there was a broad expanse of untilled fields or uncleared forests, now stands a town like one of those which in late years sprang up so quickly within the borders of Indian reservations opened suddenly to settlement. Fitzgerald is scarcely three months old; its population to-day is almost 5,000. The method of its organization savors at once of communism and individualism. Only Grand Army men have place in the organization, and the amount of land that any who purpose earning their living by cultivation of the soil may hold is limited. Excepting these limitations, however, the settler is free to do as he will. A curious feature about this colony, and about divers other colonies established by Northern people in the South, is that they absolutely bar the negro from participation in the rights of colonists, and, more, than this, deny him the right of residence or of employment within the limit of the colony. Southerners comment upon this curious fact with not unnatural satire.

It may be doubted whether there is to-day in the United States any other movement of such great importance as this flocking of Northern people into the South. Evidences of its vigor are not to be found alone in the Southern States, and, indeed, to discover them there requires somewhat extensive touring, for the colonies are established, naturally, in little-frequented and out-of-the-way spots. But one has only to take up to-day a newspaper published in the Northwest, or a folder of a railroad connecting the Northwest with the Southeast, in order to discover that the movement of settlers from the far Northwestern States, which but a few years ago were considered the agriculturist's El Dorado, toward the Southeastern States, with their less fertile soil but more equable climate, has developed to a degree which commands the attention and the fostering care of the great railway systems.

Naturally enough, the settlers who come to Georgia come seeking agricultural land. The Northern capital which flows into Georgia is directed toward the many small manufacturing centers which are springing up in that State. Probably the greatest of these is Augusta, a city which, by its exceptionally fortunate location, and even more because of the unusual public spirit of its citizens, bids fair to become the chief manufacturing city of the State, although possibly not the most populous. It might be too much to say that the prosperity of Augusta was founded upon what might be called an essay in municipal socialism, yet, after all, the canal that the people of the city dug to the Savannah River, at a cost of one and a half million dollars, has been the chief factor in building up the large and growing cotton-manufacturing industry, which is now the chief mainstay of the town. Along this canal are ranged imposing cotton-mills, one of which, the Sibley Mill, the citizens point to proudly as the handsomest, if not the largest, cotton-mill in the world. It has, indeed, what very few mills or factories enjoy, a certain architectural excellence, and it secures, furthermore, a little historical luster by occupying the site of the factory which furnished the gunpowder for the Confederate armies during the war. Sherman did not go into Augusta, but he came near enough to lead the Confederate officials in charge at that point to demolish their powder-mill, leaving nothing but its towering chimney. The chimney stands to-day unused on the grounds of the Sibley Company. It is left as a monument to the Confederate cause, and bears in its massive side a stone tablet explaining what it commemorates. Thirteen thousand horse-power is furnished by the canal on which this mill fronts, and it is utilized by other manufacturing concerns. In cotton alone 160,000 spindles are turned and nearly 4,000 operatives employed. About 70,000 bales of this staple are used annually. The population of Augusta, as estimated at this time, is 40,000. The city, aside from its characteristics as a manufacturing town, is beautiful as a point of residence, and its main street, broad beyond anything else I have seen outside of Washington, and paved throughout with asphalt, has in it

IN BONAVENTURE
(Savannah)

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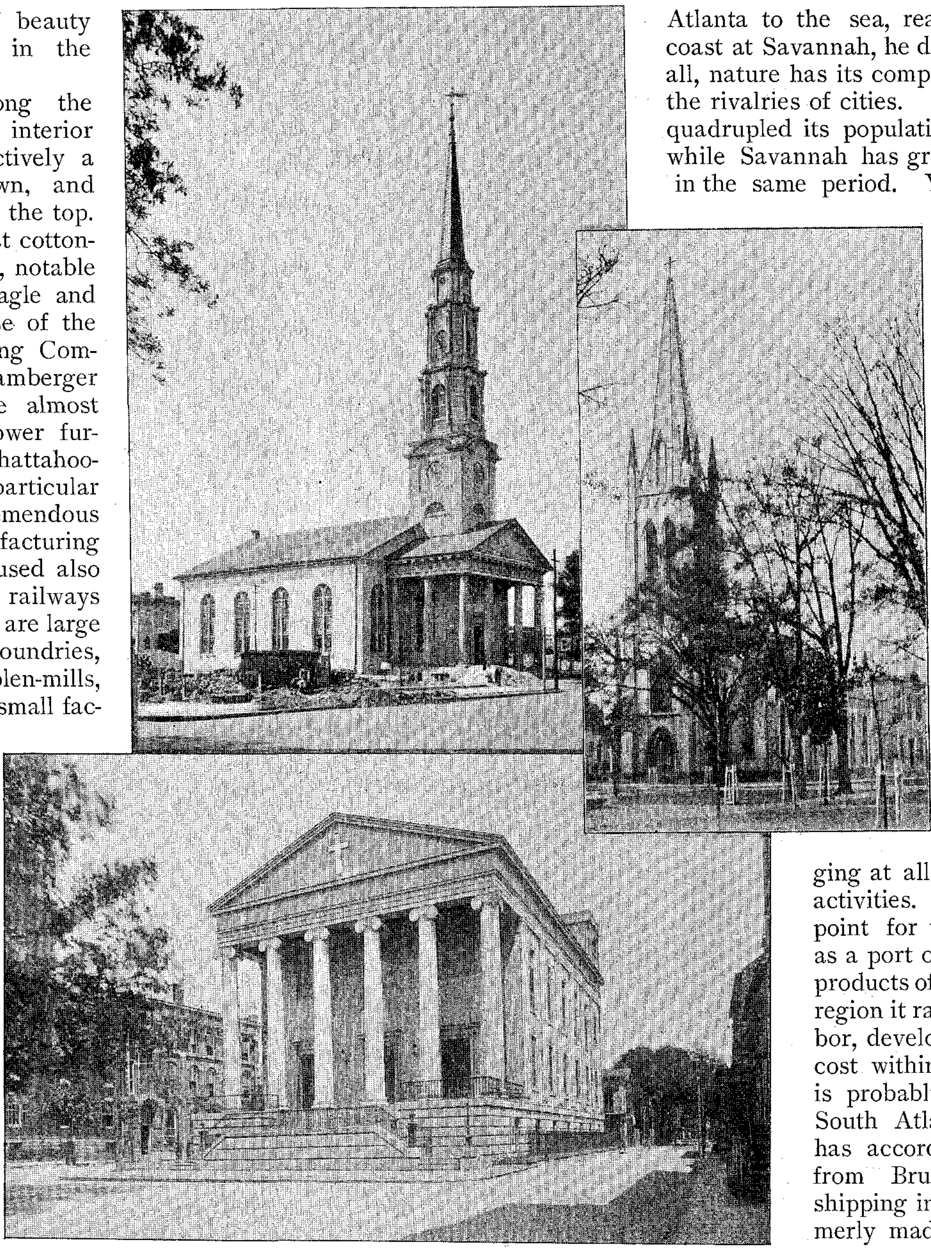
[1] For the first article in this series see the last Magazine Number of The Outlook (issue January 25).

the possibilities of beauty beyond anything in the South.



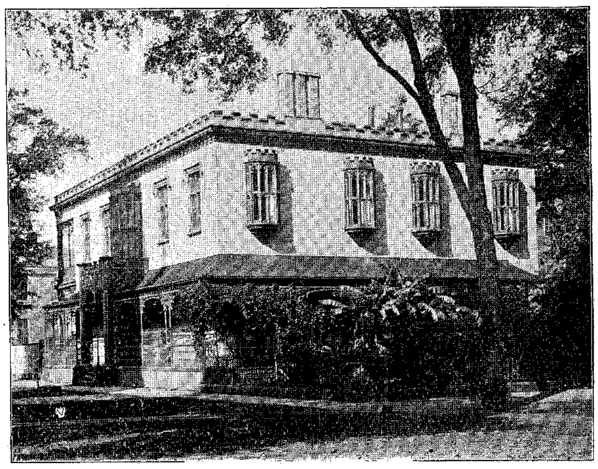
THREE SAVANNAH CHURCHES

(Independent Presbyterian Church at top; Christ Church beneath; St. John's Church at right)

Columbus, among the other towns of interior Georgia, is distinctively a manufacturing town, and ranks well toward the top. Here are the largest cotton-mills in the South, notable among them the Eagle and Phenix Mills, those of the Swift Manufacturing Company, and the Hamberger Cotton-Mills. The almost unlimited water-power furnished by the Chattahoochee River at this particular point gives a tremendous impetus to manufacturing business, and is used also to run the electric railways of the city. There are large iron and steel foundries, ice-factories, woolen-mills, and hundreds of small factories. Like the other Georgia cities, outside of Atlanta, Columbus did not suffer at the hands of General Sherman on his march to the sea, but just before the close of the war Wilson's raiders leveled almost all of the houses to the ground. All the warehouses in which cotton was stored were burned. This was a needless sacrifice of property, as the war had practically ended, Lee had surrendered, and the fighting was done. A more serious setback to the city, however, was the "carpetbaggers'" control of the city government after the war. The colored people are well cared for at Columbus, are being educated, and are looked upon as good citizens. Three public schools are maintained for them, a dozen churches, a newspaper is owned and edited by negroes, and there are other evidences of the material as well as intellectual prosperity of that race. The negroes have embarked in almost every kind of business, some of them having drug-stores, dry-goods stores, and, in fact, following almost every pursuit. Inside the mills they are not in evidence as yet. It was found, when the experiment was made, that the negro was not sufficiently skilled to do the work in the mills, but some of the mill-owners are now teaching the negroes this branch. Columbus has nine railroads, and is at the head of navigation on the Chattahoochee River. There are four steamship companies conveying freight and passengers down the river to Apalachicola and the seaboard.

To enumerate and even briefly characterize the thriving towns of Georgia would transcend the proper limits of this article. Griffin, the seat of the Georgia experiment farm, and a town with no small pretensions to manufacturing pre-eminence, should not be ignored. Americus, Cuthbert, and Marshallville are all places worth more than passing mention. Each has felt the enlivening touch of foreign capital, each has its special qualities of fitness for agricultural or manufacturing pursuits.

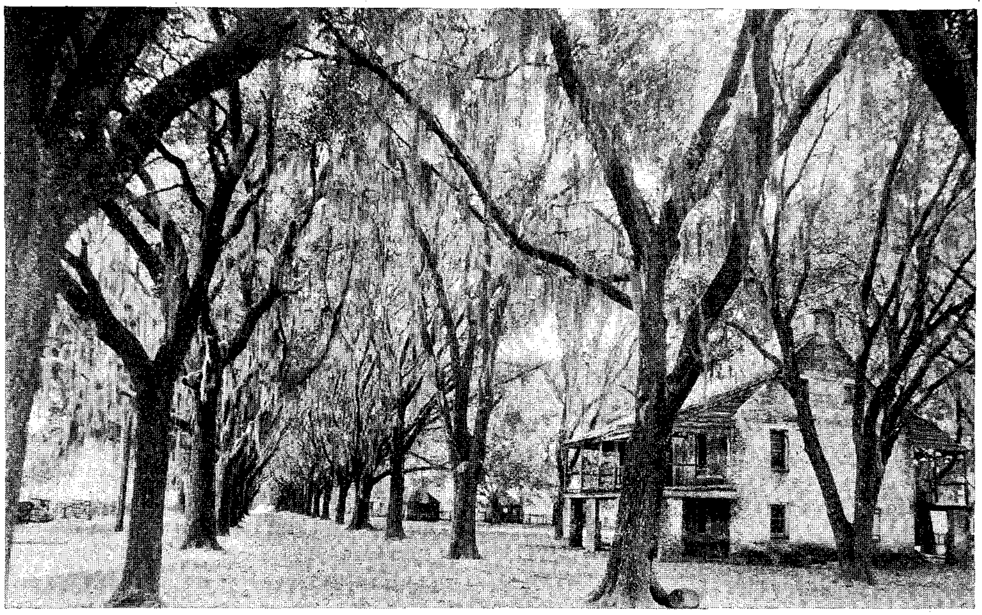
When the visitor making, like Sherman, the trip from Atlanta to the sea, reaches the Atlantic coast at Savannah, he discovers that, after all, nature has its compensations, even in the rivalries of cities. Atlanta may have quadrupled its population since the war, while Savannah has grown barely 10,000 in the same period. Yet Savannah has retained and developed a certain Southern beauty, a spaciousness of street and park area, a stateliness of architecture, both ecclesiastical and domestic, which cannot but result in making of it a resort for people seeking a beautiful home city, or an attractive abiding-place in which to escape the asperities of a Northern winter. Not that the city is lagging at all in its commercial activities. As a distributing point for the Southeast and as a port of shipment for the products of that naturally rich region it ranks first. Its harbor, developed at very heavy cost within the last decade, is probably the best on the South Atlantic coast, and it has accordingly taken away from Brunswick the large shipping interests which formerly made of that point a notable and prosperous port. The Savannah "Morning News," a paper of marked ability and National reputation, in its commercial edition of September 11, 1895, fixes the tonnage of vessels engaged in foreign trade which enters the port of Savannah at 315,285 tons, distributed among 317 ships. In that harbor, during the busy season, when cotton is being shipped to foreign ports, the flags of all the world may be seen, the scarlet ensign of Great Britain with the cross of Saint George, of course, predominating. Besides this very heavy foreign trade, Savannah is the headquarters



A PRIVATE RESIDENCE

(Savannah)

for two notable lines of coastwise steamers plying between that city, New York, and Boston. The coastwise clearances at the port for the year ending the first of September, 1895, were 420, with a gross tonnage of 649,303. As a matter of fact, Savannah is the water-gate to the same territory to which Atlanta holds the key. An enormous amount of freight traffic is carried on by means of the steamships plying from New York and Boston to this port, and the railroads proceeding thence to Atlanta. Just at present there is much ado made in the Northwest because Chicago, though nearer Atlanta than New York, cannot secure for its wholesale merchants freight rates as favorable as those enjoyed by New Yorkers. The explanation of this seeming injustice lies in the fact that, by utilizing the water carriage between New York and Savannah, the actual cost of transportation from the Eastern metropolis to the heart of Georgia is made less than that by Chicago's all-rail route. While this situation persists—and there is nothing conceivable which can change it—Savannah will always prosper as a point of transshipment from vessels to freight-car, and *vice versa*. It will always, too, remain a great center for jobbing houses dealing with merchants throughout Georgia, in Florida, and in certain sections of South Carolina and Alabama. In this branch of trade there has been heavy falling off in the last year, owing to the doubtless temporary hard times in Florida resulting from the failure of the orange crop of 1895. There was, too, in the value of the shipments of cotton last year an apparent heavy decrease; yet the actual shipment by bales in 1895 exceeded those of the year previous by 43,000, the unusually low price of cotton having caused the seeming decrease in the volume of business. In exporting naval stores, notably resin and turpentine, Savannah ranks first among the cities of the world.



THE HERMITAGE
(Savannah)

Its harbor and its geographical location will keep Savannah always a prosperous and a principal distributing point of the Southeast, yet to the visitor its advantages as a home place, its qualities as a city almost wholly free from squalid poverty, and equally without that even more threatening feature of modern city life, enormous concentration of wealth, are most engaging. The city, to begin with, is laid out as if it was made more to live in than to do business in. The streets are broad, many of them with central strips of verdure and lined with double rows of live-oaks. At almost every second block is a public square, and in almost every square a monument which impresses on the mind of the visitor the fact that here is a historic community, a city which has had its heroes, and which has forgotten no tradition in an ignoble race for mere commercial triumph. The very churches are full of historic associations, though none of the present edifices date from any time prior to the opening of this century. Christ Church as a building is comparatively new, having been completed in 1840. As an organization, however, it has had continuous existence since about 1740, has had three church structures—one destroyed by fire and one by a hurricane—and enjoys some ecclesiastical fame as being the church in which the first Sunday-school the world ever knew was established by John Wesley, nearly fifty years before Robert Raikes undertook a like enterprise in England. The Independent Presbyterian Church, of which a picture is given, also inhabits a new edifice, and a singularly handsome one, but has a history extending over a century or more. A curious incident connected with this church is the fact that by the will of one of its members a large sum of money was left as an endowment to the church in consideration that the towering and massive pulpit of pre-Revolutionary design should always be kept. Shortly thereafter the church burned to the ground, pulpit and all, but the trustees, at infinite pains, replaced the original pulpit by a perfect facsimile, a procedure which apparently has been held to comply sufficiently with the terms of the will. It may be doubted whether in a more litigious community such a device for observing the spirit while involuntarily violating the letter of the testator's purpose would have defeated the covetousness of possible legatees. A third notable church in the city, not for its age, nor for any historic features attached to it, is St. John's Episcopal Church. Not very large, it is still one of the most beautiful of American churches. The stained-glass windows, presented by different members of the congregation, were made in England, and are among the most perfect examples of that branch of art in this country.

It is not without significance that in a city of such comparatively small size there should be a foundation, through private beneficence, of a really creditable public art gallery and art school. The Telfair Academy of Arts and Sciences is housed in a building which, both for architectural dignity and by its eminent adaptability to the purposes for which it is designed, should rank high among the art galleries of the United States. It had its origin in a bequest of Miss Mary Telfair, who bequeathed her noble ancestral mansion, together with a fund of $100,000, for the purpose of founding an art museum and academy. The architect who adapted the old residence to its present purpose achieved a real triumph, and the collection of casts, photographs, and other objects of art useful for academic purposes may fairly be regarded as complete.

After all, that sort of public spirit which manifests itself in bequests for purposes of public education, or in a lively interest in the higher life of a city, is a thing of slow growth. An old city, though small, almost always will be found to manifest it in a much higher degree than a young city of ten times the population. Savannah's history has impressed itself upon its people. That it has done so is made evident by the number of statues to heroes, not only local but national, erected in its parks by public subscription. It is made evident by the existence of a historical society, dating from 1839, housed in a spacious and handsome building of its own, and having a library which is one of the largest in the South. It is made evident, furthermore, by the interest with which the citizens have maintained all their old institutions. Their military companies—and, by the way, Savannah has more militiamen in proportion to its population than almost any other city in the United States—date from Revolutionary times. Everything which is hallowed by age is protected in Savannah. Whether it be a theater like the Savannah Theater, the oldest in the United States, an educational establishment like that of the Chatham Academy, dating from 1788, or even a cemetery in the center of the town, the origin of which was so far back that no man can now give you its date, it is protected with loving care by the Savannahians of to-day.

Few cities in the Union have so beautiful an environment as Savannah. Some of its show places are celebrated from one end of the country to the other. Perhaps first of these is Bonaventure, once a stately plantation, now a cemetery where the dead lie under the spreading limbs of gigantic live-oaks, draped with the funereal Spanish moss. About the base of the bluff on which this God's Acre is laid out, the salt tides of the Savannah River rush back and forth. Looking across the stream, nothing is to be seen but the broad green expanse of the savannas which gave the city its name. The town itself is far away. Nothing is there to vulgarize the spot, or to rob death of its strange and sudden dignity. Perhaps somewhere in this broad land of ours, which comprehends within its bounds the sandy reaches of Long Island and the peaks of Colorado, there may be a spot more full of dignity, more stimulative to the contemplative mind, than this burying-ground at Bonaventure, where live-oaks serve for monuments and somber moss hangs in gloomy clusters over all, but we will have far to seek for it.

KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.—CONCERNING BESOMS

It is one of the miseries of modern life, for which telephones are less than compensation, that ninety out of a hundred city folk have never known the comfort and satisfaction of dwelling in a house. When the sashes are flying away from the windows, and the skirting-boards from the floor, and the planks below your feet are a finger-breadth apart, and the pipes are death-traps, it does not matter that the walls are covered by art papers and plastered over with china dishes. This erection, wherein human beings have to live, and work, and fight their sins, and prepare for eternity, is a fraud and a lie. No man compelled to exist in such an environment of unreality can respect himself or other people; and if it come to pass that he holds cheap views of life, and reads smart papers, and does sharp things in business, and that his talk be only a clever jingle, then a plea in extenuation will be lodged for him at the Great Assize. Small wonder that he comes to regard the world of men as an empty show, and is full of cynicism, who has shifted at brief intervals from one shanty to another, and never had a fit dwelling-place all his years. When a prophet cometh from the Eternal to speak unto modern times as Dante did unto the Middle Ages, and constructs the other world before our eyes, he will have one circle in his hell for the builders of rotten houses, and doubtless it will be a collection of their own works, so that their sin will be its own punishment, as is most fitting and the way of things.

Surely there will also be some corner of heaven kept for the men who, having received a charge to build the shell wherein two people were to make a home, laid its foundations deep, and raised strong walls that nothing but gunpowder could rend in pieces, and roofed it over with oaken timber, and lined it with the same, so that many generations might live therein in peace and honor. Such a house was the Lodge in those days, although at last beginning to show signs of decay, and it somehow stirred up the heroic spirit of the former time within a man to sit before the big fire in the hall, with grim Carnegies looking down from the walls, and daring you to do any meanness, while the light blazing out from a log was flung back from a sword that had been drawn in the '15. One was unconsciously reinforced in the secret place of his manhood, and inwardly convinced that what concerneth every man is not whether he fail or succeed, but that he do his duty according to the light which may have been given him until he die. It was also a regeneration of the soul to awake in a room of the eastern tower, where the Carnegies' guests slept, and fling up the window, with its small square panes, to fill one's lungs with the snell northern air, and look down on the woods glistening in every leaf, and the silver Tochty just touched by the full risen sun. Miracles have been wrought in that tower, for it happened once that an Edinburgh advocate came to stay at the Lodge, who spake after a quite marvelous fashion, known neither in England nor Scotland; and, being himself of pure bourgeois blood, the fifth son of a factor, felt it necessary to despise his land, from its kirk downwards, and had a collection of japes at Scottish ways, which in his provincial simplicity he offered to the Carnegies. It seemed to him certain that people of Jacobite blood and many travels would have relished his clever talk, for it is not given to a national decadent to understand either the people he has deserted or the ancient houses at whose door he stands. Carnegie was the dullest man living in the matter of sneering, and Kate took an instant dislike to the mincing little man, whom she ever afterwards called the Popinjay, and so handled him with her tongue that his superiority was mightily shaken. But there was good stuff in the advocate, besides some brains, and after a week's living in the Lodge he forgot to wear his eyeglass, and let his r's out of captivity, and attempted to make love to Kate, which foolishness that masterful damsel brought to speedy confusion. It was also said that when he went back to the Parliament House every one could understand what he said, and that he got two briefs in one week, which shows how good it is to live in an ancient house with honest people.

"Is there a ghost, dad?" They were sitting before the fire in the hall after dinner—Kate in her favorite posture, leaning forward and nursing her knee. The veterans and I thought that she always looked at her best so, with her fine eyes fixed on the fire, and the light bringing her face into relief against the shadow. We saw her feet then—one lifted a little from the ground—and V. C. declared they were the smallest you could find, for a woman of her size.

"She knows it, too," he used to say, "for when a woman has big feet she always keeps them tucked in below her gown. A woman with an eight size glove and feet to correspond is usually a paragon of modesty, and strong on women's rights."

"Kate's glove is number six, and I think it's a size too big," broke in the Colonel—we were all lying in the sun on a bank below the beeches at the time, and the Colonel was understood to be preparing a sermon for some meeting—"but it's a strong little hand, and a steady; she used to be able to strike a shilling in the air at revolver practice."

"Ghost, lassie? Oh, in the Lodge, a Carnegie ghost—not one I've ever heard of; so you may sleep in peace, and I'm below if you feel lonely the first night."

"You are most insulting; one would think I were a milksop. I was hoping for a ghost—a white lady by choice. Did no Carnegie murder his wife, for instance, through jealousy or quarreling?"

"The Carnegies have never quarreled," said the General, with much simplicity; "you see the men have generally been away fighting, and the women had never time to weary of them."

"No woman ever wearies of a man, unless he be a fool and gives in to her—then she grows sick of him. Life might be wholesome, but it would have no smack; it would be like meat without mustard. If a man cannot rule, he ought not to marry, for his wife will play the fool in some fashion or other, like a runaway horse, and he has half the blame. Why did he take the box seat?" and Kate nodded to the fire. "What are you laughing at?"

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

"Perhaps I ought to be shocked, but the thought of any one trying to rule you, Kit, tickles me immensely. I have had the reins since you were a bairn, and you have been a handful. You were a 'smatchit' at six years old, and a 'trimmie' at twelve, and you are qualifying for the highest rank in your class."

"What may that be, pray? it seems to me that the Scottish tongue is a perfect treasure-house for impertinent people. How Scots must congratulate themselves that they need never be at a loss when they are angry, or even simply frank!"

"If it comes to downright swearing, you must go to Gaelic," said the General, branching off. "Donald used to be quite contemptuous of any slight efforts at profanity in the barrack yard, although they sickened me.

"'Toots, Colonel; ye do not need to be troubling yourself with such poor little words, for they are just nothing at all, and yet the bodies will be saying them over and over again like parrots.

"'Now a Lochaber man could hef been saying what he was wanting for fifteen minutes, and nefer hef used the same word twice, unless he had been forgetting his Gaelic. It's a peautiful language, the Gaelic, when you will not be fery well pleased with a man.'"

"That is very good, dad, but I think we were speaking in Scotch, and you have not told me that nice complimentary title I am living to deserve. Is 'cutty' the disreputable word? for I think I've passed that rank already; it sounds quite familiar."

"No, it's a far more fetching word than 'cutty,' or even than 'randy' (scold), which you may have heard."

"I have," replied Kate, instantly, "more than once, and especially after I had a difference in opinion with Lieutenant Strange. You called me one or two names then, dad—in fact, you were quite eloquent; but you know that he was a bad fellow, and that the regiment was well rid of him; but I'm older now, and I have not heard my promotion."

"It's the most vigorous word that Scots have for a particular kind of woman."

"Describe her," demanded Kate.

"One who has a mind of her own," began the General, carefully, "and a way, too; who is not easily cowed or managed; who is not . . . "

"A fool," suggested Kate.

"Who is not conspicuously soft in manner," pursued the General, with discretion; "who might even have a temper."

"Not a tame rabbit, in fact. I understand what you are driving at, and I know what a model must feel when she is being painted. And now kindly pluck up courage and name the picture." And Kate leant back, with her hand behind her head, challenging the General—if he dared. "Well?"

"Besom." And he was not at all ashamed, for a Scot never uses this word without a ring of fondness and admiration in his voice, as of one who gives the world to understand that he quite disapproves of this audacious woman, wife or daughter of his, but is proud of her all the time. It is indeed a necessity of his nature for a Scot to have husks of reproach containing kernels of compliment, so that he may let out his heart and yet preserve his character as an austere person, destitute of vanity and sentiment.

"Accept your servant's thanks, my General. I am highly honored." And Kate made a sweeping curtsey, whereupon they both laughed merrily; and a log blazing up suddenly made an old Carnegie smile who had taken the field for Queen Mary, and was the very man to have delighted in a besom.

"When I was here in June"—and the General stretched himself in a deep red-leather chair—"I stood a while one evening watching a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maid who was making a daisy-chain and singing to herself in a garden. Her mother came out from the cottage, and, since she did not see me, devoured the child with eyes of love. Then something came into her mind—perhaps that the good man would soon be home for supper; she rushed forward and seized the child, as if it had been caught in some act of mischief.

"'Come into the hoose, this meenut, ye little beesom, an' say yir carritches. What's the chief end o' man?'"

"Could she have been so accomplished at that age?" Kate inquired, with interest. "Are you sure about the term of endearment? Was the child visibly flattered?"

"She caught my eye as they passed in, and flung me a smile, like one excusing her mother's fondness. But Davidson hears better things, for as soon as he appears, the younger members of a family are taken from their porridge and set to their devotions.

"'What are ye glowerin' at there, ye little cutty? Toom (empty) yir mooth this meenut, and say the twenty-third Psalm to the minister.'"

"Life seems full of incident, and the women make the play. What about the men? Are they merely a chorus?"

"A stranger spending a week in one of our farm-houses would be ready to give evidence in a court of justice that he had never seen women so domineering or men so submissive as in Drumtochty.

"And why? Because the housewife, who sits in church as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, speaks with much fluency and vigor at home, and the man says nothing.

"His normal state is doing wrong and being scolded from morning till night—for going out without his breakfast, for not cleaning his boots when he comes in, for spoiling chairs by sitting on them with wet clothes, for spilling his tea on the tablecloth, for going away to market with a dusty coat, for visiting the stable with his Sunday coat, for not speaking at all to visitors, for saying things he oughtn't when he does speak—till the long-suffering man, raked fore and aft, rushes from the house in desperation, and outside remarks to himself, by way of consolation, 'Losh keep's! there's nae livin' wi' her the day; her tongue's little better than a threshing-mill.'

"His confusion, however, is neither deep nor lasting, and in a few minutes he has started for a round of the farm in good heart, once or twice saying 'Sall,' in a way that shows a lively recollection of his wife's gifts."

"Then the men love to be ruled," began Kate, with some contempt; "it does not give me a higher idea of the district."

"Wait a moment, young woman; for all that goes for nothing, except to show that the men allow the women to be supreme in one sphere."

"In the dairy, I suppose?"

"Perhaps; and a very pleasant kingdom, too, as I remember it, when a hot, thirsty, tired laddie, who had been fishing or ferreting, was taken into the cool, moist, darkened place, and saw a dish of milk creamed for his benefit by some sonsy housewife.

"Sandie and I used to think her omnipotent, and heard her put the gude man through his facings with awe, but by and by we noticed that her power had limits. When the matter had to do with anything serious, sowing or reaping or kirk or market, his word was law.

"He said little, but it was final, and she never contradicted. It was rare to hear a man call his wife by name; it was usually 'gude wife,' and she always referred to him as the 'maister.' And, without any exception, these silent, reserved men were 'maister;' they had a look of authority."

"They gave way in trifles, to rule in a crisis, which is just my idea of masculine government," expatiated Kate. "A woman likes to say what she pleases and have her will in little things; she has her way, and if a man corrects her because she is inaccurate, and nags at her when she does anything he does not approve, then he is very foolish and very trying, and if she is not quite a saint, she will make him suffer.

"Do you remember Dr. Pettigrew, that prim little effigy of a man, and his delightful Irish wife, and how conversation used to run when he was within hearing?"

"Glad to have a tasting, Kit," and the General lay back in expectation.

"'Oi remember him, as foine a young officer as ye would wish to see, six feet in his boots.'

"'About five feet ten, I believe, was his exact height, my dear.'

"'Maybe he wasn't full grown then, but he was a good upstanding man, and as pretty a rider as ever sat on a horse. Well, he was a Warwickshire man. . . .'

"'Bucks, he said himself.'

"'He was maybe born in both counties for all you know.'

"'Alethea!' with a cough and reproving look.

"'At any rate, Oi saw him riding in a steeplechase in the spring of '67, at Aldershot.'

"'It must, I think, have been '66. We were at Gibraltar in '67. Please be accurate.'

"'Bother your accuracy, for ye are driving the pigs through my story. Well, Oi was telling ye about the steeplechase Jimmy Brook rode. It was a mile, and he had led for half, and so he was just four hundred yards from the post.'

"'A half would be 880 yards.'

"'Oi wish from my heart that geography, arithmetic, memory, and accuracy, and every other work of Satan, were drowned with Moses in the Red Sea. Go, for any sake, and bring me a glass of irritated water.'"

"Capital!" cried the General. "I heard that myself, or something like it. Pettigrew was a tiresome wretch, but he was devoted to his wife in his own way."

"Which was enough to make a woman throw things at him, as very likely Alethea did when they were alone. What a fool he was to bother about facts; the charm of Lithy was that she had none—dates and such like would have made her quite uninteresting. The only dates I can quote myself are the Rebellion and the Mutiny, and I'll add '75, when we came home. I don't like datey women; but then it's rather cheap for one to say that who doesn't know anything," and Kate sighed very becomingly at the contemplation of her ignorance.

"Except French, which she speaks like a Parisian," murmured the General.

"That's a fluke, because I was educated at the Scotch convent, with those dear old absurd nuns, who were Gordons and Camerons and Macdonalds, and didn't know a word of English."

"Who can manage her horse like a rough rider," continued the General, counting on his finger, "and dance like a Frenchwoman, and play whist like a half-pay officer, and—"

"That's not education; those are simply the accomplishments of a besom. You know, dad, I've never read a word of Darwin, and I got tired of George Eliot and went back to Scott."

"I've no education myself," said the General, ruefully, "except the Latin the old dominie thrashed into me, and some French, which all our set in Scotland used to have, and . . . I can hold my own with the broadsword. When I think of all those young officers know, I wonder we old chaps were fit for anything."

"Well, you see, dad," and Kate began to count also, "you were made of steel wire, and were never ill; you could march for a day and rather enjoy a fight in the evening; you would go anywhere, and the men kept just eighteen inches behind; you always knew what the enemy was going to do before he did it, and you always did what he didn't expect you to do. That's not half the list of your accomplishments, but they make a good beginning for a fighting man."

"It will be all mathematics in the future, Kit, and there will be no fighting at close quarters. The officers will wear gloves and spectacles—but where are we now, grumbling as if we were sitting in a club window? Besides, these young fellows can fight as well as pass exams. You were saying that it was a shame of a man to complain of his wife flirting," and the General studied the ceiling.

"You know that I never said anything of the kind; but some women are flirty in a nice way, just as some are booky, and some are dressy, and some are witty, and some are horsey; and I think a woman should be herself. I should say the right kind of man would be proud of his wife's strong point, and give her liberty."

"He is to have none, I suppose, but just be a foil to throw her into relief. Is he to be allowed any opinions of his own? . . . It looks hard, that cushion, Kit, and I'm an old, broken-down man."

"You deserve leather, for you know what I think about a man's position quite well. If he allow himself to be governed by his wife in serious matters, he is not worth calling a man."

"Like poor Major MacIntosh."

"Exactly. What an abject he was before that woman, who was simply—"

"Not a besom, Kate," interrupted the General, anxiously—afraid that a classical word was to be misused.

"Certainly not, for a besom must be nice, and at bottom a lady—in fact, a woman of decided character."

"Quite so. You've hit the bull's-eye, Kit, and paid a neat compliment to yourself. Have you a word for Mrs. MacIntosh?"

"A vulgar termagant"—the General indicated that would do—"who would call her husband an idiot aloud before a dinner-table, and quarrel like a fishwife with people in his presence.

"Why, he daren't call his soul his own; he belonged to the kirk, you know, and there was a Scotch padre, but she marched him off to our service, and if you had seen him trying to find the places in the Prayer-Book! If a man hasn't courage enough to stand by his faith, he might as well go and hang himself. Don't you think the first thing is to stick by your religion, and the next by your country, though it cost one his life?"

"That's it, lassie; every gentleman does."

"She was a disgusting woman," continued Kate, "and jingling with money; I never saw so many precious stones wasted on one woman; they always reminded me of a jewel in a swine's snout."

"Kate!" remonstrated her father, "that's . . ."

"Rather coarse, but it's her blame; and to hear Mrs. MacIntosh calculating what each officer had—I told her we would live in a Lodge at home and raise our own food. My opinion is that her father was a publican, and I'm sure she had once been a Methodist."

"Why?"

"Because she was so Churchy, always talking about celebrations and vigils, and explaining that it was a sin to listen to a Dissenting chaplain."

"Then, Kate, if your man—as they say here—tried to make you hold his views?"

"I wouldn't, and I'd hate him."

"And if he accepted yours?"

"I'd despise him," replied Kate, promptly.

"You are a perfect contradiction."

"You mean I'm a woman, and a besom, and therefore I don't pretend to be consistent or logical, or even fair, but I am right."

Then they went up the west tower to the General's room, and looked out on the woods and the river, and on a field of ripe corn upon the height across the river, flooded with the moonlight.

"Home at last, lassie, you and I, and another not far off, maybe."

Kate kissed her father, and said, "One in love, dad, . . . and faith."

CHAPTER VI.—LOVE IS ETERNAL

The General read Morning Prayers in brief, omitting the Psalms and lessons, and then, after breakfast, with much gossip and ancient stories from Donald, the father and daughter went out to survey their domain; and though there be many larger, yet there can be few more romantic in the north. That Carnegie had a fine eye and a sense of things who, out of all the Glen—for the Hays had little in Drumtochty in those days—fastened on the site of the Lodge and planted three miles of wood, birch and oak and beech and ash, with the rowan-tree, along the river that goes out and in seven times in that distance, so that his descendants might have a fastness for their habitation and their children might grow up in kindly woods on which the south sun beats from early spring till late autumn, and within the sight and sound of clean, running water. No wonder they loved their lonely home with tenacious hearts, and left it only because it was in their blood to be fighting. They had been out at Langside and Philiphaugh, in the '15 and the '45, and always on the losing side. The Lodge had never been long without a young widow and a fatherless lad, but family history had no warning for him—in fact, seemed rather to be an inspiration in the old way—for no sooner had he loved and married than he would hear of another rebellion, and ride off some morning to fight for that ill-fated dynasty whose love was ever another name for death. There was always a Carnegie ready as soon as the white cockade appeared anywhere in Scotland, and each of the house fought like the men before him, save that he brought fewer at his back and had less in his pocket. Little was left to the General and our Kate, and then came the great catastrophe that lost them the Lodge, and so the race has now neither name nor house in Scotland, save in the vault in Drumtochty Kirk. It is a question whether one is wise to revisit any place where he has often been in happier times and see it desolate. For me, at least, it was a mistake, and the melancholy is still upon me. The deserted house falling at last to pieces, the overgrown garden, the crumbling paths, the gaping bridges over the little burns, and the loneliness, chilled one's soul. There was no money to spare in the General's time, but it is wonderful what one gardener, who has no hours, and works for love's sake, can do, even in a place that needed half a dozen. Then he was assisted unofficially by Donald, who declared that working in the woods was "fery healthy and good for one or two small cuts I happened to get in India," and Kate gave herself to the garden. The path by the river was kept in repair, and one never knew when Kate might appear round the corner. Once I had come down from the cottage on a fine February day to see the snowdrops in the sheltered nooks—for there were little dells white as snow at that season in Tochty woods—and Kate, hearing that I had passed, came of her kindness to take me back to luncheon. She had on a jacket of sealskin that we greatly admired, and a felt hat with three grouse feathers on the side, and round her throat a red satin scarf. The sun was shining on the bend of the path, and she came into the light singing "Jock o' Hazeldean," walking, as Kate ever did in song, with a swinging step like soldiers on a march. It seemed to me that day that she was born to be the wife either of a noble or a soldier, and I still wish at times within my heart that she were Countess of Kilspindie, for then the Lodge had been a fair sight to-day, and her father had died in his own room. And other times I have imagined myself Kilspindie, who was then Lord Hay, and questioned whether I should have ordered Tochty to be dismantled and left a waste as it is this day, and would have gone away to the wars, or would not have loved to keep it in order for her sake, and visited it in the springtime when the primroses are out, and the autumn when the leaves are blood-red. Then I declare that Hay, being of a brave stock, and having acted as a man of honor—for that is known to all now—ought to have put a good face on his disappointment; but all the time I know one man who would have followed Lord Hay's suit, and who regrets that he ever again saw Tochty Lodge.

"First of all," said the General as they sallied forth, "we shall go to the Beeches, and see a view for which one might travel many days, and pay a ransom."

So they went out into the court with its draw-well, from which they must needs have a draught. Suddenly the General laid down the cup like a man in sudden pain, for he was thinking of Cawnpore, and they passed quickly through the gateway and turned into a path that wound among great trees that had been planted, it was said, by the Carnegie who rode with Montrose. They were walking on a plateau stretching out beyond the line of the Lodge, and therefore commanding the Glen, if one had eyes to see and the trees were not in the way. Kate laid her hand on the General's arm beneath an ancient beech, and they stood in silence to receive the blessing of the place, for surely never is the soul so open to the voice of nature as by the side of running water and in the heart of a wood. The fretted sunlight made shifting figures of brightness on the ground; above, the innumerable leaves rustled and whispered; a squirrel darted along a branch and watched the intruders with bright, curious eyes; the rooks cawed from the distance; the pigeons cooed in sweet, sad cadence close at hand. They sat down on the bare roots at their feet and yielded themselves to the genius of the forest—the god who will receive the heart torn and distracted by the fierce haste and unfinished labors and vain ambitions of life, and will lay its fever to rest and encompass it with the quietness of eternity.

"Father," whispered Kate, after a while, as one wishing to share confidences, for there must be something to tell, "where are you?"

"You wish to know? Well, all day I've been fishing down the stream, and am coming home, very tired, very dirty, very happy, and I meet my mother just outside those trees. I am boasting of the fish that I have caught, none of which, I'm sure, can be less than half a pound. She is rating me for my appearance and beseeching me to keep at a distance. Then I go home and down into the vaulted kitchen, where Janet's mother gives me joyous welcome, and produces dainties saved from dinner for my eating. The trouts are now at biggest only a quarter of a pound, for they have to be cooked as a final course, but those that were hooked and escaped are each a pound, except one in the hole below Lynedoch Bridge, which was two pounds to an ounce. Afterwards I make a brave attempt to rehearse the day in the gun-room to Sandie, who first taught me to cast a line, and fall fast asleep, and, being shaken up, sneak off to bed, creeping slowly up the stair, where the light is failing, to the little room above yours, where, as I am falling over, I seem to hear my mother's voice as in this sighing of the wind. Ah me, what a day it was!

"And you, Kit?"

"Oh, I was back in the convent with my nuns, and Sister Flora was trying to teach me English grammar in good French, and I was correcting her in bad French, and she begins to laugh because it is all so droll. 'I am Scotch, and I teach you English all wrong, and you tell me what I ought to say in French which is all wrong; let us go into the garden,' for she was a perfect love, and always covered my faults. I am sitting in the arbor, and the Sister brings a pear that has fallen. 'I do not think it is wicked,' she says, and I say it is simply a duty to eat up fallen pears, and we laugh again. As we sit, they are singing in the chapel, and I hear 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis.' Then I think of you, and the tears will come to my eyes, and I try to hide my face, but the Sister understands and comforts me. 'Your father is a gallant gentleman, and the good God pities you, and will keep him in danger,' and I fondle the Sister, and wonder whether any more pears have fallen. How peaceful it is within that high wall, which is rough and forbidding outside, but inside it is hung with greenery, and among the leaves I see pears and peaches. But I missed you, dad,' and Kate touched her father, for they had a habit of just touching each other gently when together.

"Do you really think we have been in India, and that you have a dozen medals, and I am . . . an old maid?"

"Certainly not, Kit, a mere invention—we are boy and girl, and . . . we 'ill go on to the view."

Suddenly they came out from the shade into a narrow lane of light, where some one of the former time, with an eye and a soul, had cleared a passage among the trees, so that one standing at the inner end and looking outwards could see the whole Glen, while the outstretched branches of the beeches shaded his eyes. Morning in the summertime about five o'clock was a favorable hour, because one might see the last mists lift, and the sun light up the face of Ben Urtach, and eveningtide was better, because the Glen showed wonderfully tender in the soft light, and the Grampians were covered with glory. But it was best to take your first view towards noon, for then you could trace the Tochty as it appeared and reappeared, till it was lost in woods at the foot of Glen Urtach, with every spot of interest on either side. Below the Kirk it ran broad and shallow, with a bank of brushwood on one side and a meadow on the other, fringed with low bushes from behind which it was possible to drop a fly with some prospects of success, while in quite unprotected situations the Drumtochty fish laughed at the tempter, and departed with contemptuous whisks of the tail. Above the haughs was a little mill, where flax was once spun, and its lade still remained, running between the Tochty and the steep banks down which the Glen descended to the river. Opposite this mill the Tochty ran with strength, escaping from the narrows of the bridge, and there it was that Weelum MacLure drove Sir George across in safety, because the bridge was not for use that day. Whether that bridge was really built by Marshal Wade in his great work of pacifying the Highlands is very far from certain, but Drumtochty did not relish any trifling with its traditions, and had a wonderful pride in its solitary bridge, as well it might, since from the Beeches nothing could well be more picturesque. Its plan came nearly to an inverted V, and the apex was just long enough to allow the horses to rest after the ascent, before they precipitated themselves down the other side. During that time the driver leant on the ledge, and let his eye run down the river, taking in the Parish Kirk above and settling on the Lodge, just able to be seen among the trees where the Tochty below turned round the bend. What a Drumtochty man thought on such occasions he never told, but you might have seen even Whinnie nod his head with emphasis. The bridge stood up clear of banks and woods, gray, uncompromising, unconventional, yet not without some grace of its own in its high arch and abrupt descents. One with good eyes and a favoring sun could see the water running underneath, and any one caught its sheen higher up, before a wood came down to the water's edge and seemed to swallow up the stream. Above the wood it is seen again, with a meal-mill on the left nestling in among the trees, and one would call it the veriest burn, but it was there that Posty lost his life to save a little child. And then it dwindles into the thinnest thread of silver, and at last is seen no more from the Beeches. From the Tochty the eye makes its raids on north and south. The dark, massy pine-woods on the left side of the Glen are broken at intervals by fields as they threaten to come down upon the river, and their shelter lends an air of comfort and warmth to the Glen. On the right the sloping land is tilled from the bank above the river up to the edge of the moor that swells in green and purple to the foot of the northern rampart of mountains, but on this side also the Glen breaks into belts of fir, which fling their kindly arms round the scattered farm-houses, and break up the monotony of green and gold with squares of dark green foliage and the brown of the tall, bare trunks. Between the meandering stream and the cultivated land and the woods and the heather and the distant hills, it was such a variety as cannot be often gathered into the compass of one landscape.

"And all our own!" cried Kate, in exultation; "let us congratulate ourselves."

"I only wish it were, lassie. Why, didn't you understand we have only these woods and a few acres of plowed land now?"

"You stupid old dad! I begin to believe that you have had no education. Of course the Hays have got the land, but we have the view and the joy of it. This is the only place where one can say to a stranger, 'Behold Drumtochty,' and he will see it at a flash and at its best."

"You're brighter than your father, Kit, and a contented lassie to boot, and for that word I'll take you straight to the Pleasaunce."

"What a charming name! it suggests a fairy world, with all sorts of beautiful things and people."

"Quite right, Kit"—leading the way down to a hollow, surrounded by wood and facing the sun, the General opened a door in an ivy-covered wall—"for there is just one Pleasaunce on the earth, and that is a garden."

It had been a risk to raise certain people's expectations and then bring them into Tochty garden, for they can be satisfied with no place that has not a clean-shaven lawn and beds of unvarying circles, pyrethrum, calceolaria, geranium, and brakes of rare roses, and glass houses with orchids worth fifty pound each, which is a garden in high life, full of luxury, extravagance, weariness. As Kate entered, a moss-rose which wandered at its will caught her skirt, and the General cut a blossom which she fastened in her breast, and surely there is no flower so winsome and fragrant as this homely rose.

"Like yourself, Miss Carnegie," and the General rallied his simple wit for the occasion, "very sweet and true, with a thorn, too, if one gripped it the wrong way."

Whereat he made believe to run, and had the better speed because there were no gravel walks with boxwood borders here, but alleys of old turf that were pleasant both to the touch and the eye. In the center where all the ways met he capitulated with honors of war, and explained that he had intended to compare Kate to a violet, which was her natural emblem, but had succumbed to the temptation of her eyes, "which make men wicked, Kit, with the gleam that is in them."

"Isn't it a tangle?" Which it was, and no one could look upon it without keen delight, unless he were a horticultural pedant in whom the appreciation of nature had been killed by parterres. There was some principle of order, and even now, when the Pleasaunce is a wilderness, the traces can be found. A dwarf fruit-tree stood at every corner, and between the trees a three-foot border of flowers kept the peas and potatoes in their places. But the borders were one sustained, elaborate, glorified disorder. There were roses of all kinds that have ever gladdened poor gardens and simple hearts—yellow tea-roses, moss-roses with their firm, shapely buds, monthly roses that bore nearly all the year in a warm spot, the white brier that is dear to north-country people, besides standards in their glory, with full round purple blossom. Among the roses, compassing them about and jostling one another, some later, some earlier in bloom, most of them together in the glad summer days, one could find to his hand wall-flowers and primroses, sweet-william and dusty-miller, daisies red and white, forget-me-nots and pansies, pinks and carnations, marigolds and phloxes of many varieties. The confusion of colors was preposterous, and showed an utter want of æsthetic sense. In fact, one may confess that the Lodge-garden was only one degree removed from the vulgarity and prodigality of nature. There was no taste, no reserve, no harmony about that garden. Nature simply ran riot and played according to her will like a child of the former days, bursting into apple-blossom and laburnum gold and the bloom of peas and the white strawberry-flower in early summer, and then, later in the year, weaving garlands of blazing red, yellow-white, purple, round beds of stolid roots and brakes of currant-bushes. There was a copper beech, where the birds sang, and from which they raided the fruit with the skill of Highland caterans. The Lodge bees lived all day in this garden, save when they went to reinforce their sweetness from the heather bloom. The big trees stood round the place and covered it from every wind except the south, and the sun was ever blessing it. There was one summer-house, a mass of honeysuckle, and there they sat down as those that had come back to Eden from a wander year.

"Well, Kit?"

"Thank God for our Pleasaunce." And they would have stayed for hours, but there was one other spot that had a fascination for the General that neither years nor wars had dulled, and he, who was the most matter-of-fact and romantic of men, must see and show it to his daughter before they ceased.

"Two miles and more, Kit, but through the woods and by the water all the way."

Sometimes they went down a little ravine made by a small burn fighting and wearing its way for ages to the Tochty, and stood on a bridge of two planks and a hand-rail thrown over a tiny pool, where the water was resting on a bed of small pebbles. The oak copse covered the sides of the tiny glen and met across the streamlet, and one below could see nothing but greenery and the glint of the waterfall where the burn broke into the bosky den from the bare heights above. Other times the path, that allowed two to walk abreast if they wished very much and kept close together, would skirt the face of the high river-bank, and if you peeped down through the foliage of the clinging trees you could see the Tochty running swiftly, and the overhanging branches dipping in their leaves. Then the river would make a sweep and forsake its bank, leaving a peninsula of alluvial land between, where the geranium and the hyacinth and the iris grew in deep, moist soil. One of these was almost clear of wood and carpeted with thick, soft turf, and the river beside it was broad and shining.

"We shall go down here," said the General, "and I will show you something that I count the finest monument in Perthshire, or maybe in broad Scotland."

In the center of the sward, with trees just touching it with the tips of their branches, was a little square, with a simple, weather-beaten railing. And the General led Kate to the spot, and stood for a while in silence.

"Two young Scottish lassies, Kate, who died two hundred years ago, and were buried here."

Then the General and Kate sat down by the river edge, and he told her the deathless story of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray—how in the plague of 1666 they fled to this district to escape infection; how a lover came to visit one of them and brought death in his kiss; how they sickened and died; how they were laid to rest beside the Tochty water; and generations have made their pilgrimage to the place, so wonderful and beautiful is love. They loved, and their memory is immortal. Kate rested her chin on her hand and gazed at the running water, which continued while men and women live and love and die.

"He ought not to have come; it was a cowardly, selfish act; but I suppose," added the General, "he could not keep away."

"Be sure she thought none the less of him for his coming, and I think a woman will count life itself a small sacrifice for love," and Kate went over to the grave.

A thrush was singing as they turned to go, and nothing was said on the way home till they came near the Lodge.

"Who can that be going in, Kate? He seems a padre."

"I do not know, unless it be our fellow-traveler from Muirtown; but he has been redressing himself, and is not improved."

"Father," and Kate stayed the General as they crossed the threshold of their home, "we have seen many beautiful things to-day, for which I thank you; but the greatest was love."

Christ's Teaching on Social Topics

IV.—The Labor War[1]

By Lyman Abbott

> Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church: but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.—Matt. xviii., 15-17.

The three methods which Christ proposes for the settlement of controversies are: first, conciliation; second, arbitration; third, law.

These methods have been tried for a great many years with increasing success in the settlement of all personal controversies. If two street arabs come into controversy about a piece of property, they invoke the remedies which were common in the Middle Ages—they appeal to what historians call the "wager of battle;" in short, they fight it out, and the stronger fellow gets the jackknife. If the piece of property is one of considerable value—if it is, for instance, the right to sell papers on a particular street corner—each boy will have his own comrades to support him, and then you will have something more than a quarrel between two boys—you will have a wager of battle between two sets of city arabs. That was the method of settling personal difficulties in the Middle Ages. All Germany, all Europe in a measure, was desolated in the Middle Ages by what is known as "private battle." The laws of private battle were settled; a method of challenge was adopted; each noble gathered his retainers about him and fought the noble on the other side; until at last the devastation and the desolation were so great that Christ's method was introduced, and what is known as "the Peace of God" came into human history in Europe.

Now, we have abandoned the barbaric way of settling personal controversies. If two merchants get into a controversy respecting a piece of property, they first endeavor to settle it between themselves; if they cannot do that, more and more they are coming to adopt the second method, that of arbitration. This was first introduced, with legal sanction, in the latter part of the last century, and it has made its way since slowly but steadily. I am told that a very large proportion of controversies "on 'Change" are settled by arbitration. Boards of arbitration are recognized among business men and provided for by the laws of many of our States. But when neither of these methods succeeds, then men go to law; that is the last resort. No man in our time thinks of resorting to personal violence to settle a personal controversy with his neighbor—no man, at least, in the more civilized portions of the United States.

And as this method has been adopted in the settlement of personal controversies, so it is coming largely to be adopted as the method of settling national controversies. They are perpetually arising, and are perpetually being settled by diplomacy—that is, conciliation. If diplomacy or conciliation fails, then resort is had to arbitration. As I have said before, within the last three-quarters of a century seventy-five important national controversies have been settled by arbitration—one a year; something like forty through the instrumentality of the United States. And now some famous jurists are proposing to add Christ's third specific; they are proposing that there shall be an International Court, and that all national questions shall be submitted to this International Court; and that the nations who constitute this Court shall stand behind it, and shall pledge their national honor to maintain its decisions, whatever those decisions may be. This is no longer a scheme of visionaries. It was propounded last August, by no less a distinguished man than one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and his suggestion was received with applause by the American Bar.[1]

Thus, in the settlement of personal controversies and in the settlement of national controversies we are gradually taking up with Christ's method—conciliation, arbitration, law. This method is equally effective for the purpose of settling labor controversies; in order to apply these principles to labor controversies, I must first try to trace their history and show how they have arisen.

Individualism, or the doctrine of *laissez faire*, as it is sometimes called, proposes as the remedy for our industrial ills freedom of competition. It was a great advance on feudalism. Under the feudal system a few men owned the land. Every landowner had attached to his land a certain number of *villeins*, or peasants, and these *villeins* were bound to do their lord's will, and he, on his part, was bound to protect them from aggression. When this feudal system broke up, there emerged from it the Manchester

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[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, January 5, 1896. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans and revised by the author. For the previous sermons in this series and two sermons introductory to the series see The Outlook for January 4, January 11, February 1, February 8, and February 15.

[1] Since this sermon was delivered this plan has been revived for practical discussion on both sides of the Atlantic, in favor of the settlement of all disputes between England and the United States.

School, or the doctrine of competition, or the doctrine of *laissez faire*, or the doctrine of freedom of contract. That doctrine, briefly stated, was this: Let the men who want labor pay what they are willing to pay; let the laborers who want work take what they are willing to take; as a result wages will adjust themselves. Let every man offer what he is willing to pay for the service to be rendered. Let every man who wants to work, work for the wages that are offered to him; if he does not like it, let him find work somewhere else. If labor is left free, and the employer buys his labor in the cheapest market, and the laborer sells his labor in the highest market, by free competition between laborer and employer wages will adjust themselves.

So long as individuals are dealing with individuals, this method works fairly well. There is no great prospect at the present time, for instance, that the housekeepers will combine together to fix the rate of wages which they will pay their cooks; or that the cooks will combine together and demand a certain rate of wages, adjusted for themselves as a class; and as long as there are a thousand housekeepers wanting cooks, and a thousand cooks wanting employment, on the whole there is no better way to adjust the rate of wages than to let the housekeeper offer Biddy so much wages a month, and let Biddy take it or leave it alone, as she pleases. But as feudalism disappeared, individualism disappeared also. Machinery was invented. Men began to do their work in great gangs. The spinning-jenny put an end to the family spinning-wheel; the steam-loom put an end to the hand-loom; machinery put an end to individual employment and individual industry. The work was carried on, under great roofs, by great bodies of men; and this necessitated an aggregation of capital and a combination of employers. It ought to be said—and it ought to be said with emphasis—that the employers did not, at first, combine to gain an advantage over the workingmen; they combined because it was not possible to do the work by modern methods in any other way than by combination. Instead of one man hired to run a loom, or one man employed to run a spinning-wheel, there were a thousand men, in one cotton-factory, all working under one great captain of industry, with his lieutenants and his sub-lieutenants. What was the result? There was no longer a free competition; no longer an opportunity for a workingman to take a job or leave it alone, as he liked. If this man did not like the wages that were paid to him, he was one man against a thousand, and he was absolutely powerless. Let me illustrate: An employer of labor, who is not over-scrupulous, has a thousand men in his factory. One day he says to himself, "I can take ten cents off the wages of this thousand men, and, if they stand it, that will give me one hundred dollars a day more profit, $30,000 a year in dividends. It is worth trying." This is not an imaginary case. It has been frequently done in America and in England. What next? John says, I cannot afford to work for ten cents less a day. But what is John going to do? He has a home; a mortgage on it; a wife and children dependent on his industry. If he abandons work, he must go tramping through the towns until he can find some other great corporate industry which is carrying on the work in the same way. On the other hand, the employer runs no risk. If he discharges John, he can find some one else, if not to work at lower wages, at least to work at the rate of wages he is paying now. He will have to pay no more when John departs, and he may make something.

Workingmen found this out. They found out that capital was necessarily a combination, and they said this: We also must combine. And thus the Trades-Union arose. Some men have endeavored to trace the Trades-Union back to the old guilds of the Middle Ages, but there is no vital connection between the two. The word Trades-Union came into existence about the year 1830, and the thing came into existence about 1830. What, then, is a Trades-Union? Primarily, it is an organization of workingmen to promote their own interests. It may have for its object, and it often has had for its object, education, insurance, social culture, social enjoyment—matters wholly apart from labor controversy. But it also very often becomes a military organization, with one man, or two or three men, in military command, so intrusted that they are able to direct the whole body of laborers who belong to the Trades-Union to lay down their tools or take them up at an hour's notice. The Trades-Unions of America are very largely such military organizations. They are organized on the plan of an army and for the purpose of battle. When these Trades-Unions were first organized in England, a vigorous attempt was made to destroy them. First, Parliament passed laws prohibiting them as conspiracy; and the laws broke down and were repealed. Then the capitalists banded together and said, We will employ no man who belongs to a Trades-Union. Twice in the history of England they succeeded in breaking up Trades-Unions for a few years, but the only result was new organizations stronger than the old ones. The attempt to destroy the organization of labor has been made in England, under circumstances much more favorable to the attempt than ever existed, or are likely to exist, in the United States, and the attempt has proved an utter failure. The organization of capital and the organization of labor has come, as the phrase is, to stay.

The Trades-Union, then, exists—sometimes a combination of Trades-Unions; and the aggregation of capital exists, and often a combination of aggregations of capital. For when this process of organization once began, it went on increasing, so that we had recently, for instance, all the great railroads centering in Chicago united in one great body for the purpose of conquering in a labor war, and the attempt made (not altogether successfully) to unite all the railroad employees in one great railway union for a like purpose. "The solidarity of labor" has come to be one of the common phrases of our newspaper literature, and the conception that exists in the minds of not a few men, especially of labor leaders, is an organization of all labor in one great army for its own protection. Thus we have two camps: capital gathered in corporations and in aggregations of corporations, or trusts; labor organizations in Trades-Unions, or in great conglomerate organizations, like the Railway Union and the Knights of Labor and the International; and every now and then a bitter war breaking out between them in what are called strikes.

What is a strike? A strike is simply an attempt on the part of the workingmen to carry out by organized action what, under the principle of the Manchester School, or individualism, it was recommended they should carry out in individual action. John says, I will not work for ten cents a day less; and John finds that it is useless for him to say this alone, so he proposes to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine employees in this factory to make common cause. He says: An injury to one is an injury to all: let us all agree that we will not work for ten cents less a day. And when all have made a common cause, and all have said, We will not work for ten cents less a day, then the superintendent of the factory has to stop and think whether he will cut down the wages ten cents a day—whether it will not cost too much. The strike is, in its initiative, simply this: a thousand men saying, We do not like the job and we will leave it, as before the one man said, I do not like the job and I will leave it. So long as one man so acted, it brought no great inconvenience either to the community or to himself; but when a thousand men combine, and not only one thousand men, but when thousands of men all over the country, in a great variety of localities, are continually combining to leave mills idle and cause work to stop, it does produce great inconvenience and great disadvantage.

I think it must be frankly said—although it is not popular to say it in such an audience as this—I think it must be frankly said that workingmen have gained much by their labor organizations, and something by strikes. It is sometimes said that strikes are always failures. It is not true. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who can be trusted in the matter of statistics as well as any man either in America or Europe, has reported the results of strikes during a period of two years (1891–93) and in about fifty per cent. of those strikes (a little over fifty) the workingmen won, either in whole or in part. It must always be recognized, too, that labor organizations have had the effect to raise wages; the evidence of that lies in the fact that wages are better in organized trades and poorer in unorganized. They are nowhere so poor, and nowhere are working people so badly treated, as where there is no labor organization.

These two facts the candid student of history, I think, must recognize. But, having recognized these, if he is candid, he must also recognize that strikes are war; and war inflicts incalculable injury upon all who are engaged in it. During seven and one-half years, in the principal cities of the United States, there were six thousand controversies between employers and employed, of such considerable size that they were worth reporting in the official reports of the United States—almost a thousand a year; and by means of those strikes the employed have lost thirty-five millions of dollars, and the employers have lost twenty-eight millions of dollars. Sixty-three millions of dollars have been spent in industrial war in seven and one-half years in the principal cities of the United States.

But that is the least of the evil. The loss in wages and the loss in profits is the smallest element. Man has been set against his brother man; classes have been formed; a rift has been made in the community; the laborer has been taught by every new war to regard the employer as his enemy; the employer has been taught to look with suspicion, if not with aversion, upon the employed. No one, I think, can look out upon the present unsettled condition of industry in the United States and not feel that there is real and serious menace to the country in the antagonism between class and class which strikes, lockouts, and labor wars have begotten.

For my own part, I disbelieve in the Manchester School and all its works, whether it is applied to the individual or to great organized bodies. If history demonstrates anything, it demonstrates that it is not true that we can find any method whatever by which men can live in this world on the principle simply of self-interest. So long as the employer is taught, by pulpit, by press, or by school of political economy, that it is right to get his labor in the cheapest market, and the laboring man is taught that it is right to try to get the highest wages paid in the highest market—so long as each one is trying to get all he can and to give as little as possible—so long there will be industrial war. That is not brotherhood. That is not the spirit in which the family is carried on. The husband does not say, How much can I get out of my wife, and how little can I give her? the wife does not say, How much can I get out of my husband, and how little can I give him? the father does not say, How much can I grind out of my children, and how little can I give them? How long would any family cohere on that principle? No! the wife says, How can I get that burden off my husband? and the husband, How can I give my wife a little more? and the father and mother counsel, How can we make our children a little happier, and enlarge and enrich their home a little? and the children get together and consider, What can we do to ease the burdens of over-worked father and over-tired mother? When I write "Looking Backward," I am going to tell the story of a lockout and a strike in the millennium: in one the employer will be anxious to see how few hours of labor he can put on his employed and make the work profitable, and he is going to lock out the workingmen because they insist on working too many hours; in the other the labor union is going to study how it can do the most work for the employer, and it is going to strike because he pays too much wages.

The fundamental principle—if it can be called a principle—that underlies the industrial war is all wrong. The solidarity of labor in the one camp, and the solidarity of capital in the other camp, is against the solidarity of society. Jevons, one of the ablest political thinkers in Great Britain, has laid down the law which is Christian as well as scientific. All organizations, he says, should be perpendicular, not horizontal: that is, all organizations should be an organization of one employer with his employed, in competition with another organization of another employer with his employed; not an organization of all labor in competition with an organization of all capital. That is the politico-economic doctrine, and it is Christian doctrine, and it is common sense.

But, meanwhile, what shall we do when labor controversies arise? We cannot wait for the millennium. What are we to do meanwhile? Christ replies, Conciliation, arbitration, law. First, conciliation. If I were to *say* what I am going to *read*, some employers of labor would discount it because it comes from a preacher; but Joseph D. Weekes is known by name to most men who know anything about the industrial situation, as having for many years represented the ironmasters of Pennsylvania in the questions which have arisen between the ironmasters and their men, and in a little pamphlet of his, to which I desire to acknowledge great indebtedness for my own views on the labor question, I find this paragraph. I commend it to your consideration:

> The source of this error is chiefly in the idea, inherited from feudal days and justified by much of the legislation and political economy of modern times, that the employer is the superior, the employee an inferior; that it is the right of the former to determine, the duty of the latter to acquiesce. This view does not often express itself bluntly in words, but it does more or less unconsciously in acts. The employer assumes the sole right to determine, and refuses to discuss questions that arise in connection with wages or the details of employment, in the decision of which the employee has an interest equally with the employer, or, if such discussions take place, they are "permitted;" an interview is "granted." In case of a meeting, the employer assumes the right to dictate its method. "No committee will be recognized." The employer also claims the right, in many cases, to determine the relation an employee shall hold to his fellows, and prohibits his membership in a union. In all of these, and in many similar cases, there is an assumed superiority of condition which does not exist in reality, however much it may be asserted by word or act. *The true relation of employer and employed is that of independent equals, uniting their efforts to a given end, each with the power, within certain limits, to determine his own rights, but not to prescribe the duties of the other.* The employer has no more right to dictate or even decide how labor shall seek its interests than labor has to dictate to the employer. Whatever may be the views of the latter as to trades-unionism, it will be well, in most cases, especially in great centers of industry or in those employments uniting great bodies of men under one management, if, with the best grace possible, he accept the fact of combination, and deal with its representatives. Such combinations, with all their faults and follies, are not entirely bad.

That is the essential principle that must underlie conciliation. Not a great while ago the railroad employees of the Southern Railway Company sent a committee to the Superintendent asking to have the old rate of wages restored. The official said to the committee, Come back in a week's time and I will show you the condition of our books, and let you judge for yourselves whether we can restore the old rate of wages. In the week's time the committee did come back, and he opened the books to them, and showed them the earnings and the expenditures, and where the company would stand if it paid the increased rate of wages; and the men went back to their work, and the threatened strike was averted. The first thing for the settlement of industrial troubles is the spirit of conciliation in both master and men, the recognition of the fact that both employer and employed are partners in a common enterprise—as Mr. Weekes expresses it, "independent equals."

Conciliation will not always succeed. What next? Arbitration. That is to say, the selection of a body of men who shall represent the interests of both parties, and the submission of the question at issue to that body for its solution. It may be temporary; it may be permanent; what is essential is that it should have the confidence of both classes. England in this respect is certainly in advance of the United States. Daniel J. Ryan, in his monograph on Arbitration, thus describes its results in the iron district in the North of England, where formerly the condition was one of chronic war between laborer and capitalist:

> For sixteen years the disputes of labor and capital in the rolling-mills of England have been settled by arbitration, and it has been an era remarkably free from strikes. The Board of Arbitration for the North of England iron business was, as all efforts of this kind usually are, the outgrowth of a strike. It was

formed on March 22, 1869. It is a permanent institution, and has the usual equal representation of employers and employed, as well as the conciliation committee taken from the members of the Board; in truth, arbitration in its just and full application must necessarily be about alike in all systems and trades. Speaking of this Board, Mr. Weekes, in his report, says: "At the close of 1875 it represented thirty-five works and 13,000 subscribed operatives. These works had 1,913 puddling furnaces —more than all Pennsylvania, and half as many as the entire United States. During the year 1875 the standing committee investigated forty disputes. Since its organization there have been eight or nine arbitrations on the general questions of wages, and scores of references in regard to special adjustment of wages at particular works." The awards of the Board from 1869 to 1874 in fixing wages have been freely and honorably accepted without a single repudiation; and this has been uniform, both in the decrease and the increase of wages.

History proves Christ's method practicable. I know men sometimes say, There is nothing to arbitrate. I frankly confess there are some things I would not arbitrate. I would never arbitrate a question of moral principle. I think, if I were a workingman, and my employer said, You must leave the Union, I would not arbitrate that question; I would not surrender my right as an individual citizen to belong to what organization I pleased. And, on the other hand, if the Trades-Union demanded of me, as an employer, as it often has, that I should discharge a man because he did not belong to the Union, I would not arbitrate that. I do not know what bravery I would have as an employer, but I think I would sooner go into bankruptcy. I would not deny the right of my workingmen to belong, or not to belong, to the Trades-Union. I would stand for liberty, cost what it might. But all questions of mere self-interest are properly subjects of arbitration; and the question whether they are subject to arbitration is itself a proper subject of arbitration.

And how about law? There are certain industrial questions which I hope and believe in the near future we shall bring under the dominion and control of law. To illustrate: The streets of a great city belong to the city; the highways of a great nation belong to the nation. A labor war breaks out that blocks the highways of the city, or closes the highways of the nation. We walk to and from our places of business; we allow our passenger trains to be stalled on the prairies; we wait while the great commercial arteries are paralyzed, until the war is fought out. This is folly. It is not within the legitimate limits of authority of any organization, either capitalistic or labor, to compel us to walk from Flatbush to the ferry—no! not for one single hour. As citizens of Brooklyn we have a right to an untroubled, unvexed, unhindered highway. And the time will come when, by all the power and force of law, we shall assert that right. We have a right to have our great railroad highways run untroubled from ocean to ocean, and the time will come when we shall assert that right. How? It is not necessary for me to-night to say how; it is enough for me, in general terms, to affirm the principle that the highways of the Nation belong to the Nation, and whether it is capitalist on one side or laborer on the other, if the highway is blockaded, law should interfere. If two roughs get into a quarrel on Fulton Street, they are not allowed to fight it out; the policeman puts his hand on both of them and says, "Here is the court: you must settle your dispute in another fashion." But when the owners of the trolley-cars and the workmen on the trolley-cars get into a controversy, all that we do by our police is to prevent violence and let the battle go on—while we walk. We shall not do it always. It is not necessary for me to say how, but it is easy to indicate one method by which it is possible to protect ourselves. If a railroad corporation does not pay interest on its bonds, the Government takes the railroad, runs the railroad itself, and pays the interest on the bonds. It takes the railroad, puts it into the hands of a receiver, and so cares for the interests of the creditors. The right of the Nation in the highway is greater than the right of either stockholder or bondholder. It would be a perfectly simple thing for the law to provide that when the corporation cannot run its trains, through a labor war, a receiver shall take the road and run it for the public. That would settle the matter, so far as the corporation is concerned. So far as the employee is concerned, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided, in the Debs case, that a combination for the purpose of blocking the highways of the Nation is a criminal conspiracy.

Conciliation—the recognition by employer and employed that they are partners in a common enterprise; arbitration —the adjustment of all questions of self-interest that cannot be adjusted through conciliation, by reference to a mutually chosen tribunal; and the intervention of law where public rights are infringed upon by controversy between laborer and capitalist—this seems to me to be the application of Christ's method for the solution of the labor war, until we come to the full recognition of the fact that workingman and capitalist are brothers and partners in a common enterprise, and the very motive of war comes to an end.

One word more. When a minister or an editor undertakes to apply the principles of Jesus Christ to the industrial war, practical men shrug their shoulders and say it is not practicable. I think the quotations I have given you here show that it is not wholly impracticable. Meanwhile I ask you to consider a question: Is it practicable to go on as we have been going on? Would the evils that would grow out of a system of conciliation, arbitration, and law be greater than the evils of the present system?—with passion on the one side and prejudice on the other, with the great and growing rift, with employers set over against employed, with labor leaders that are often demagogues and capitalistic leaders that are sometimes inhuman, with the Nation in danger of being rent in twain by a war between the upper and the lower classes—the worst of all conceivable wars, save only a war of religion. Have the results of the system of free, unfettered competition, without conciliation, without arbitration, without law, with disregard of the principles which Jesus Christ inculcates, been so beneficent, so fruitful in good, that we can say that the method of free competition in a selfish struggle is practicable? No! the only method of life that is practicable is the method of justice and of love.

The Baptist Temple, Philadelphia

It is said that the largest Protestant congregation in the United States worships in the Baptist Temple (Grace Church), Philadelphia, of which the Rev. Russell H. Conwell is the pastor. The Temple is a remarkable example of church growth. It has 3,135 numbered chairs and 1,200 extra chairs. Not only are all these seats occupied at the regular Sunday services, but the assistant pastor preaches at the same time in another part of the building to a congregation which numbers from 1,500 to 2,000. Thirteen years ago the number of church members was ninety. The Temple grew out of a mission started by a committee of young men. The worshipers originally met in a hired hall, and, after two years' aggressive work, erected a wooden tabernacle, the sloping roof and the gables of which were of canvas. The mission was a working church, and a great success, and before long became Grace Church. When the council to recognize the church sat in the mother church (the Tenth Baptist), there was considerable discussion among the delegates as to the propriety of using the name "Grace." There was not such freedom allowed among the Baptists then in regard to these matters as there is at the present time. Dr. Cathcart, a clergyman noted for his ringing and vigorous style of oratory, led the opposition, and wound up his speech by saying: "Grace Church! why, bless you, suppose this church should get some graceless rascal for a pastor, what a pitiful plight it would be in!" Ground for the present Temple was broken in 1889; the corner-stone was laid in 1890. Mr. Conwell's theory is that every member should do work of some kind to help the enterprise along. The Temple has a hospital, twenty-seven associations for different kinds of church and humanitarian work, a gymnasium, reading-rooms, etc. Connected with the church is the "Temple College," where pupils, male or female, for a reasonable fee can take a course of study for either college, theology, law, science, art, music, nursing, telegraphy, business, kindergarten training, shorthand and typewriting, or dressmaking. The Temple and ground represent an investment of $250,000, the college $103,000, the hospital $21,000. The money to start and carry on these undertakings came, and comes now, in small sums from "the common people."

The Religious World

Grace Chapel

We have referred before in these columns to the beautiful group of buildings which have been erected by Grace Parish in East Fourteenth Street. They were dedicated with fitting services on Wednesday, February 12. The audience in attendance was very large, and the address by Bishop Potter worthy of the occasion; indeed, it was one of the strongest utterances in regard to the spiritual need of the destitute portions of our cities which we have read from him or from any one. The rector of Grace Parish is the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., a man who has many times refused bishoprics, and who bids fair to make of Grace Parish a large and important diocese in itself. The buildings in East Fourteenth Street constitute a great institutional or people's church, and are thoroughly equipped for every department of religious activity. They prove that the Episcopal Church in New York is alive to the needs of the city. Probably no parish in the country, with the single exception of Trinity, is now so well equipped for a large and aggressive ministry.

What Bishop Potter Said

We make a single extract from the strong and impassioned sermon of Bishop Potter at the dedication of Grace Chapel. It deserves careful reading, and every word of it is true. He spoke as follows:

> The growth of wealth and of luxury, wicked, wasteful, and wanton, as before God I declare that luxury to be, has been matched step by step by a deepening and deadening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time, for the Church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all those who have any gift or stewardship of talents or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance—young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope—then verily the Church in its stately splendor, its apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence!

A New Church Paper

The announcement that a new religious paper is to be published in Boston under the title of "The Church," and to be edited, not in the interest of any party or faction in the Episcopal Church, but of the Church as a whole, will excite very wide attention. The character of the new paper is more significantly suggested by the list of contributors than by its statement of aims. That list will include Professor A. V. G. Allen, the Rev. Percy Browne, the Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks, Dr. E. Winchester Donald, the Rev. Drs. Greer, Huntington, and Grant, of this city, Drs. McConnell, Gould, and Batten, of Philadelphia, Dr. McKim, of Washington, and Dr. Holland, of St. Louis. These names commit the new journal to what may be called the liberal movement in the Episcopal Church. "The Church" will follow the general form of "The Nation," and for the present will be published monthly, with the design of ultimately issuing it weekly. The price for yearly subscription is $1, and subscriptions and communications should be sent to the publishers, E. P. Guild & Co., 308 John Hancock Building, Boston, Mass.

The Time-Limit in the Methodist Church

The "Christian Advocate," of New York, has published a very interesting series of articles on the Time-Limit in the Methodist Church. Dr. Joseph Pullman proposes a new plan—namely, that the pastoral term shall be four years, and that exceptions shall be allowed to the rule of the pastorate under unusual conditions. Whenever these indications point to a longer pastorate, a preacher may be returned for a second term of four years, provided the Quarterly Conference request the same by a vote that is practically unanimous, and the Presiding Bishop approves. Mr. Hiram L. Sibley argues in favor of removing pastors "for cause, and not by counting changes of the moon." He closes his article by saying: "What I advocate is a return to the principles of Wesley, the early years of the Church, and of Asbury, whereby removals were made for cause alone. Give to the episcopacy its proper authority according to the structure of our system, and hold it to strict account for its exercise." Dr. J. F. Chaffee answers objections to the time-limit, while the Rev. Joseph Irons, by a study of statistics, comes to the conclusion that no advantage would be gained by such change. The Rev. H. H. Beattys gives four reasons in favor of removing the limit: (1) The time-limit prevents the stability of work by engendering a spirit of restlessness, both among the ministry and the churches. (2) The time-limit cripples the minister's power and weakens his influence. (3) The time-limit is a playing fast and loose with Divine Providence. When God seems to approve a long pastorate, the Bishop says, "Move on." (4) The time-limit makes the institutional church impossible. The Rev. Edwin Genge argues in favor of the present limited time of service as proved by the growth of Methodism in the large cities. There is evidently a wide difference of opinion in the Church itself. The battle seems imminent both in this country and in Great Britain. What the result will be cannot be definitely predicted, but, so far as we can judge from the experience of the past, we should say that there are likely to be other changes in the near future, as there have been since the time was limited to two years. There are doubtless advantages and disadvantages in the present system. We have long felt that the true ideal, if it were possible to arrange it, would be some combination of the itineracy and the settled pastorate. There are, however, difficulties in the administration of such a plan which might be almost insuperable. The Methodist Church would doubtless gain in large centers by a change in the time-limit of its pastors, but we doubt very much if it would not lose by such change when the whole country was considered.

The Immersion of Dr. Pierson

A dispatch from London announces that on February 4 the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., who has long been known as an eminent Presbyterian pastor, had been immersed by the Rev. James A. Spurgeon. When Dr. Pierson was supplying the Temple in London after the death of the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, there were repeated suggestions that he was to become a Baptist in order that he might succeed Mr. Spurgeon. That rumor, however, was denied, and nothing more has been heard of it until the cable dispatch which announced that in the church of which his friend, the Rev. James A. Spurgeon, is pastor, at Croydon, London, he had received immersion at the hands of his friend. No one who knows Dr. Pierson will doubt that he has taken this step conscientiously, and no one can now intimate that it is because of any ulterior or selfish motive. His greatest friends in recent years have been men like Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. A. J. Gordon, and they have doubtless had much to do with influencing him to take this step.

The Difficulties of Missionaries in Japan

We have several times in these columns referred to the condition of missionary work in Japan, and some of our references have aroused criticism from those who are working in that Empire. The latest we have seen is a statement in a recent number of the "Examiner" protesting against our declaration that the Kumi-ai Churches are not alone in the troubles which they are having to meet on account of the religious unrest among the people. A Baptist missionary affirms emphatically that "the theological unrest does not exist outside of the Kumi-ai Churches of the American Board to any perceptible degree. . . . The Methodists and Presbyterians are also numerous, and they do not have it. . . . A deal of the theological disquiet is due to the fact that there is not as much of solid, old-fashioned, vigorous theology in the American Board's missionaries' preaching as in that of missionaries of other denominations. The Presbyterians seem to have not the least trouble, nor have we Baptists." We have no desire to enter into any controversy, and shall not refer to this matter again, but it is due to the Kumi-ai Churches and to the missionaries of the American Board to say that the statements which have here appeared have not been without the best evidence. On the testimony of an eminent Methodist missionary, who knew from personal experience of many years of what he spoke, we made our statements concerning difficulties among Methodists of the same kind as those in the Kumi-ai Churches. On the testimony of one of the most eminent Baptist ministers in Japan, who knows Christian work in Japan perhaps as well as any other man in it, we have stated, and fully believe, that, in proportion to the numbers, the difficulties are as great in that denomination as in any other. Our informant is not a witness to be impeached. The Rev. Henry Loomis, of Yokohama, has assured us very positively that there are no difficulties among Presbyterians, but, on the other hand, we have been told by other Presbyterian missionaries, and still more positively by some of the most eminent of Japanese themselves, and by a missionary official in New York, that the same unrest prevails, though perhaps not to so large a degree, among the members of the Presbyterian churches. We do not mention names in any of these cases, because the testimony was given in private conversation. As to lack of fidelity to Biblical truth on the part of the missionaries of the American Board we need only say that we know positively that the statement is entirely without foundation. A more faithful, consecrated, and absolutely true body of Christian ministers is not to be found in any mission field or among pastorates in any country. If any reply is made to this paragraph, all that we should be able to say in return would be that evidently workers and eye-witnesses on the ground interpret the same facts differently. All our evidence comes directly from the field, from Japanese Christians and from missionaries of the Presbyterian, Baptist, Reformed, Methodist, and American Boards. The most that can be said on the other side is that opinions differ—and there we must leave the whole question.

Lenten Readings

A growing custom among non-Episcopal churches is that of having a course of Readings through Lent, which are open to all, but which, in the nature of the case, are chiefly attended by women. The first course of the kind of which we have known was that in the Congregational church at Montclair, where the custom has been observed for about ten years. The plan adopted is for the pastor to take some book of current interest, reading from and commenting on it for about an hour and a half one day each week. The reading is followed by a conference, and in this way great interest has been excited and the attendance has been large. Among the books which have been already read are Bushnell's "Christian Nurture," Maurice's "Social Morality," the Life of Christ with "The Light of the World" as an outline; "The Epic of the Inner Life," by Genung; "Education," by Herbert Spencer; "Culture and Religion," by Shairp; "Immortality," by Gordon; and this year the audience will be taken through a course of instruction on the Bible as Literature, with the usual conferences. Other churches in which this plan has been followed are the Congregational church at Glen Ridge; that at Upper Montclair; that at Westfield, under the ministry of the Rev. G. H. Patton, who has now gone to Duluth and who writes that the book which he will read to his people this year is Dr. Bradford's "Heredity and Christian Problems." The interest which has attended these meetings shows that large numbers in our congregations are hungry for careful and systematic study of the profoundest questions of the religious life. These readings are usually prized in proportion as really great subjects with bearing on practical life are selected. Each pastor must adjust the plan to his own conditions, but there are few churches in which such a course of reading would not be a blessing both to the minister and to his people.

A Great Paper

One of the greatest religious newspapers is "The Guardian" (London), representing the Church of England. Its first number was published January 21, 1846, and it has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by the publication of a special historical number. All the matter is valuable and interesting reading. Among the various subjects treated is one on the progress which has been made in the direction of spiritual freedom. We quote as follows:

> In the border-land between the citizen and the Churchman, in which ecclesiastical and civil questions cross and intermingle with one another, the last fifty years have seen many changes. Acts have been passed whereby Jews, and non-Christians generally, have been admitted to the Legislature; compulsory Church rates have been abolished; marriage has been made, for those who choose, a mere civil contract; and burial has been disjoined from any necessary connection with the Church. In the long discussions which have preceded all these measures our influence has been uniformly thrown on the side of freedom, but with the condition that the same freedom should be extended to the Church which was granted to her opponents. We have not desired to coerce unwilling recusants, but we have always claimed for ourselves the same freedom from coercion in the exercise of our spiritual functions. And, on the whole, this object has been fairly, if not as yet completely, gained. The re-establishment of Convocation, the multiplication of bishoprics at home, the renewal of the useful office of Suffragans, the great expansion on freer principles of the Colonial Church and the Colonial and Missionary Episcopate, all bear witness to the extent to which the hands of the Church have been untied from the legal fetters which were supposed—often erroneously—to have bound them.

The Anglican Church and Other Churches

Perhaps the most interesting article in the historical number of the "Guardian" to which we have referred is the one by Canon Charles Gore on "The Relation of the Church of England to Other Christian Bodies." It will be remembered that Canon Gore was for a long time Master of Pusey House in Oxford, and that he is a High Churchman ecclesiastically, and a Liberal theologically. He is now a Canon at Westminster, and perhaps the most prominent figure in the ecclesiastical life of the Established Church in London. In speaking on the subject he takes the following positions: "The Church of England has come to stand more on its ecclesiastical principles, both before the world and in the minds of its supporters, and less on the basis of its established position." He makes substantially the same claim for Nonconformists, for he says: "On the whole, the Church of England and the Nonconformists, both Roman and Protestant, are found to have passed from a position determined by their relation to the State and to society into a position determined by ecclesiastical or anti-ecclesiastical principles." He calls attention to the fact that the attitude of Church people fifty years ago toward Nonconformists was largely determined by the fact that they were Dissenters; they were a sort of rebels to be classed with other disturbers of society. But now the expressed objections of Churchmen to Nonconformity rest almost entirely on ecclesiastical principles. He finds great changes both in the Church and among Dissenters. He says: "The chapel is no longer what the chapel was—as in Silas Marner's youth, or in Robert Browning's 'Christmas Eve.'" In Protestant Nonconformity the dogmatic, evangelical elements are tending to retire into the background, while the political and social have become prominent. When he speaks more positively of his own Church, Canon Gore says that it may be called "Liberal Catholic," for four reasons: (1) It declines Scripture without tradition; (2) it declines tradition unchecked by Scripture; (3) it appeals in the maintenance of its position to the facts of human nature; and (4) it makes its appeal to historic evidence. Canon Gore makes two statements worthy of special notice. He says: "If we are to do our work in promoting a general unity, we must first promote more vigorously than we are doing at present unity among ourselves on the basis of our own principles." The Church of England must be truer than it has been to its essential principles, and by exalting them it will make its best contribution toward the unity of the Church. Later he says: "We must be conscious that any work she (the Church of England) will eventually do toward the reunion of Christendom will be done in a large measure unintentionally." His position is, briefly, that by being true to herself the Church of England will rid herself of everything except those essential truths which have in them the principle of universality. He believes that the time is not far distant when Nonconformists in larger numbers will return to the hospitality of the Anglican Church. We are not interested at this time in controverting any of Canon Gore's positions. One of them, however, is especially worthy of emphasis. The Anglican Church and all other churches will do most toward promoting that unity for which we all pray, by emphasizing the principles which they have been chosen in the providence of God to champion. Not by stifling our inmost convictions, but by being true to them, and finding some common ground on which we can meet and harmonize with the convictions of others, is ultimate unity to be realized.

Anniversary at Duluth

The Pilgrim Church of Duluth, Minn., of which the Rev. C. H. Patton is pastor, has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with exercises which are reported to have been peculiarly helpful and inspiring. The church was organized under the ministry of Dr. C. C. Salter, and it has already colonized two or three times. The sermon at the anniversary was preached by the Rev. E. M. Noyes, of Newton Center, Mass., who preceded Mr. Patton in the pastorate. Greetings from the churches of the State were presented by Dr. Ingersoll, of St. Paul, while a historical paper was read by Mr. W. S. Woodbridge, who has been with the church from its organization. Pilgrim Church is one of the strongest in the Northwest, and it has for its pastor in Cornelius H. Patton a man who has proved himself, by a peculiarly useful ministry in New Jersey, to possess many eminent qualifications for ministerial leadership. Duluth is one of the most enterprising of American cities, and Pilgrim Church and its pastor cannot fail to exert a wide and beneficent influence in the development of the city and of the State.

Brief Mention

A letter from Tokyo, under date of January 17, states that Brigadier Powell (second in command to Colonel E. Wright) was about to start a corps in Yokohama—the first city "opened" outside Tokyo, the capital.

Another conspicuous illustration of the fact that ministers are often indifferent to mere pecuniary considerations is the fact that the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, of Brooklyn, recently declined a call to succeed Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, at an advance of $4,000 over his present salary. Similar cases are not difficult to find.

Work is soon to be started on the Phillips Brooks Memorial Library, to be erected in Hyde Park, Mass. It is the gift of Mrs. E. F. Stetson, of Boston, whose country home is near the site of the proposed building, and who is deeply interested in the Blue Hill Chapel, where Bishop Brooks preached his last sermon. The building will cost about $1,000, and will be given to the Directors of the Blue Hill Chapel.

One of the most prominent men in the Methodist Episcopal Church was the Rev. Dr. Sanford Hunt, of the Methodist Book Concern, who died in Cincinnati on Monday, the 10th. He was the senior agent of the Methodist Book Concern, and had long occupied a distinguished position in the Church. He was an author as well as a preacher, but his most distinguished service was as manager of the great business interests connected with the publication departments of the Church of which he was a member.

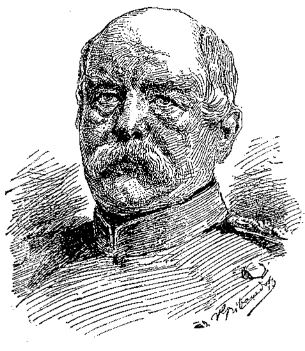
The Liberation Society of Great Britain, which is composed of representatives of all branches of Nonconformity in the Kingdom, and which is the recognized leader in the movement for Disestablishment, holds its anniversary in the City Temple, London, May 6. It has invited the Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., and of the staff of this paper, to be the speaker at that anniversary. The letter conveying the invitation contains these words: "It is desirable that citizens of the United States should appear on English platforms just now, if only as a protest against policies and sentiments calculated to make bad blood between two Anglo-Saxon countries."

The Newspaper Sermon Association, in behalf of the Boston "Herald," recently offered *prizes aggregating $500 for the best sermon for newspaper* publication. Nearly three hundred sermons were received by the committee. Of the number four were so nearly equal in merit that the prizes were equally divided. The committee making the awards were the Rev. E. A. Horton, the Rev. J. B. Werner, the Rev. George Hodges, D.D., and Mr. W. E. Harmon; and the four among whom the prizes were distributed were the Rev. George R. Vandewater, D.D., New York; the Rev. Robert E. Campbell, Bellevue, Pa.; the Rev. Henry K. Hannah Lexington, Mass. and the Rev. Charles James Wood, York, Pa.

Books and Authors

Bismarck and Gladstone[1]

I.



Prince Bismarck

Two biographies, published in identical size and binding by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, are books of peculiar interest, since they narrate the lives of the two most eminent living statesmen. The "Life of Prince Bismarck" is told by Mr. Charles Lowe, and is condensed from his large two-volume work published ten years ago, with the addition of such fresh material as has come to light in the decade. Mr. Lowe's style is clear and concise, but not over-picturesque. It is well suited, however, to his subject, who, as is well known, is also clear, concise, and not always over-picturesque. It may be that we are so near to Bismarck's policy and history of recent years that the first pages have for us an even greater significance than those which follow; at all events, the story of the life of the young Otto, of the student and the squire, of the parliamentarian, of the ambassador, deserves to be told, as Mr. Lowe has told it, for it was the deep-laid foundation on which his successes as a world-genius and as a nation-maker rest. Then comes the period when the statesman, through the difficult days first of the German Diet, then of army reforms, of conflict between Crown and Chamber, and, above all, of the growing preponderance of Prussia, kept an admirably courageous and consistent course. This is followed by the second period—the war with Denmark, the war with Austria, the North German Confederation, and the war with France. These four events stand, we think, as a four-square foundation of German unity. They were each such epoch-making crises in the development of a nation that we must admit as far more satisfactory than Mr. Lowe's chapters the lengthier and more detailed descriptions of other writers. Nevertheless, our author gives an intelligent condensation, explanation, and interpretation of the events which characterize the stirring years between 1864 and 1871. The personality of the Bismarck of those years was the same as that which we know now; indeed, Motley's description of the Chancellor at the time of the latter's silver wedding would exactly answer to-day:

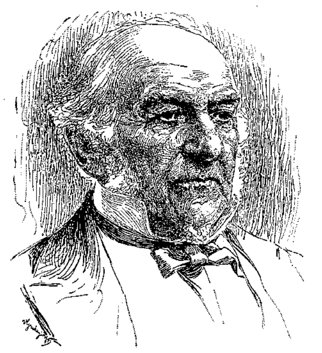
> I found him very little changed in appearance since 1864, which surprises me. He is somewhat stouter and his face weatherbeaten, but as expressive and powerful as ever. . . . After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters—without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, This is the great Bismarck—the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. When one lives familiarly with Brobdingnags, it seems for the moment that everybody is a Brobdingnag too, that it is the regular thing to be; one forgets one's own comparatively diminutive stature.

The third period of Bismarck's life, if we may arbitrarily divide it into divisions unindicated by others, has been mainly occupied with what might be termed "bulldogism." The Iron Chancellor needed to be an iron chancellor. First of all he had to be Europe's peace-keeper, as we learn from perhaps the best-written chapter in this interesting book. To him was due, first, the Drei-Kaiser-Bund, and then that more important compact, the Triple Alliance. The Eastern Question was a greater factor than it is to-day, and the utterance of no statesman had anything like so much influence in settling it as Bismarck's "I shall not advise our participation in the war as long as no German interest shall be called in question that may be considered worth the healthy bones of a Pomeranian musketeer." The African colonial schemes were the work of Bismarck, though he was far from being as much of a *Kolonialmensch* as were many of his countrymen; he knew well that there has never been but one truly colonizing power, and that the sun never sets on the British flag. Above all, the influence of the Chancellor was directed towards the maintenance of friendship with Russia. So heartily in sympathy with this was the old Emperor William that his last words were an injunction to his grandson to keep on good terms with Russia. Mr. Lowe calls our attention to the fact that, while Alexander III. has been called by his eulogists the peace-keeper of Europe, he has no claim to such a designation in comparison with Bismarck, who had achieved for himself this proud title before the Czar's accession. The great Chancellor was not only a peace-keeper, he had also been a peace-maker; which, as our author reminds us, is a totally different and a much higher thing.

Though Bismarck kept the peace of Europe, it cannot be equally said of him that he did the same for Germany. He had secured the Empire from external foes; his task was as much to secure it from internal enemies. Foremost among the latter, in his opinion, were the Jesuits. We have, therefore, witnessed a *Kulturkampf*, in which the German Emperor, unlike Henry IV., did not go to Canossa. With the advent of Leo XIII., however, a better order of things prevailed, and conciliation was substituted for combat. The foreign relations of the Empire were certainly complicated enough to engage the undivided attention of a great statesman, but the gigantic brain of a Bismarck could direct domestic affairs at the same time. In his own person he formed a ministry of all the talents. His were the laws, and his care the execution of those laws. Right or wrong, his vicarious, often despotic, government held the Empire together as with hooks of steel. He had not only created that Empire; he consolidated it as well. He organized Alsace-Lorraine as a Reichsland, as a quasi-autonomous province duly represented in Parliament. He saw to it that the five milliards from France were devoted to generous provision for the victims of the war, to the construction of new fortresses and of strategic lines of railway, to the building of a new navy, to the establishment of a War Emergency Fund. His, too, was the idea of the Military Septennate which was repeatedly renewed, each time with a great increase of men. This last burden on the vitality and progress of the Empire could be effected only by dissolutions of the Reichstag, and appeals from party spirit to patriotism. As Mr. Lowe truly says, these further additions to the Empire's fighting forces gave the Chancellor substantial reason to boast about the irresistible power of the *furor Teutonicus* when once aroused, and to exclaim: "We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world!" The repressive powers by which he proposed to gag the Social Democrats were not granted by the Reichstag, though he was successful in passing a far too stringent anti-Socialist law, which was dropped four years ago. The ill success of that law is shown by the fact that in 1871 about 100,000 Socialist votes had been recorded; in 1893 this number had swelled to 1,780,000 out of a total ballot of 7,670,000. Perhaps Bismarck's dearest aim was in the nationalizing of the sixty-three railway administrations of Germany, but the opposition of Parliament proved too much for him, and all that he could do was to induce his own Prussia to perform "an act of abdication in favor of the Empire."

In 1889, on the occasion of the visit of Alexander III. to Berlin, the latter had said to Bismarck, replying to some pacific assurances, "Prince, I believe you; but are you yourself confident of the security and durability of your position?" The Chancellor replied: "Sire, I am absolutely sure of the unlimited confidence of my master, and persuaded that I shall remain at my post to the end of my days, at least as long as I can be of any use, and the weight of years does not destroy my health and strength." No wonder, then, that Mr. Lowe, like many another, exclaims that Bismarck's fall five years ago was like Lucifer's. For a continuous period of twenty years he had served as Chancellor of the Empire with splendid and unrivaled distinction. To-day he is a lonely old man at Friedrichsruhe, scorning to accept the pension that has been offered him for his services, or to become entombed in a new ducal title.

II.



W. E. Gladstone

The second of these biographies is of the "Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone: A Study from Life," and is by Mr. Henry W. Lucy, the well-known Parliamentarian journalist. Mr. Lucy has had unusual opportunities of information. His personal notes of the great Englishman's speeches were made over a period of twenty years. We find interesting accounts of Mr. Gladstone's boyhood and his kinsfolk, but it is only when he becomes Member for Newark in 1831 that the real interest of the book begins. Mr. Gladstone's maiden speech in the House of Commons was, strange to say, in defense of the domestic institution of slavery. His views were naturally tinged with the fact that his father owned many slaves in Demerara, and therefore to denounce the institution of slavery was to impugn the humanity of his father. Sir Robert Peel had already taken note of the young Member from Newark, and when, in 1834, a Ministry was formed in succession to that of Lord Melbourne, Mr. Gladstone was offered the post of Junior Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Gladstone was then only in his twenty-fifth year. In 1835 he became Under-Secretary for the Colonies. In the next five or six years his chief was out of office, and so was he. During these years were published some of Mr. Gladstone's most famous pamphlets. The mere enumeration of all of his literary efforts, from 1827, when he wrote under the pseudonym of "Bartholomew Bouverie," to the present, fills twenty-two pages in the catalogue of the British Museum. In 1841 Sir Robert was back in power, bringing with him the "young man of unblemished character" whom Lord Macaulay had already spoken of as a possible future rival. Mr. Gladstone was now Master of the Mint and also Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in the following year becoming President. In 1845 he resigned, as the Government had determined to bring in a bill dealing with Maynooth College in a way that did not satisfy his Church principles. In the year after he returned to the Ministry as Secretary of State for the Colonies. He transferred his membership to Oxford. In 1850 Sir Robert Peel died. In 1853 Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer, having made an end of Disraeli, of the latter's Budget, and of the Ministry of which he was the prop. His acceptance of this office under Lord Aberdeen marked his passage across the gulf which separates Tories and Liberals. According to Mr. Lucy, whose descriptive comment at this point is of special value and interest, Mr. Gladstone's conversion had been going on for some time. During the Crimean War Mr. Gladstone's financing was so remarkable that when Lord Palmerston undertook to construct a Government, the Chancellor of the Exchequer continued to hold his office. However, he resigned it soon after, and remained "out" some years. It was during this period that he completed and published his studies on "Homer and the Homeric Age." In 1859 he again joined the Ministry formed by Lord Palmerston. We regret to find so little account of Mr. Gladstone's attitude on the question of our Civil War. The several Premierships, on the contrary, are well described, and the history of the past twenty years, with which Mr. Lucy is so familiar by reason of his close connection with "the place where history is made," is of course specially well done. It is interesting to note that Mr. Gladstone's position before the world is to-day more what it probably will be considered in time to come than it was in 1885; indeed, in that year it was necessary for Mr. Chamberlain (perhaps little dreaming how his own position towards Mr. Gladstone might change) should defend the Liberal chief in these fine words:

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[1] *The Life of Prince Bismarck*. By Charles Lowe. Roberts Brothers, Boston. $1.25.
The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. By H. W. Lucy. Roberts Brothers, Boston. $1.25.

> I sometimes think that great men are like great mountains, and that we do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. You have to go to a distance to see which peak it is that towers above its fellows; and it may be that we shall have to put between us and Mr. Gladstone a space of time before we shall know how much greater he has been than any of his competitors for fame and power. I am certain that justice will be done to him in the future, and I am not less certain that there will be a signal condemnation of the men who, moved by motives of party spite, in their eagerness for office, have not hesitated to load with insult and indignity the greatest statesman of our time; who have not allowed even his age which should have commanded their reverence, or his experience which entitled him to their respect, or his high personal character, or his long services to his Queen and to his country, to shield him from the vulgar affronts and the lying accusations of which he has nightly been made the subject in the House of Commons. He, with his great magnanimity, can afford to forget and forgive these things. Those whom he has served so long it behooves to remember them, to resent them, and to punish them.

The following year occurred the Irish controversy and the great disruption of the Liberal party into Unionists and Gladstonians, the latter following the changed attitude of their leader. Even in those troublous and labyrinthine times the magic personality of that leader often fascinated the whole House of Commons. It seemed as if he would sometimes talk with the House as with a man, so completely did he occasionally bewitch it out of all consciousness of itself. This power, of course, also fascinated electors everywhere, even very poor people of small intelligence, in the remotest districts. A Haddingtonshire woman told Mr. Lucy the following as an instance:

> An auld man, Geordie Paul, lived all alane in a wee cot up there. He used to sit at his door reading the paper spread on his knee, and mony's the time, when he thoucht naebody was looking, I've seen him greetin', and the tears drapt doon on the paper, and he aften muttered to himsel', "To think they'd use Gledstane sae ill, and he sic a man!" The nicht afore Geordie deed I gaed in to see what I could dae for him. There he was, sitting in the corner o' his bed, sae weak he could na get on more than ane arm o' his jacket; but he had the paper propped up against the ither (upside doon), and the last words he said to me were: "There's ae [one] thing, Liz; if I could only see that Irish question settled!"

We are glad to note that the chronicler is not so overpowered with Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary achievements as to omit these more personal touches, which indeed had so much to do with the success of those achievements. Furthermore, it is a pleasure to read in these pages, as one did in the London papers of 1886–92, of that increasingly respectful and often deferential attitude which the Ministerial majority in general, and Mr. Balfour in particular, bore towards the leader of the Opposition. This is perhaps the most interesting part of the book. Though it deals with events fresh in the mind, it reads already like a crystallized history of the past, and the familiar names of Lords Salisbury, Iddesleigh, and Rosebery, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Morley, Mr. Parnell, and others come before us somewhat as do those of more genuinely historical characters. Taking it all in all, we like Mr. Lucy's work extremely, for it is written by one who knows well what he is talking about. Whatever one's views may be as to Mr. Gladstone's politics and policies, no one can deny the noble and Herculean proportions of the venerable statesman who happily still dwells among us, astonishing the world by continual feats of tireless memory, oratory, argument, and versatility. Mr. Lucy explains this last characteristic by declaring that Mr. Gladstone, like all great workers, finds recreation in change of employment. Asked once what was the secret of his impregnable vitality, the Premier replied: "There was a road leading out of London on which more horses died than on any other. Inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals in traveling over it used only one set of muscles."

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The influence of Dr. Hermann Lotze upon contemporary thought and philosophy has been extensive. His correction of the somewhat mechanical idealism of Hegel has been a positive benefit. While we acknowledge fully and frankly the debt that modern thought owes to Hegel, yet his influence has been to reduce God, the soul of man, and the external world into logical processes. Against this tendency Lotze has raised a protest, and he and those who think with him have pointed out the certainty of a knowledge from other sources than pure ratiocination. Professor Henry Jones, of Glasgow, has entered into a study and criticism of Lotze's system and embodied the results in a volume entitled *A Critical Account of the Philosophy of Lotze: The Doctrine of Thought.* (Macmillan & Co., New York.) Mr. Jones points out that Lotze's contributions to philosophic thought have consisted chiefly in deepening the idealism which he has essayed to overthrow, and that, however unwilling, he still remains a witness to that idealistic conception of the world which he denies. The author remarks that the first part of "the task of Lotze consists in proving that the real and ideal are not identical; the second, in proving that, while they are not identical, they are still not separate." In his criticism of Lotze we do not think that the author is very clear; but he is undoubtedly correct in maintaining that Lotze, in attempting to refute skepticism, grants all that skeptics could desire; nevertheless he does not get rid of Lotze's logicalness. In point of fact, Mr. Jones does not seem to us to understand what Lotze means by intuition. The chief value of this study and criticism may be found in the author's attempt to define more accurately the limits of thought. In this task he would have been more successful, we believe, had he gone back to Kant's "Kritik." Had he done so he would have understood the sense in which Lotze maintains that knowledge begins with an inner world of subjective states and then strives to find a way outward. While such an assertion is subject to misunderstanding, it is capable of scientific demonstration.

General Biology. By William T. Sedgwick and Edmund B. Wilson. Second edition, revised and enlarged. (American Science Series. Henry Holt & Co., New York.) During the nine years between the first and second (present) edition of this book a curious change has taken place in the minds of the authors. Certain things emphasized in the first edition are now considered of less importance; certain plans then in mind have been abandoned. The change has not been confined to our authors; it is general. Biology may still be spelled with a capital B, but it no longer threatens to drive Botany and Zoölogy to the wall. It is unquestionably important as an introductory study to these; it will never supplant them. Biology must be taught, and taught practically. The laboratory with its scalpel and microscope is essential. The ideal introduction to the study of plants and animals is to gain general ideas of life and vital processes, by careful study of a few type-forms considered as living structures. The types selected by our authors are, first, the earthworm and fern, then certain unicellular forms—protococcus, yeast, bacteria, amœba. Terse, accurate, and sufficient description of each of these forms is given; form, structure, function, are carefully presented. The English is excellent—a rare thing in American science—and attractive. The illustrations are good. The laboratory directions are relegated to an appendix, and consist of suggestions to teachers rather than set directions, in detail, for scholars. The book is a good one, but we suspect it will still undergo considerable change in form. On the whole, the mechanical work is fine, but there is occasionally a misprint, or a false reference in a figure, and the index is not complete.

Fundamentally, the doctrine of Christ is social righteousness. The trend of Christian teaching in the last four centuries, by reason of the influence of philosophy, has been too much in the direction of individual righteousness. While social righteousness is not possible without individual righteousness, yet individual righteousness has been so taught as not to include social righteousness. The religious teachers of our day are one after another awakening to the necessity of delivering the social message of Christ. A cheering sign of this general awakening of the social consciousness is the continual appearance of volumes of sermons upon applied Christianity. *Civic Christianity*, by William Prall, S.T.D., Ph.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., is an instance to the point. Dr. Prall has evidently studied not only books but "human documents" as well. His sermons are, as a whole, eminently practical, and stand upon the solid ground of facts.

Here and there some of his inferences from statistics and legislation may be amenable to objection or criticism, but the main lines of his arguments cannot easily be controverted. The purpose of his volume is the furtherance of social righteousness, especially in cities. In every case he bases his teachings upon the principles of the religion of Christ. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

A book called *Spiritual Law in the Natural World: A Metaphysical and Psychical Exposition of the Operations of the Holy Spirit and Other Agencies*, by J. W. Thomas (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), was a distinct disappointment to us. We had long ago, after the appearance of Professor Drummond's famous book, hoped that some one would write a work on precisely this subject. We took up the volume with interest and began reading with avidity; but, alas! the book was hopelessly dry. Its method is a combination of purely superficial reasoning and conventional religionism. It is stuffed with theological assumptions from beginning to end, and is lacking in scientific spirit. The chapter on "Conscience," however, has a new thought, as well as that on "No Total Depravity." On the whole, in the realm of philosophy and theology, which are one and the same thing, the writer has taken a stride backward. He is probably correct in his belief that not one of his suggestions involves the relinquishment of any of the old fundamental, evangelical dogmas that he dearly loves and cherishes.

It has been said that the Middle Ages had religious doubts, but that our time is afflicted with religious doubt. This is probably so true that one of the problems of the religious teachers of our day is to solve the question, not only of "pangs of nature," "sins of will," and "taints of blood," but also "defects of doubt." The Rev. John W. Diggle has undertaken to discuss *Religious Doubt: Its Nature, Treatment, Causes, Difficulties, Consequences, and Dissolution.* (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) His object is twofold: first, to persuade doubters not to be content with doubting, but to examine critically the causes of their doubt; and, secondly, to persuade believers to treat doubters and doubt with broad charity. Through many closely printed pages the author forges on, saying many good things in a world of words. We believe that religious teachers who have to deal with doubt will have the patience to undertake the labor of reading this book, but we despair of persuading a doubter to attempt the task.

While Miss Helen Jastrow was translating from the French *Selected Essays of James Darmesteter* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston) that distinguished Jewish Orientalist of France died, and at the early age of forty-five. After Renan's death, Darmesteter was easily the first of the French Orientalists. He was a son of a poor Jewish bookbinder, and his parents desired him to enter one of the learned professions. He early made his mark as a scholar, and his French translations of the Zend-Avesta, with a Commentary, may almost be called the final version of the Bible of Zoroastrianism. The essays in this volume were selected with a view of illustrating the several sides of Darmesteter erudition. They are brilliant and suggestive as well as learned; the translation is smooth and easily managed. A preface in the way of a sketch of the life and work of James Darmesteter has been added to the volume by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. It is judicious and complete.

Professor Alfred Wiedemann, of Bonn, has put forth, through the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, an unusually interesting and learned little work on *The Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul.* Professor Wiedemann has correctly traced in short compass the main lines of the development through centuries of the doctrine of immortality among the ancient Egyptians. He gives a clear analysis of their psychology in the earlier and later times, and a description of their views or speculations on the state of the soul after death. The book contains many and appropriate pictures which illustrate or prove the points he makes. To these things he confines himself, without attempting to determine to what extent the Egyptian doctrine of immortality originated in Egypt, or was influenced by the neighboring religions. For a small book it contains an amazing quantity of well-digested and well-arranged matter.

Tourists in Egypt and students in Egyptology will be glad to know that Maspero's *Manual of Egyptian Archæology* has appeared in a new and revised edition. The translation which was originally made by the late Amelia B. Edwards, with the assistance of Mr. Flinders-Petrie, has been retained, but with additions and revision made by M. Maspero himself. The work itself is very thorough in its scope, though condensed into one portable volume. It covers a description of the civil and military architecture, of the temples, of tombs, of painting, sculpure, and of the industrial arts. It is illustrated with over three hundred apt pictures, many of which are fresh. This volume also contains adequate accounts of the main archæological results of recent Egyptian excavations. The orderly arrangement of the book, coupled with its full index, renders it a most useful handbook. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—Mr. Ruskin has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. His health is reported as fairly good.

—Mrs. Flora Ann Steel, whose novels on India have attained such a deserved reputation, thinks "The Potter's Thumb" the best of her books.

—It is announced that a volume of romantic incidents in the history of Kentucky is being prepared by Mr. James Lane Allen, the author of "A Kentucky Cardinal."

—We learn that the "Quatre Portraits"—the title of M. Jules Simon's forthcoming volume—are to be those of Renan, Cardinal Lavigerie, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Lamartine.

—In the poem "Mutation," by Priscilla Leonard, published in The Outlook for February 15, the ninth line should read "And the *new* yearnings of each day," the word *new* having been inadvertently omitted.

—We learn that the biography of Phillips Brooks, which had been begun by his brother Arthur, will be completed by Professor Alexander V. G. Allen, of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. There could be no better biographer of Bishop Brooks than Dr. Allen.

—The volume of autobiography which M. Jules Breton has written will bear the title "Un Peintre Paysan." The book will contain an account of the artist's early struggles, also much information upon the many famous members of his craft with whom he has come into close contact.

—Mr. E. T. Cook, who has been appointed editor-in-chief of the London "Daily News," is a young man to fill a position which such men as Forster, Dicey, Hill, Lucy, and Robinson have had, but his brilliant career on the "Pall Mall Gazette" and subsequently as editor of the "Westminster Gazette" will undoubtedly be continued in his new field.

—The most gratifying announcement in the literary world is that of the biography of Dr. Holmes. It will appear in two volumes, with many letters, and the editor will be Mr. John T. Morse, Jr. The work fitly follows the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence, the letters of Lowell edited by Professor Norton, and the publication only last week of Mr. Marcou's "Life of Agassiz."

—The late Eugene Field, despite much hasty work, had a vein of conscientiousness which is well illustrated in a novel now about to be published. Mr. Field wrote the story twelve years ago, but was dissatisfied with its condition when he had finished it. He rewrote it after the space of a year and laid it aside again. The following year he rewrote it again, and up to his death had returned to it several times. There were eleven versions in all. It is fortunate that the last one pleased him. The story is called "The Werewolf."

—The New York "Critic" announces that Mr. Julian Hawthorne has arrived in this city from his Jamaica home. His $10,000 prize story, "A Fool of Nature," will be published by the Messrs. Scribner, who will restore to it the 20,000 words cut out for purposes of serial publication in the "Herald." Mr. Hawthorne wrote the story in nineteen days, which means that he earned $500 *per diem* on eighteen successive days, and $1,000 on the nineteenth. The Messrs. Harper will publish Miss Mollie Elliot Seawell's $3,000 "Herald" prize story.

—In a recent review, M. Gaston Deschamps mourns about the decadence of popular reading in France, and mourns the more because he is chagrined to find that Germany has shot far ahead in this respect. He declares that the "Gartenlaube" has 250,000 subscribers, "Ueber Land und Meer" more than 100,000, "Zur guten Stunde" more than 100,000, "Daheim" more than 100,000—that is to say, about 600,000 subscribers for what he calls the "Revues Protestantes." To these must be added the more than 60,000 subscribers to the Catholic reviews, "Deutscher Hausschatz" and "Die Alte und Neue Welt."

—The book on which M. Clemenceau, the French Radical leader, has for some time been engaged will probably bear some such title as "The Two Sieges of Paris." At any rate, the subject matter of the work deals with events in the capital during its investment by the Germans, and subsequently, when the army of Versailles was fighting its way into the capital. Another history of the Commune, written from quite a different standpoint, is that which M. Alfred Duquet has under way. M. Duquet has just concluded what has been called the best history in French of the Franco-German War. It is expected that his new work will be complete in two volumes.

—The "Pall Mall Gazette" describes Mr. Hall Caine's style as a combination of the "Bible and Daily Telegraph." The "Gazette" is delighted to find that its surmise is confirmed by Mr. Caine himself. He says in "McClure's Magazine," "Whatever strong situations I have in my tales are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah.'" The "Gazette" adds: "Samuel as a little girl suggests infinite possibilities in the way of the Bible turned into fiction."

—The "Publisher's Weekly," reviewing the books of 1895, says that the year just passed has been the most productive of any in the history of the American book trade. 5,469 books were registered, of which 368 were new editions; in 1894 only 4,484 books were registered, but this showed an increase of nearly one-quarter. Turning to Great Britain, we find a publication of 6,516 books for 1895, an increase of 31 over 1894. On the contrary, in France there was a decrease from 13,007 books in 1894 to 12,927 in 1895. The statistics of Great Britain are obtained from the London "Publishers' Weekly;" those of France, from the "Bibliographie de la France."

—According to the New York "Tribune," Mr. S. R. Crockett, the novelist, has been telling how hard up he was when he was a student in Edinburgh. He lodged with a friend over a great coal station, and he used to go out in the evening and pick up the coals which the carts had dropped in the streets. "Sometimes," he says, "I grew so bold as to chuck a lump of coal at a driver, who invariably looked for the biggest lump on his load to hit back with, which was what I wanted. Thus the exercise warmed me at the time, and the coal warmed me afterward. And occasionally we got a large enough stock to sell to our companions, and buy a book or two. But I wish, here and now, solemnly to state that I never, never condescended to lift a lump off a cart, at least hardly—well, unless it was manifestly inconveniencing the safety of the load or overburdening the safety of the horse, you know!"

[For list of Books Received see Table of Contents]

The Home Club

How to Keep the Baby Warm

By L. M. Boynton

I have a little son about a year old. He is a very active boy, and I have taxed my brain to devise ways of keeping him covered in his bed and in his carriage.

First I sewed up his long flannel nightgown at the bottom. But as he grew older, and winter came on, this was not enough. He is a good sleeper, but a dozen times in a night he would either kick off the coverings, or, if they were fastened, manage to crawl out from beneath them. He often made no sound as he uncovered himself, and if I slept soundly, and did not examine his state at least once in an hour, he was apt the next day to have a little cold. I do not believe in a warm sleeping-room, although usually the thermometer does not go below fifty degrees. I tried using very light coverings—a soft down quilt and a puff—but his active little feet soon removed them.

But a few weeks ago I read in a book of Arctic travel of "sleeping-bags," and the next day I arranged one. I took an old, soft, easily washed blanket, which I doubled and sewed up into the form of a bag. Then outside I put a little larger one, also of soft, warm material. They are so arranged that they are easily separated for airing and washing. That night I put on the baby's little flannel nightgown over a light knit shirt. Over these went one of his washable sacques. His diapers were of soft Canton flannel, like those he wears in the daytime. Then I dropped him into his "sleeping-bag," which was large enough for a great deal of activity on the part of the sturdy little legs, and fastened the bag with flat safety-pins to the sacque just under the arms. That night I slept without "feeling" of him even once, and he did not make a sound all night long. He has not had a cold since I adopted this plan, although we have had some severe nights.

Encouraged by my success in this, I sewed up his new eider-down coat at the bottom, leaving it long enough to rip and hem when he begins to walk. Now I don't have to look every few minutes to see if the blankets are loose in the carriage, nor feel anxious when he is out with the maid for fear she'll forget to tuck him up.

I try to keep the floors warm, but, even with the furnace, on these cold days there are draughts which must be uncomfortable for little folks who can't be kept always perfectly dry. I found in one of the stores some little cheap flannel drawers—not enough wool in them to make them shrink badly—and I bought a number of pairs of the size for a three-year-old child, and put them on over his diapers and down under his woolen stockings. I have enough pairs to be able to change them often if they get damp, and dry them up quickly or have them washed.

I found very simple, serviceable "creepers" could be made with almost no trouble. The regulation "creeper" is not pretty, is some trouble to make, and is not close enough to the little legs for warmth. But petticoats were being ruined, and the long skirts hindered progress in creeping, and something must be done. So I purchased plain cotton drawers for a child of three. I got them for nineteen cents, which was less than the cost of the material for a real "creeper." I took a tuck in the binding, which I have let out from time to time, and, shortening the legs by making a wide tuck, I gathered them and ran in an elastic, and the result was a pretty ruffle below the knee.

I put the dress and petticoats smoothly around the baby, and over all placed the drawers, fastening the binding in the back through several thicknesses with one of his gold safety-pins.

The effect is a really pretty little bloomer costume, which is very comfortable and easy to creep in. With a half-dozen of these, which are washed almost as easily as a handkerchief, the baby can always look perfectly fresh and clean, and yet spend his days on the carpet.

Milk Supply

The Board of Health of New York City has taken the final step, so far as its authority extends, to protect the city from the sale of impure milk. All dealers within the limits of the city must have a permit or license from the Board of Health. This permit must be held by all dealers, grocers, dairymen, and delivery-wagon men. The step taken is a logical one. It is useless to investigate the conditions at the dairy farms if care is not taken to follow the milk to the consumer. This last decision of the Board of Health does this.

A Step that Measures a League

There are a great many women who silently doubt the business ability of women. The reason they doubt it is because the two businesses in which women have been employees and employers are the two fields of labor in which there is the greatest demoralization, the least adjustment between demand and supply—dressmaking and domestic service. The problems are the same everywhere, and the solutions are as difficult in one community as in another. The dressmaking problem is another story. This one is the nearer and more difficult one of domestic service. The solution of this problem is to come from the mistress, not the servant. The mistress must bring her best intelligence and a high degree of altruism to bear on this problem, with infinite patience controlled by sound business sense. In short, woman must turn the executive ability which she is using so freely for the benefit of the outside world to bear on this problem which so closely affects her home life.

The Civic League of Philadelphia, which has so positively affected the conduct of municipal affairs in that city, has now turned its attention to the domestic servant problem. The housekeepers have formed an organization, with its own employment bureau. They have a regular fixed price for each department of domestic service, and one for the several grades of general housekeeper. A servant whose name is enrolled in the association's books is there because her employer is ready to vouch for her. Her record is kept, and she knows that only a violation of certain fixed laws will remove her name from what becomes in time an honor roll. The unreasonable mistress, who is constantly changing servants received through this honor list, finds it more difficult than ever to get servants. Not only are uniform wages paid, but uniform privileges are extended. Servants' rooms become important to the careless housewife, for she finds that her ranking as an employer is based somewhat on her care and consideration for those she employs. The association has taken one step that looks to the realization of the dream of many women.

A Housekeepers' Association formed on a community basis for the purpose of securing and training servants is sure to raise the status of domestic service in any community. Cooking-classes will be the natural outcome of such an association, with short practical talks on the several departments of housework to the servants by the women of the association best able to give them. Practice work in table-setting and waiting will follow the cooking lessons. The mistress will be a better mistress because of the new combination of the brains of mistress and maid. The step from practical talks to more scientific work in domestic science is sure to follow. The social opportunities of the maids will be increased through the educational opportunities. Sewing will be the first step toward better all-round training for the cook and waitress. The servants will have their recognized place in the plans made for the winter's campaign of lectures and classes. Changes will not mean disorganization of the whole household, for the new servant will be from the ranks of those whose brains have been recognized and valued as part of the community's stock of intelligence.

So long as the servant can secure the best wages for indifferent service, so long as the mistress will write and sign a recommendation that she knows is not true, so long as she will tolerate dirt, impudence, and disorderliness and pay wages for them, she will suffer. When she joins with others to devise a fair, honest, progressive, businesslike policy toward her neighbors in kitchen and parlor, being willing to share her knowledge with either when they need it, the solution of the servant problem has been reached. It is not a dream. We live in a wonderful age of self-sacrifice. We need only to limit the field of this spirit and center it on the home of homes—our own—and then to share all that we give it with our neighbors' homes, and the dream is a fact.

Authoritative Questions

The State Superintendent of Education of New Jersey has sent out a circular to the citizens and teachers of the State with a view to obtain the home as well as the school opinion of the public schools. Among the questions were the following:

> "Has the character of school boards improved under the township act?" "Has the quality of teachers improved?" "Has the attendance and interest of pupils increased?" "Has the supervision by board or supervising principal improved?" "Has the township act in general been an improvement upon the old district system?"

The Superintendent is to be congratulated. It is stated that answers have been received to about nine-tenths of the circulars sent. This result would indicate that the general average of intelligence in New Jersey is high. In this case the answers approve of the township over the district system.

Any individual or organization that sends out circulars asking for answers and receives thirty per cent. of replies may congratulate itself. Ninety per cent. indicates very active public sentiment in the State of New Jersey on the subject of public education.

Care of the Hair

Perhaps some of our readers can answer the following question:

Will some reader kindly give a remedy for harsh, dry hair and a slightly scabby scalp? Is vaseline good for the hair? A SUBSCRIBER.

Another Sign: "Hips Back!"

I am tempted to make a suggestion for the benefit of "C. C." and a host of other unfortunates who find the care of their shoulders a weary burden.

That thoughtful parent should simply say to his child, "Never mind your shoulders; forget them; *put your hips back and your head up*, and your shoulders will drop of their own accord into proper position." Try it, either sitting or standing, and see how instantly the spine assumes its proper curves, and how easily the shoulders relax into grace and comfort.

The secret of poise in standing and grace in walking lies in bringing the hips back, and I have seen a child's face brighten with satisfaction at the first trial of this very simple method of rectifying a stoop.

E. H. M.

An Opportunity

The "Springfield Republican" demands the appointment of women as overseers of the poor, because of their peculiar fitness for such work. Women as volunteers have accomplished positive good in the direction of improving the conditions surrounding the dependent poor who are under the care of the State and of municipalities. It can hardly be doubted that official power would increase their influence, and it is worth the experiment. Women are now employed in the care of the dependent poor, and they could talk more freely on many matters in connection with their work with women than could men officials.

A Protest Against Fraud

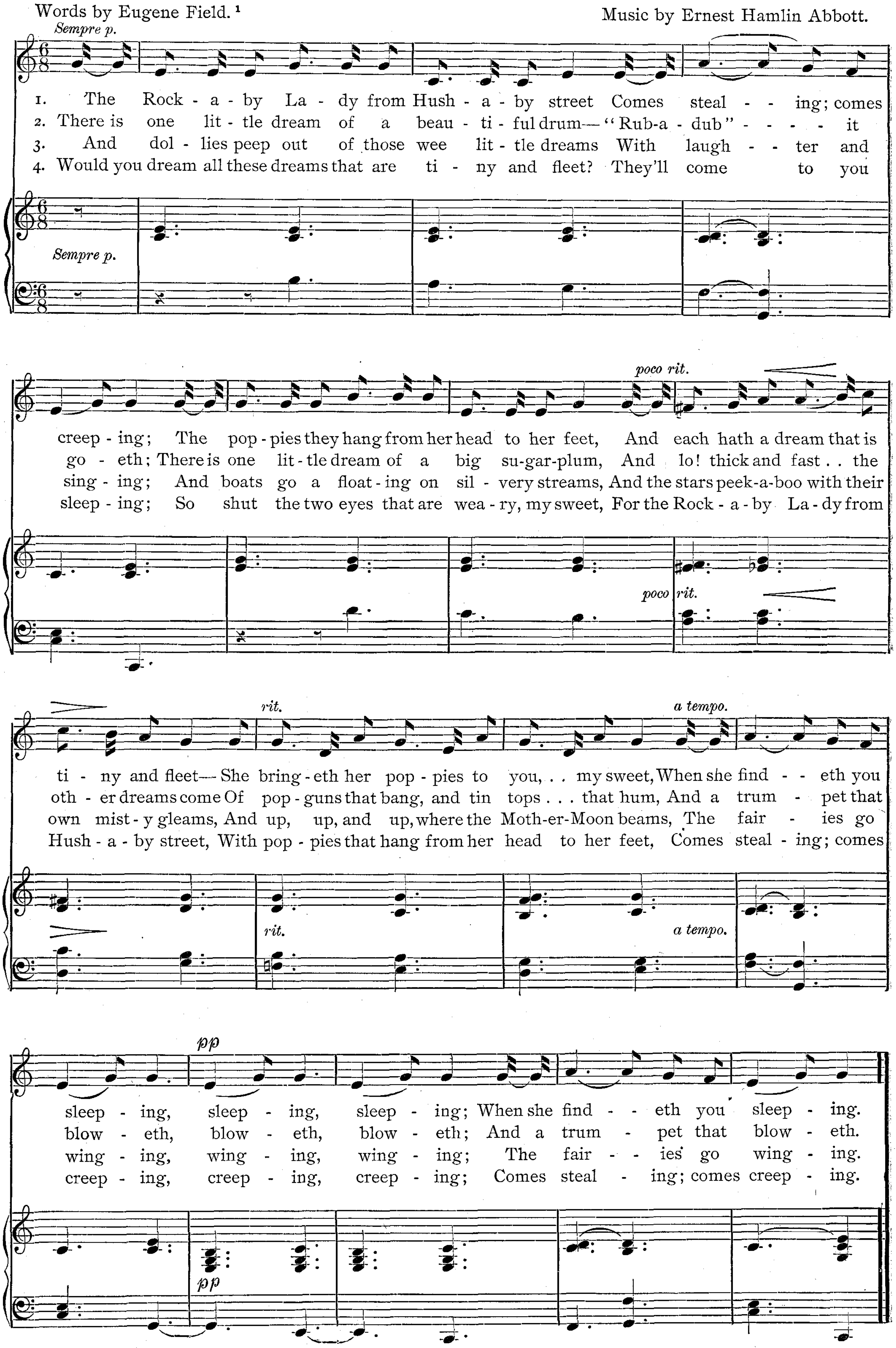
The sale of filled cheeses has so interfered with the legitimate trade in cheese that the New York Mercantile Exchange has sent a protest to Washington against a bill regulating their sale. The consumers must learn to protect themselves through legislation against food adulterations.

Domestic Economy.—"What's this!" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him: "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, can of condensed milk, dime's worth of ground cinnamon, and half a dollar's worth of sugar. What do you want of all these things, Belinda?" "I've got a dry loaf of baker's bread," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Rock-a-by Lady.

Words by Eugene Field.[1]

Music by Ernest Hamlin Abbott.


Sempre p.
1. The Rock - a - by La - dy from Hush - a - by street Comes steal - - ing; comes
2. There is one lit - tle dream of a beau - ti - ful drum—"Rub-a - dub" - - - - it
3. And dol - lies peep out of those wee lit - tle dreams With laugh - - ter and
4. Would you dream all these dreams that are ti - ny and fleet? They'll come to you
Sempre p.
poco rit.
creep - ing; The pop - pies they hang from her head to her feet, And each hath a dream that is
go - eth; There is one lit - tle dream of a big su-gar-plum, And lo! thick and fast . . the
sing - ing; And boats go a float - ing on sil - very streams, And the stars peek-a-boo with their
sleep - ing; So shut the two eyes that are wea - ry, my sweet, For the Rock - a - by La - dy from
poco rit.
rit.
a tempo.
ti - ny and fleet—She bring - eth her pop - pies to you, . . my sweet, When she find - - eth you
oth - er dreams come Of pop - guns that bang, and tin tops . . . that hum, And a trum - pet that
own mist - y gleams, And up, up, and up, where the Moth-er-Moon beams, The fair - ies go
Hush - a - by street, With pop - pies that hang from her head to her feet, Comes steal - ing; comes
rit.
a tempo.
pp
sleep - ing, sleep - ing, sleep - ing; When she find - - eth you sleep - ing.
blow - eth, blow - eth, blow - eth; And a trum - pet that blow - eth.
wing - ing, wing - ing, wing - ing; The fair - - ies go wing - ing.
creep - ing, creep - ing, creep - ing; Comes steal - ing; comes creep - ing.
pp

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[1] From "Love Songs of Childhood," published and copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons.

For the Little People

A Tragedy

By Mary F. Butts

One song lost to the summer day,
  Ah me! ah me!
One pair of flashing wings the less
  In the apple-tree.

Four moaning babies motherless
  In the home nest,
A dying bird upon the ground
  With wounded breast.

Who can in such a peaceful place
  The wrong have done?
A little thoughtless-hearted boy,
  And just for fun!

A Quaint Home

By Katharine Farrand Reighard

The three little American children living in Freiburg, Germany, opened their eyes in astonishment one morning as they looked out of the window. This is what they saw: Far in the distance, high above the city, appeared a tiny dark object, and then another; nearer they came, growing larger and whiter, until finally, by the time they had reached the dark-red spire of the beautiful cathedral, they could be seen to be large birds with twigs in their long beaks and with their red feet streaming out behind. They alighted upon a large chimney, on the broad upper side of which was either the remnant of an old nest or the foundation of a new one. They went to work in a curious way to build up this uncomfortable-looking nest.

For three or four days the birds made repeated visits to the Black Forest, where they found the crooked twigs that they preferred for their little home. When these distorted sticks were set in order to their evident satisfaction, they then brought bits of something in their long bills that the children concluded must be the pine needles to make the nest the least bit softer than the hard branches.

Then came periods through the early spring days when one of the storks that the children picked out to be the mother stork stayed at home and sat upon the nest. And beautiful views she had from her lofty home. Overhead, the blue sky, which towards evening became a wondrous canopy of silver and gold and brilliant colors as the sun went down and the mist came up the Rhine Valley. To the west was the dim outline of the beautiful blue Alsatian Mountains, and in the east the dark mountains of the famous Black Forest, covered with the redolent pine-trees. Near by the dark-red tiles of the irregular roofs and the delicately traced spire of the cathedral made an exquisite setting for this curious little home.

Nor was this mother stork lonely, for the omnipresent English sparrows twittered and flew about with the greatest agitation and curiosity. Now and then a daintily dressed thrush and other unknown birds with sweet and curious notes would pause in their flight, startled by the strange sight.

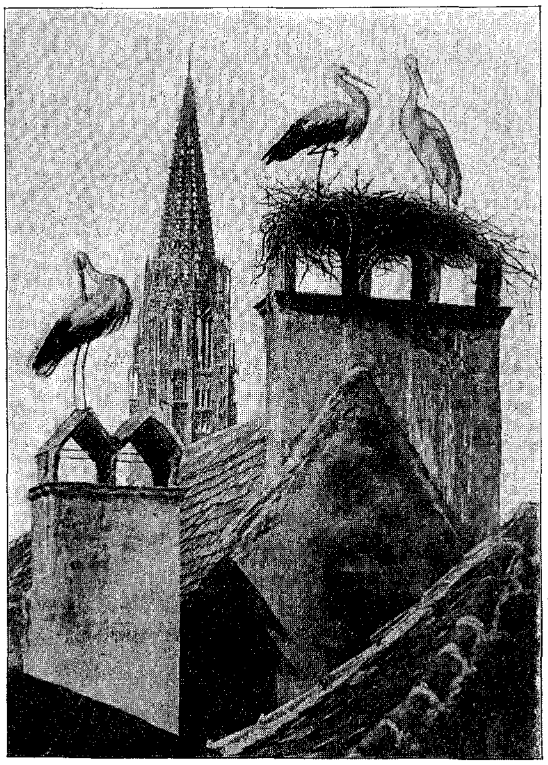
Through the period of keeping the eggs warm Papa Stork was most kind in bringing food to his patient wife, and even taking his share of the duty while Mrs. Stork took an outing in a trip to the Rhine, twelve miles away. Never were birds watched more closely by little bright American eyes.

And now one morning there was a great bustle in the neighborhood of this wonderful nest. A clattering of children's tongues and pointing of fingers to the little home on the chimney, and all eyes were turned up to the pretty sight that the photographer caught a little later with the camera. Three little heads that seemed all beaks and great bright eyes appeared above the twigs of the nest and opened their hungry mouths until their heads seemed quite lost.

From this time on both Papa and Mamma Stork were continually on the wing after food for these hungry babies. At almost any time of day when the children ran to the window to look at the nest, one of the storks could be seen flying homeward with a wriggling frog or a fish in its mouth. Once they brought a friend home with them to show him, with great pride, these baby storks, and it was at this time their picture was taken.

The little storks grew so rapidly that it was not long before they got up on their long, thin, wabbly legs and looked down at the children below.

When at last they reached that stage of growth that their parents thought they ought to try their wings, they began to fly and flop about the neighboring roofs, until their wings and legs grew strong enough to take longer trial trips. Finally, one day, Papa Stork leading, followed by the family, they took their farewell flight, and the American children shouted a last good-by to them as they winged their way up the Rhine Valley.



A QUAINT HOME

The German people are always happy when the storks build their nests on their chimneys, as they think the storks bring good luck to the people in the house, and nothing is done to disturb them during the short time that they stay. Many years ago, when the houses had roofs of thatched straw, it was a very common sight to see these nests on the roofs among the straw; but the thatched roofs are no longer allowed in the cities. In the city of Freiburg, where there are fifty thousand people, there were this spring only two of these families of storks that cared to return to their old homes.

The Man and the Wheelbarrow

By L. W. B.

I watched him with interest. He did not look stupid, but he was. He had an old wheelbarrow; every joint and piece of wood in it looked old; the wooden hub was cracked, and the iron tire about it was very rusty. On this old wheelbarrow the man had tied an enormous trunk by a rope thrown over the center of the top of the trunk and under the wheelbarrow. The trunk projected on either side, and even on the smooth sidewalk it wabbled as if it would tumble one way or the other at every revolution of the wheel. The man had to take the trunk down a steep hill. He turned the corner and started down the hill, pushing the barrow with the heavy trunk in front of him. The trunk was very heavy, and the man could not hold it back. The weight pulled him down the hill. He would stop, look at the trunk, walk around the wheelbarrow, and then pick up the handles and away would go trunk and wheelbarrow and man! Then he would drop the handles and look inquiringly at the trunk. Not once did the idea occur to him of getting between the handles like a horse between the shafts of a wagon, and holding the wheelbarrow back by putting it behind him. Some horses would have known more than that man. About half an hour later the man and the wheelbarrow came back. One support of the wheelbarrow was tied up under the front, one handle was broken, the old wheel was wabbling from side to side, and a big hole was in the bottom. The man looked perfectly discouraged.

The trouble with that man was, he had never learned to think. The best time to begin to learn to think is when we are young. The man knew how to push a wheelbarrow, but he did not know how to make it do work.

The Little Girl and the Lady

She is a dainty, lovable little girl, with hosts of friends. One of the things you discover is that, while the little girl is very young, her friends are of all ages. I think it began with her Christmas-trees. To her first Christmas-tree this little girl invited her friends, and when they came together around the tree they had to smile, for there were gray heads and beards, and people who knew what rheumatism was, and people who were just engaged, and little girls and boys who thought bicycles the greatest invention of man, and boys and girls who thought tops and dolls were the only kind of Christmas present worth having; and there was the little girl in her father's arms so busy giving the Christmas gifts to her friends that she surely thought that Christmas was a day to give presents. Doubtless the little girl continued to think that Christmas was a time to give presents, for she is five years old now, and she still sends out her Christmas invitations, and celebrates Christmas in the way she began. I need not tell you that this is a kindergarten little girl. Not long ago a friend of hers, whose heart is as young as the little girl's, went to see her. This friend asked her if she would not be delighted when the spring came and the flowers were on the trees. The little girl smiled happily, and in her soft sweet tones she said:

Flowers in the garden,
Blossoms on the trees,

and the lady with the gray hair and the very young heart wished that she had been a kindergarten little girl, and had been trained to give things their right names.

When a King was Poor

A writer to an English paper tells the following story of a royal grandmother and her little grandson:

> A little anecdote of the Queen of Denmark comes to me as illustrating the kindness and good sense for which she is so well known. It reached her Majesty's ears that one of her little grandsons had spoken slightingly of a poor officer who was much about the Court. The next day the Queen took the child for a walk in that part of Copenhagen where rank and fashion are unknown, and, pointing up to a humble-looking house, "The King lodged there once," she said, "when he hadn't as many kroners in a year as my grandchildren have now for pocket-money. He was a poor officer in the late King's service, much poorer than Colonel ——, and he always thinks of that when the people cry 'Long live the King!' It's not a bad thing for a young prince to be poor."

Notes and Queries

Last November an evangelical minister refused to join in a union Thanksgiving service made up of Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, and Unitarian churches. He claims that 2 John, 9–11, forbids him to unite in any thanksgiving or religious service where a Unitarian minister sits on the platform or takes part in the exercises. Will you inform your readers (1) how nineteenth-century Christians are to interpret this passage of Scripture, and (2) whether we sanction the religious beliefs of every minister who joins with us in a religious meeting, and whether by so joining we partake "of his evil deeds." N. T.

1. In their own houses they universally disregard it, and show all courtesy to those whom they ostracize in houses dedicated to God. The social principles which control private conduct should control public conduct. 2. We must distinguish religion, which is of the spirit, from theology, which is of the form. We can unite religiously where we cannot unite theologically. "Our theologies must be uncompromising," said Dr. Hedge, the Unitarian; "yet the sanctities of life are not in our separations, but in our communications." This is universally recognized in the house of mourning, where Unitarian and Trinitarian freely serve together, and the interests of pure and undefiled religion are much more harmed than helped by refusal to recognize it anywhere. Any man who is willing to pray with me in private or in public is a man whom I ought to be willing to pray with, then and there.

1. It would gratify me very much to receive a simple statement of what should be understood by the word "sub-consciousness," now frequently met with in print and heard from the pulpit. 2. I read of "The Tripartite Nature of Man," and Heard's discussion of it is, I believe, considered to be a standard work. I also find the expression, "the trinity of man," which may be thought to be derived from the Apostle Paul's "body, soul, and spirit." It is also common to refer to the four characteristics of man—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. Which of these two statements is correct? W. C. C.

1. Those elements and processes of our psychical nature which do not emerge into the field of observation, knowledge, or reflection, are termed "sub-conscious." Genius has been defined as the power of drawing at will upon these sub-conscious elements. 2. Each is suitable for a purpose, and so far as the purpose is suited is correct enough. But notice that "soul" in the New Testament is a translation of the Greek *psyche*, and that in Matthew xvi., 26, the R.V. substitutes "life" for "soul" in the A. V. Psychology now inclines to unify the diverse phenomena of our being under the supreme category of "life," of which the "physical, mental, moral, spiritual" are simply diverse activities.

On Christmas Sunday I heard a prominent city pastor advance this theory to account for the visit of the Wise Men: Zoroaster was contemporary with Terah. When Terah and Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, it was well known by the school of the Magi (to which they probably both belonged) for what reason they did so. At that time there was a peculiar conjunction of the planets, which they understood would occur again at the birth of the promised Saviour. Through all the years the heavens were watched nightly for the sign, and when it was seen a delegation started at once. Has this theory any foundation except in imagination? C. H.

The only fact in the above story is that a conjunction of planets occurred about or shortly before the date of the birth of Christ.

At close of sermon in The Outlook, January 18, Lyman Abbott says: "I cannot think that Dr. Herron is right, that Christianity has one message for men of wealth and another message for men of poverty." We who have read Dr. Herron's works cannot decide what this statement means nor to what it may refer. Will you please give authority for it, naming book or article, page and line? A.

The statement is based on the two small books published by Dr. Herron, one entitled "The Message of Jesus to Men of Wealth," the other entitled "The Message of Jesus to the Poor."

Some time ago there appeared an article or a review of a book, the theme of which was that the early Church, so often cited as authority for the modern Church, was no more unified in its form of government than the Churches of this century are; that in every city it had a form of administration peculiar to that place; but that all these Churches were united in that they mutually welcomed visitors and members coming from one to the other. Can you refer me to the publication I have so loosely in mind? W. H. W

The article you refer to appeared in the "Contemporary Review" for October, 1895. It is entitled "The Unity of the Church in Apostolic Times."

Please give me the names of some books suitable for Sunday reading for a boy of eleven years who greatly enjoys "Ben-Hur." W. R.

Ingraham's "Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire," "The Throne of David;" also "Emmanuel," by the Rev. W. F. Cooley. In the current volume of "St. Nicholas" there is a good serial story of this sort, "The Sword-maker's Son."

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"I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder," said the lecturer, "because it is pure and wholesome, it takes less for the same baking, it never fails, and bread and cake keep their freshness and flavor."

Please inform me where or how I can obtain a book or information regarding the conversion of Japan to Christianity by the Jesuits in the sixteenth century. A. F. G.

"The Mikado's Empire," by Dr. W. E. Griffis, obtainable of all large booksellers.

Where can I find a short poem which is an old French peasant's lament, "I've never been to Carcassonne"? I do not know the author. M. I. G.

The poem "Carcassonne" has been translated by Mr. John R. Thompson from the French of Gustave Nadaud. It was reprinted from the "Evening Post" in this journal of the issue of February 16, 1888.

What book on evolution gives the best theory of the origin and purpose of sin? C. A. M.

"Evolution and Religion," by Henry Ward Beecher (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

Our reference in this column, February 8, to Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., has been misunderstood. We wish to say positively that Allegheny College offers no courses of study of any kind for non-resident students, either graduate or undergraduate.

"Jesus the Carpenter" is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, not by Longmans as stated last week.

If "E. F. W.," who asked for literature on the subject of Woman Suffrage, will send his or her address to Miss Prince, 17 Joy Street, Boston, Mass., a number of pamphlets will be sent giving a much fairer and more able presentation of the arguments of the opponents of woman suffrage than the books suggested in The Outlook's reply. The pamphlets will be supplied to those desiring any or all, on receipt of application, with postage inclosed, and addressed as above directed. They are chiefly publications of the "Massachusetts Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women." E. J.

"Pent in his cage
The imperial eagle sits and beats his bars,
His eye is raised to heaven,
Though many a moon has seen him pine in sad
captivity—
Still he thinks to dip his daring pinions in the fount
of light."

Will some one state where the above lines may be found? S.

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The Spectator

The Spectator received a letter the other day from a young friend who wrote, "I *hav livd* here very contentedly," etc., etc. The Spectator felt that the trail of the serpent was over that letter. Not satisfied with using this barbarous spelling in letters to his schoolmates, the Spectator's correspondent had placed these offensive symbols before the eyes of one whose age should have entitled him to respect, if not to veneration. As a rule, it is only the young who enjoy such orthographic capers. They have so much trouble with their spelling that they naturally seize with avidity on any clue that promises a way out of the spelling-book. They do not think of the misery they cause to him who has finished his lesson and put the "speller" on the shelf. He loves the familiar redundancies, the silent letters, the convolutions and contortions that make up conventional English orthography. He may admit that the reformed spelling is "scientific;" but that only confirms him in his distaste for "science." He wants flavors in his words, and "hav, liv, and giv" leave only a bad taste in his mouth. And when it comes to "filippic" and "fotograf," the bad taste becomes almost nauseating. Let English orthography be reformed, says the Spectator, but let the reform be confined to the stenographers who write by sound, or to the people who write "reched" and "marij," or to the others who write "B 4" and "Xtian," and do not let us disfigure the fair printed page with these uncouth innovations. They are bad enough in dialect stories and in that professedly humorous writing, now happily fallen into utter disrepute, of which Josh Billings was the most distinguished exemplar.

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But, says the Spectator's young friend, where do you leave the heroic figure of Noah Webster securing pledges from the apprentices in the newspaper offices never to spell "center" t-r-e? Are you prepared to praise the innovators of your youth who have given the language its present form in many particulars, while you have only blame for the reformers of our day? The Spectator replies that he has just respect for Dr. Webster, especially as in many of his "reforms" he was avowedly seeking to return to an earlier and simpler usage; but in this matter of spelling the Spectator carefully distinguishes between his "scientific" self and his every-day, ordinary, prejudiced, just-like-other-people self. In his court of reason the spelling reformers make out a good case for themselves; but when the judicial ermine is taken off and the every-day clothes are put on, the Spectator wants to see only the old, familiar words that he learned so painfully in his boyhood.

⁂

Those were the days of the spelling-school, before the Philological Society with its list of three thousand reformed words had been thought of, and when it was the teacher's delight to find hard words to "stump" the boys with, instead of seeking to make everything so easy that the stupidest boy could get to the head of the class as easily as the smartest. How delightful was the excitement which followed the old-time teacher's announcement that we could have a spelling-school on Friday afternoon, as a reward for good conduct during the week! There were the "choosing sides," the passing back and forth of redoubtable champions when a word was missed, the "spelling down," the gradual thinning of the ranks, and finally the tragic end, when the last mighty survivor, the hero of a hundred spirited encounters, had to acknowledge himself defeated, unhorsed at last in some Homeric struggle with one of the polysyllables in the back pages of the old spelling-book that always triumphed in the end over the most valiant cavalier orthographical. Where would have been the fun of those Friday afternoons if "phthisic" had been shorn of its terrors and appeared as lamblike "tizik"? if its redoubtable mate "phthisis" had lost its useless letters? if "puisne" had been honored as "puny"? if "secrecy" and "ecstasy" had presented no difficulties? if "apophthegm" and "bdellium" had been turned into "apothem" and "delyum," and the distinctions between "indelible" and "infallible," "millenarian" and "millennial," had been easy to preserve? if even "conjurer" and "battalion" and "jailer" had been as milk for babes? The reformed spelling-school, with its scientific alphabet and its orthography reduced to system and science, can never call forth the delightful memories of its prototype where so much depended on luck and inspiration and a "last look at the book," and so little on rule and reason.

⁂

There was always a deal of uncertainty about the outcome of those spelling-matches. If a fellow was unfortunate enough to have a "jaw-breaker" come to him first, he might easily go down; but if he got "reconnaissance" or "hemorrhage" or "psittaci" after they had been experimented with disastrously by others, his guess might well be right. The Spectator remembers that one of his rivals was very uneven in his ability to cope with words. The so-called "hard words" were easy to him, but if an "easy" one came to him he was more than likely to "go down." After making light of "desiccate" and "scirrhous" and "metempsychosis" and "caoutchouc" and "pterodactyl" and "synecdoche" and "houyhnhnms," he would fall before an attack of "despondency" or "ethereal" or "liniment," which, true to his instinct for difficult combinations, he would turn into outlandish shapes, giving point to the schoolma'am's sarcasm, "Why don't you spell it '*t-i-o-n*-shun-*b*,' John?" and to her story of the boy who spelled "salt" p-s-a-l-t. Which reminds the Spectator of the other boy who, after "spelling down" several comrades on "Psalter," was asked to define the word, and declared it meant "more salt." The Spectator remembers another schoolmate who, with good-natured recognition of his inability to recall the arbitrary juxtapositions of letters which were dealt out in the spelling-matches, would purposely misspell the first word that came to him; it might be "cancel," and he would spell it k-a-n-s-l-e, and start for his seat, where he would get out his slate and proceed to avenge himself by caricaturing his companions who were left on the line. The Spectator has noticed in later life, also, that those who can't spell usually have compensations of some sort.

⁂

As to those flavors in words, how one does enjoy them when once he has become habituated to them! The taste may be disagreeable at first, but, like the Scotchman's haggis or the West Indian's pepper-pot, custom soon makes it loved for its defects. Take that old word "bashaw," for an instance at random. "As proud as a three-tailed bashaw." How empty of pomp and panoply would the comparison be if we said "pasha"! "A grisly phantom;" if, as advised by one of our principal dictionaries, we wrote "a grizzly phantom," would not the image suggested bear, so to speak, an entirely different aspect? And if we wrote of the "salam" of an Eastern servant, as according to the same authority we ought to, where would be the gracious deference, the earth-touching humility, of the genuine "salaam"? The Spectator once knew a very humble but scholarly eating-house keeper who advertised his simple menu under the sign "Billy's Œconomical Restaurant." The flavor of "Billy's" bowl of soup was given to it by that word "œconomical" rather than by the material ingredients thereof. Again, would "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" really have soothed if it had been spelled "sirup"? Not if the Spectator had required soothing. And does a cat ever seem really to purr when her contented susurration is described as a "pur"? Then the Feejee Islanders—can you not see the filed saw-teeth and the cannibal feasts, and hear the "Fee, fo, fi, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman," much more distinctly in that collocation of letters than in the modern Fiji?—though now that cannibalism is abolished perhaps "Fiji" is more charitable. How much more tropical, fairyland-like, spicy, and altogether sweetly mysterious was the old Kingdom of Candy than the modern stiff, strait-laced, commonplace, and basely alliterative "Kingdom of Kandy"! And, to round out the Spectator's list, what a glamour—not "glamer"—there is about the name "Gaiety Theatre of London," and how empty of fascination it becomes when it is changed into "Gayety Theater"! The Spectator repeats, there are flavors—he is tempted to write flavours—in orthography, and he entreats the reformers to spare his favorites yet a little while!

An amusing story is told of the late Principal Pirie, of Aberdeen, Scotland. Just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the driest specimens of the old professional régime was surprised to receive a missive which read as follows: "Principal and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor T., and hope he is well. Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be 'at home' on Thursday evening at eight o'clock." This was something which evidently required an answer, but the recipient of it was quite equal to the occasion. He wrote: "Professor T. returns the compliments of Principal and Mrs. Pirie, and informs them that he is very well. Professor T. is glad to hear that Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be at home on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Professor T. will also be at home."—*New York Tribune.*

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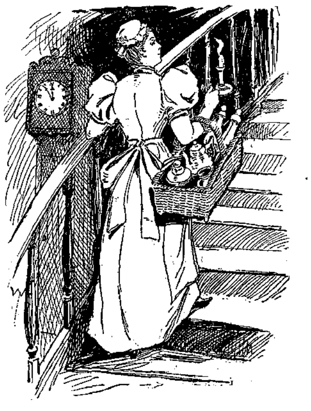

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Books Received

AMERICAN BOOK CO., NEW YORK

Heffley, Norman P. A Complete Manual of the Pitman System of Phonography. $1.25.

THE CRITIC CO., NEW YORK

The Critic. July–December, 1895.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Anderegg, Frederick, and Edward D. Roe, Jr. Trigonometry for Schools and Colleges.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Harper's Monthly Magazine. Vols. XC. and XCI. January, 1895, to January, 1896.

Harper's Weekly for 1895. Vol. XXXIX.

Harper's Bazar for 1895. Vol. XXVIII.

Moncreiff, Hon. Frederick. The X Jewel.

Davis, Rebecca Harding. Doctor Warrick's Daughters.

Hardy, Thomas. The Trumpet-Major.

Ridge, W. Pett. A Clever Wife.

Howells, W. D. The Day of Their Wedding.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Defoe, Daniel. Robinson Crusoe.

Lowell, Francis C. Joan of Arc. $2.

Smyth, Albert H. Bayard Taylor. $1.25.

Coyle, John P., D.D. The Spirit in Literature and Life. $1.50.

Hamilton, Kate W. The Parson's Proxy. $1.25.

Lawrence, William. Visions and Service. $1.25.

WILBUR B. KETCHUM, NEW YORK

Gilbert, Josiah H. Dictionary of Burning Words. Cyclopædia of Quotations. $2.

Reichel, the Rev. George V. What Shall I Tell the Children? Object Sermons and Teachings. $1.50.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON

Shattuck, Harriette R. The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law. 75 cts.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Christian, Sydney. Persis Yorke. $1.75.

Spenser, Edmund. Faerie Queene. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Book IV., Part XI. $3.

Shakespeare, William. Troilus and Cressida. (Temple Edition.) 45 cts.

Shakespeare, William. Coriolanus. (Temple Edition.) 45 cts.

Saintsbury, George. A History of Nineteenth Century Literature (1780–1895). $1.50.

Austin, Alfred. England's Darling. $1.25.

Jacobs, Joseph. Jewish Ideals and Other Essays. $2.50.

THE PETER PAUL BOOK CO., BUFFALO

Ladd, Eleanor Mary. Cherry Bloom. Cover Design by Stella H. Aird.

Smith, Luella D. Flowers from Foreign Fields.

PICTURESQUE PUBLISHING CO., NORTHAMPTON

Hawkes, Clarence. Pebbles and Shells: Verses.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Tyler, John M. The Whence and the Whither of Man. $1.75.

White, Mary. The Book of a Hundred Games. $1.

Hornung, E. W. Irralie's Bushranger. 75 cts.

EDGAR S. WERNER, NEW YORK

Howard, F. E. The Child-Voice in Singing. $1.

In the Interests of Education

The next meeting under the direction of the teachers of the private schools and the mothers of the pupils will be held at Columbia College, on February 28, at 8:30 P.M. The speaker will be Mrs. C. A. Runkle; the subject, "The Ethics of the Relation between Parent and Teacher." The public are invited.

The New England Conservatory of Music in Boston has decided to replace the organ in its concert-hall with one of larger size. The present instrument is an excellent one for church purposes, having three manuals and thirty stops. It will be sold at a very reasonable price, and is in good repair.

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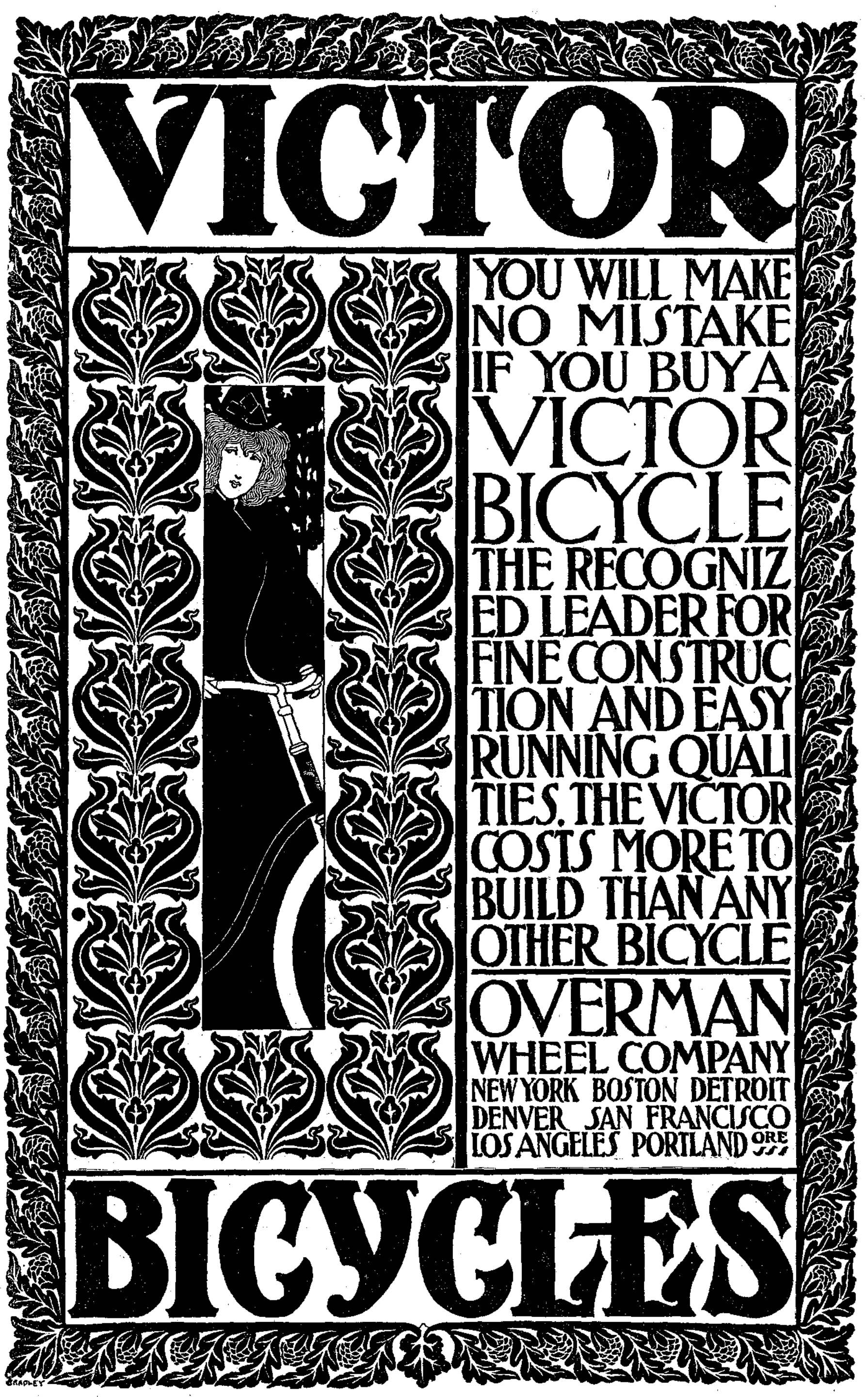

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Aid for Armenia

Miss Clara Barton and her associates have arrived in Constantinople, and will at once look into the possibilities of applying relief funds for the aid of the Armenian sufferers in the most practical and efficient way. That the work done by the Red Cross representatives will be of the utmost value the past history of the Society makes certain. Reports from the devastated villages continue to show that the wretched condition of the pillaged villagers has not been exaggerated. There is need of instant aid, and there are more opportunities for the use of funds than can possibly be supplied. We urge our readers to continue and increase the relief they have already so generously extended.

In reply to inquiries concerning the possibilities of sending clothing to the sufferers, we quote the circular of the National Armenian Relief Fund, which is working in co-operation with the Red Cross Society: "The only supplies which can be wisely used are grain and coarse cotton and woolen goods in the piece; but no such contributions should be forwarded without previous communication with the Committee. The refugees themselves can be utilized in making up their own clothing if the material is furnished, and so modest are their wants that they can subsist on a pound and a half of bread, at a cost of two cents a day, for each person." The headquarters of this Committee are at 45 William Street, New York City.

THE ARMENIAN FUND

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A Subscriber, Brooklyn, N. Y	1 00
H. C. B.	3 00
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C. L. C., Marlborough, N. Y	5 00
M. D. B., Marlborough, N. Y	1 00
F. C. C., London, England	5 07
G. L., Walton, N. Y	1 00
B., Willimantic, Conn	2 00
Friends, Windsor, Ont	2 00
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Coates College (additional)	3 00
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"For His Sake," Roxbury, Mass	2 00
Mrs. F. W., Pittsburg, Pa	1 00
T. J. B., Providence, R. I.	3 00
K. D. M., Saratoga Springs, N. Y	5 00
C. E., Otisfield, Me	1 00
Mr. Blank	10 00
Hospital, North Adams	2 00
C. P. C., Waterford, Me	5 00
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Eureka Y. P. S. C. E., Elm Grove, Ia	1 60
Monroe Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y	25 00
Mrs. M. De F., Rochester, N. Y	1 00
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Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Roxbury, Mass	28 75
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S. S. Class of Young Men, Amherst, Mass	4 00
Friends, Savannah, Ga	2 00
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Dorothy Howard Rogers	1 25
P. B. J., Billings, Mont	10 00
M. E. Berg, Ellenville, N. Y	5 00
C., Paris, France	10 00
M. C. R., Pittsburg, Pa	5 00
Total to February 15	$3,031 57

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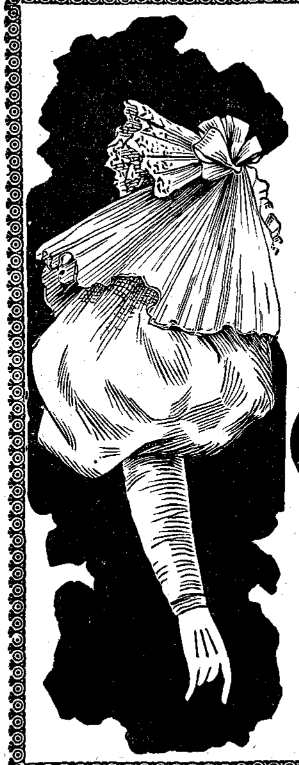

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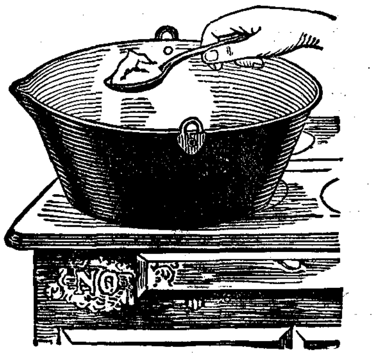

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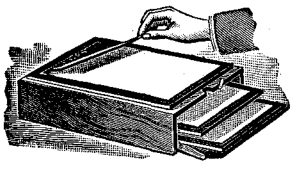

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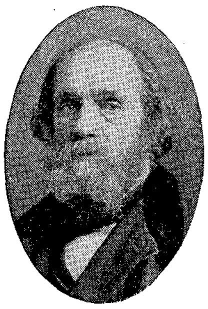

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Mr. GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, New York City: I congratulate you upon the enterprise displayed in such an original scheme of publication, which must necessarily be much appreciated by your subscribers, and at the same time add largely to the advantages of advertising in your publication. I shall look for the next Magazine Number with a great deal of interest.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER to The Outlook who sends three dollars for a year's subscription and mentions this offer, will receive the paper for a full year from April 1, 1896—fifty-two issues—and will also receive all the issues between the date of his order and April 1, with the Illustrated Magazine Numbers of December, 1895, January, February, and March, 1896, **FREE**

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 13 Astor Place, New York

The Business World

Exports and Imports of Gold

Last week no gold was exported to Europe from this country, but nearly $1,500,000 was received. About $750,000 more than this, arriving on Saturday, was not included in the Custom-House report for the week. Since January 1 we have exported $12,436,000 in gold, and imported $12,502,000.

Call and Time Money

Last week's market for call money was not materially different from that of the previous week. The rate was generally 3 per cent. Time money has become easier, but in Boston there was a period of "tight money." For 30 to 60 days quotations are 5 to 5½ per cent., and for longer dates 6 per cent.

Finances Abroad

The Bank of England minimum rate of discount remains unchanged at 2 per cent., but the Bank of Germany has reduced its discount rate from 4 to 3 per cent. The Bank of England last week attempted to check the gold movement to this country by advancing its selling price of gold bars to 78 shillings an ounce.

Gross Railway Earnings Advancing

Last month's report of gross railway earnings is the most gratifying of any issued in a long time. The percentage of gain is greater than in any previous month but one for three years. Over January, 1895, the gain is about 11 per cent. The most striking gains have been in the West and Southwest.

Iron Production Declining

On the first of the present month there were only 215 iron furnaces in blast, as compared with 242 on December 1, and 239 on November 1. The capacity of the furnaces at work has now sunk to 198,600 tons a week, as against 217,300 tons on November 1—when the total was at its maximum. The decline would be more significant if it were not made from the largest output ever reached in this country.

Manufacturers vs. Agriculturists

On Monday of last week, at the dinner of the National Association of Manufacturers, a notable speech was made by Mr. Warner Miller, who said that probably nine people out of ten are under the impression that the extent and value of the agricultural products of the United States far exceed the manufactured products. Instead of this being true, the total value of manufactured products in 1890 was $9,370,107,624, whereas the total value of all agricultural products for that year was $3,800,000,000.

Exports for Seven Months

Last week, through the report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, it was announced that the total value of the exports of merchandise from the United States during the month of January, and during the seven months ending with January 31, 1896, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding period a year ago, were as follows: January, 1895, $81,000,000; January, 1896, $87,000,000; seven months ending January 31, 1895, $510,000,000; seven months ending January 31, 1896, $523,000,000.

Proposed Ship Canal

On Thursday of last week the Committee on Railways and Canals of the National House of Representatives made a favorable report on the bill of Mr. Chickering, of New York, ordering the Secretary of War to cause accurate surveys of examinations and final estimates of cost of construction to be made of a ship canal by the most practical route, wholly within the territory of the United States, from the Great Lakes to the navigable waters of the Hudson River. The canal is to be of sufficient capacity to transport the tonnage of the lakes to the sea. The report authorizes an appropriation of $50,000, sufficient to enable the survey to be made.

Surplus Reserve of the New York City Banks

Last Saturday the New York City banks' surplus reserve fell to $36,818,875. This table will be interesting to those who remember the circumstances which induced the following results. The figures are given in millions only, showing the reserve at this time for a series of years:

1896	$36,000,000	1891	$18,000,000
1895	33,000,000	1890	7,000,000
1894	74,000,000	1889	17,000,000
1893	[illegible]	1888	17,000,000
1892	33,000,000	1887	15,000,000

Stocks and Bonds

Last week's stock market was a decidedly professional one, but the transactions were large; the volume of business, with only five working days, exceeded that of the previous week. The circumstances above the surface which have had influence in advancing or lowering prices were the result of the new Government loan on the gold reserve in the United States Treasury, and the improvement in the international situation, largely due to the pacific character of the Queen's Speech. Stocks with an international character have been very active, but the general list is about the same as a week ago. On the contrary, the bond list—where professionalism has no such sway—shows many noteworthy advances with but few declines. An improvement in bonds coincidently with no particular advance in stocks is significant of a genuine investment movement.

Some Competitors for Government Bonds

One difficulty with last week's trading in the new Government bonds was due to a few successful competitors who had not the means to take up their subscriptions, and who were therefore compelled to sell their rights. All this might have been avoided if the Government had declared that a certified check must be received by it as a guarantee of good faith. What a municipality asks may surely be demanded by our National Government. The bonds are now lower than a week ago. The following table gives quotations:

	February 8.	February 15.
U. S. 4s, reg., 1907	109 @110	108½@109
4s, coupon, 1907	109 @111	109 @111
4s ,reg., 1925	116 @117½	115¾@115⅞
4s, coupon, 1925	116½@117⅞	115⅞@116⅜
5s, reg., 1904	113 @114	112 @112¾
5s, coupon, 1904	113 @114	112 @112¾

In consequence of the new issue the gold reserve in the United States Treasury has advanced from $44,500,000 on February 7 to $102,500,000 on February 17.

Stock Variations

Below we print a list of representative dividend-paying railway stocks, showing their quotations on Saturday of last week and those of a year ago. As stated elsewhere, the present stock-list averages about the same as that of a week ago.

	Feb. 15, 1895.	Feb. 15, 1896.
Boston and Albany	208	213½
Boston and Lowell	199	205
Boston and Maine	165½	168
Canada Southern	48	50½
Central of New Jersey	85	106
Chicago and Alton	145	157
Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy	70	80
Chicago and East Illinois (Preferred)	90	98
Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul	54½	76½
" " " (Preferred)	116	129
Chicago and Northwestern	90	104
" " " (Preferred)	136	145½
Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific	61½	72
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha (Preferred)	109	123
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis (Preferred)	89	90
Delaware and Hudson	127½	127½
Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western	159	163
Denver and Rio Grande (Preferred)	34½	47
Great Northern (Preferred)	101½	111½
Illinois Central	86	96
Lake Erie and Western (Preferred)	69½	74
Lake Shore and Michigan Southern	136½	145
Long Island	85	83½
Maine Central	125	136
Manhattan Elevated	107	105
Michigan Central	95	97
Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis	65	75
New York Central	99	97½
New York, New Haven, and Hartford	196½	185
Pennsylvania	50½	53½
St. Paul and Duluth (Preferred)	90	91½
St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba	106½	111

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia
A.D. 1810.

City of Tampa, Fla.
$300,000
Municipal Improvement
Gold 6s
DUE JAN. 1st, 1921
INTEREST PAYABLE JAN. 1st AND JULY 1st.

Principal and interest payable in New York in gold coin of present weight and fineness.

PRICE TO NET 5½ PER CENT.
Full particulars on application.

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BANKERS
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Guaranty Trust Co.
of New York
Formerly New York Guaranty and Indemnity Co.
Mutual Life Building
65 CEDAR STREET, N. Y.
Capital, - - - - $2,000,000
Surplus, - - - - $2,000,000

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are the same as
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on a smaller scale at higher interest.

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Interest collected and remitted without charge. Write for particulars to F. H. DYCKMAN (resident partner), 13 Astor Place, New York.

GOVERNMENT,
RAILROAD, and
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SELECTED SECURITIES

paying a fair rate of interest.

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24 Nassau St., New York

MONEY—WISENESS in investing small sums—that's how fortune-foundations are laid. The wisdom's in the choice of the security.

The one security in plain sight is real estate. And New York real estate has made many a fortune.

That's our business. A syndicate; fifty dollar shares; real estate security.

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Room 17. American Surety Building,
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Have you investigated

the 6 per cent. and 8 per cent. investments offered by us, in which you can invest your savings in First Mortgage on Gilt-Edged Improved Real Estate, with perfect security equal to that of the best Savings Banks?

Full information and references supplied on application to

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Temple Court, 5 Beekman St., New York

Broker for the Assured

I save my customers thousands of dollars annually. **IF** you intend insuring your life, or **IF** you carry life insurance taken out within the past four years, confer with me.
JAS. A. STEELE, 45 Broadway, New York

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GOOD AS GOVERNMENT BONDS—DOUBLE THE RATE

5% 6% 7% Made in strictly first-class Real Estate Mortgages, State, County, City, and School Warrants and Bonds, with a view to absolute security and prompt interest payments. Best references. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN P. DORR & CO., Investment Brokers
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100.00 for a 5-acre farm, covered with wood, in Southern New Jersey; close to railroad; finest markets in the world; especially adapted for small fruits, poultry, vegetables, &c.; high and dry; healthy neighborhood; sold on installments of $1 down and $1 per week, title insured. Immediate possession. Send for full particulars.
D. L. RISLEY, 211 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A FIXED INCOME FOR LIFE

is secured by a **Perfected Annuity Bond.** They banish care, and thus prolong life. They double the income of elderly people. Adapted to all ages. **SECURITY ABSOLUTE.** Address (stating age)
B. G. CARPENTER, 256 Broadway, New York.

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Worth Remembering

In the Season of
Coughs and Colds.

Möller's Cod Liver Oil

is prepared only from the fresh livers of the cod-fish, and according to the most approved method.

It is entirely free from products of decomposition and all traces of rancidity.

It is acceptable to the most sensitive stomach, and rapidly promotes nutrition.

MÖLLER'S COD LIVER OIL has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession and the general public for over forty years.

Flat, oval bottles—all druggists.
Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay **$4** to **$6** for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,

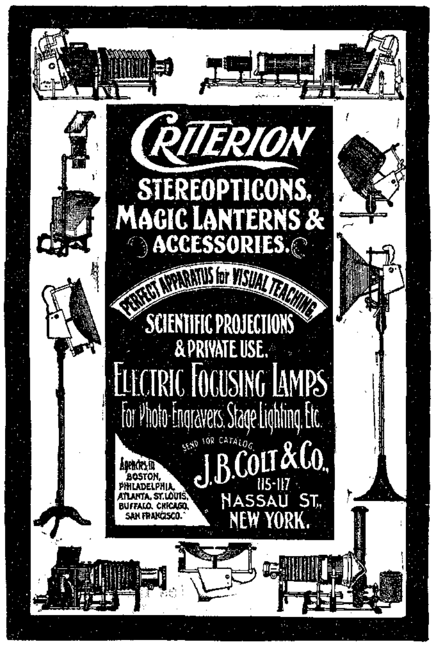
CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our **$5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25** Shoes; **$2.50, $2** and **$1.75** for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to **Box N.**

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



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us to place our new and handsomely printed brochure in *your* hands. It is illustrated with Factory views and describes in a very interesting manner the process of manufacture of our

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Different from and superior to all others.

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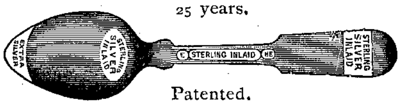

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Each article stamped on the back.

E. STERLING INLAID HE.

Sold by all Jewelers. Made only by

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Co.,
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Dep't L. 40

Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef FOR A FINE... FLAVOR

Tailor-Made Suits $7.50

To every lady who desires to dress well at moderate cost we will mail—*free*—our handsomely illustrated Spring catalogue of Ladies' Suits, Skirts, Waists, etc., and more than FIFTY SAMPLES of the materials from which we make these garments. Our catalogue illustrates:

Tailor-Made Suits, $7.50 up.
(In Serges, Mixtures, Coverts, Whipcords, etc.)
Mohair, Outing and Blazer Suits, $8 up.
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Jackets, $4 up. Capes, $3 up.
Silk and Satin Skirts, $10 up.
Duck, Teviot and Pique Suits, $4.50.
Silk Waists, $4 up. Bicycle Suits, $6 up.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades.

We make every garment to order, and guarantee the perfection of fit, finish and style. We pay express charges to any part of the world. Write to-day; you will get catalogue and samples by return mail.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,
152 & 154 W. 23d St., New York.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.'S
New Free Delivery System
DELIVERS THEIR FAMOUS
SEEDS
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Our **New Manual of "Everything for the Garden"** is the grandest ever issued. It not only points the way to successful gardening, but is, as well, a careful gleaning of the world's newest and best in Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. Its 160 pages, size 9 x 11 inches, are embellished with over 500 engravings, and contain, besides, 6 beautiful colored plates of Novelties in Seeds and Plants.

NOW THEN, to trace our advertising we make the following unusually liberal offer: To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who encloses us 20 cents (in stamps), we will mail the Manual, and also send, free of charge, our famous 50c. *Pioneer Collection* of Seeds, containing one packet each of New Mammoth Mignonette, New Bonfire Pansy, New "Blue Ribbon" Sweet Peas, Succession Cabbage, Prizetaker Onion, and "Table Queen" Tomato, in a blue envelope which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25c. cash payment on any order of goods selected from Manual to the amount of $1 and upward.

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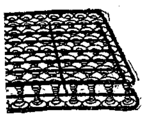
35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York.

Ideal Spring Beds



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Our booklet, illustrating and describing them, sent free.

An up-to-date pocket map of your State sent for three 2-cent stamps.

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Bits of Fun

There are some men who act according to their lights, but there are more who act according to their livers.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Hostess—Oh, yes! Her people were as poor as church mice; but since her marriage to wealthy John Gotmore she has it easy. The Visitor—Easy? I should say so! Why, she hasn't a single thing to do all day but sit and worry.—*Puck.*

The verger of St. Mary's, Oxford, on being congratulated by his rector for his constant attendance to duty, said, "I have heard every sermon that has been preached from this pulpit for fifty years; and, thank God, I am a Christian still."—*Exchange.*

Bridget—The new neighbors next door wants to cut their grass, and they say as would ye be so kind as to lend them your sickle. Puritanical Mistress—Lend my sickle to cut grass on the Sabbath? Tell them, Bridget, that we haven't any.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader. The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?" "Plowing," said the farmer.—*London Tit-Bits.*

There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question, "Here, at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered, "My victuals."—*Household News.*

The Need of the Age.—"The need of the age," said the Rev. Mr. Wilgus, as he leaned back in his chair and placed the tips of his fingers together, "is a more practical Christianity." "Which reminds me," said the captious man, "that your church hasn't cleaned the snow off its sidewalk yet."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

One day while Millais was engaged in painting his famous picture, "Chill October," among the reeds and rushes on the banks of the Tay, near Perth, a voice came from over the hedge: "Man, did ye never try photography?" "No, never," replied Millais, painting slowly. A pause. "It's a hantle quicker," said the voice. "Ye-es, I suppose so." Another pause. The final thrust was: "An' it's mair liker the place."
—*London Tit-Bits.*

If you need a Tonic
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate

It stimulates the stomach, nourishes the nerves, builds the brain tissue. A wonderful tonic. Makes a delightful beverage.

Not a Patent Medicine.

In cases of
Paralysis
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Freligh's Tonic

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant.

has been prescribed by over forty thousand physicians with wonderful success. Sample by mail, 25 cents; regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. Concentrated, prompt, powerful. Descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., sent to any address.

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Formula on Every Bottle.

"Pearl top" is nothing.
"Pearl glass" is nothing.
"Index to Chimneys" is nothing.
"Macbeth" with the shape we make for your lamp is all.
We'll send you the Index; look out for the rest yourself.

Geo A Macbeth Co
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Christian Entertainments!

No church ought to be without facilities for furnishing pure recreation. With a Stereopticon the interesting places of the world can be shown; inspiring moral and temperance stories illustrated; humor made realistic; choicest statuary and artistic gems flashed upon the screen. Do you know of anything better? We don't.

Write for free literature. Large illustrated catalogue 20 cents.

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PORTER'S
BALSAM

THIS LADY

whose portrait appears on every bottle of Balsam sold, is liked very much by girls and boys, little and grown up, everywhere. For 60 years the pleasant taste of "Madame Porter's" has been in the mouths of the people, and millions own to the wonderful relief it affords when a cold is caught and a cough is mocking good nature. There's safety, too, in "Porter's." Better have it on hand.

Safe and Sure
Good as Candy

Druggists sell it, to cost not over 25 and 50 cents (two sizes).

Proprietors: HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York.

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SONGS FOR SPRING TIME

HIGHEST PRAISE, FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.
$30 per **100** copies.
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMNS, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
$30 per **100** copies.

Do not substitute inferior books because of lower price. The best are cheapest!!

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
76 East 9th St., New York. 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

THOSE answering advertisements appearing in The Outlook will confer a favor upon the advertiser as well as the publisher by mentioning this publication.

A Cloud of Witnesses.

Most people are skeptical about the cure of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and similar diseases, and this advertisement is intended for any "doubting Thomas" who is a reasonable person. Are *you* open to conviction? We *know* from thousands of letters (hundreds from readers of this paper, in which we have advertised for months) that **Hyomei,** the new and wonderful Australian **"Dry-Air"** treatment, comprised in

Booth's Pocket Inhaler Outfit, by mail, $1.00

relieves 99 out of every 100 people who try it, and **cures** 99 out of every 100 who use it conscientiously and according to directions. Here are the endorsements of living men and women *whom you* **must** *believe*—you can't help yourself.

Bronchitis.

Hon. FRANCIS H. WILSON, Member of Congress from Brooklyn, writes:

Temple Court, New York City,
November 26, 1894.

My Dear Mr. Wyckoff: On your suggestion, I procured from your friend, Mr. Booth, one of his Pocket Inhalers. It has worked like a charm. The Bronchitis has *entirely disappeared*, and, thanks to you, is the first thing I have found in ten years that has given permanent relief. There is certainly a great field for a remedy having such merit.

Cordially yours, F. H. WILSON.

[The above is to the late W. O. Wyckoff, Esq., President Remington Typewriter Co.]

Colds.

Boston, Mass., July 30, 1895.

In my family of three we have used the Hyomei, and have been perfectly satisfied with the result. None of us have had a cold since we have had it. I believe it is a great preventitive as well as a cure.

Rev. STANLEY SEARING,
10 Carter Street.

Loss of Voice.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 1, 1895.

Booth's Pocket Inhaler works like a charm. The first inhalation gave relief. It *is a blessing to humanity, and I am sorry it is not better known.* I add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

Sincerely yours,
Rev. J. M. FARRAR, D.D.

Asthma.

Deer Park Parsonage,
Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1895.

The Pocket Inhaler came Friday morning. Mrs. Honey had been suffering severely for three weeks daily with Asthma. As soon as the Inhaler came, she began using it, and after a few inhalations, the Asthma ceased, and now, Tuesday, it has not returned. She has had this trouble since she was seven years old, and is now forty. We have spent hundreds of dollars in search of relief, purchasing everything we saw advertised.

Rev. GEORGE H. HONEY.

Catarrhal Deafness.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 6, 1895.

Having been personally relieved from Catarrh through the use of an Inhaler charged wlth Hyomei, I take pleasure in recommending it most highly. Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, of Warner's Safe Cure fame, according to his own statement, made in the presence of a friend of mine, Dr. Frank E. Howe, Barrett House, Broadway, New York, has been cured of Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness of several years' standing through the use of Hyomei.

E. G. WYCKOFF, No. 209 Genesee Street.

Chronic Cough.

Manchester, Mass., March 26, 1895.

Inclosed find $1.00 for Pocket Inhaler outfit. The one I bought of you for my mother did her a world of good. She writes me that her cough is completely cured. Success to you.

ABBIE J. GANNET.

Catarrh.

Boston, Mass., April 20, 1894.
(Care Jordan, Marsh & Co.)

I had Catarrh for twenty years, and the last ten years (passed in this great establishment) I suffered fearfully. It extended to my throat; the base of my tongue was badly affected. I could not sleep with my mouth closed. I began using Hyomei in December, and in two weeks I was entirely—and now, after four months and no return of the disease, I can say, *permanently*—cured. I am going to ask the head of this firm, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, to indorse this statement.

ELVIRA E. B. GIBSON.

Indorsed, EBEN D. JORDAN.

Consumption.

Buffalo, N. Y., August 21, 1895.

In thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine, I have never given my name in support of a proprietary remedy; for I have never seen one that performed all and more than was claimed for it, until I met with Hyomei, which I indorse with all my heart (professsional ethics to the contrary notwithstanding), for I believe it a duty I owe to humanity. Since testing Hyomei in Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, and last, but far from being least, Galloping Consumption, in an advanced stage, which by the use of the Exhaler one hour a day, and the Pocket Inhaler ten minutes every hour, with no other medicine, in four weeks, was transformed into an assured recovery; I believe in it for itself for what it has done, and I gladly add my name to the "Pass-It-On-Society."

S. H. MORRIS, M.D., 159 Franklin St.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this as you may deem best.

BOOTH'S

POCKET INHALER
HYOMEI
R. T. BOOTH, NEW YORK.

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Great Britain, the United States, and Venezuela

Translation of a letter from M. J. BERNAY, *Professor of International Law at the University of Lausanne, and Secretary of the Institute of International Law.*

After a preliminary consideration of the questions upon which you desire to receive a juridical opinion, and which have reference to the legitimacy of the intervention of the United States in the dispute between England and Venezuela, I have the honor to communicate to you my mode of looking at this problem of international law; reserving to myself the right of modifying my opinion after obtaining fuller information.

1. It appears evident to me that the United States cannot justify their intervention in a dispute as to the frontier of two adjoining States by the so-called "Monroe Doctrine," inasmuch as the declaration of President Monroe had reference to questions of quite a different nature—that is to say, to the intervention of European States made for the purpose of reducing under dependence upon them certain colonies which had emancipated themselves and had become independent States recognized by the United States. Now, England does not in any way claim to interfere with the independence of Venezuela, or to exercise any control over its administration.

2. Moreover, the Monroe Doctrine and its development, with the object of excluding European States from the exercise of any influence on the American continent, forms no part of international law. The Monroe Doctrine and the extension which it has received have never been recognized by States generally as a principle of public international law. It is a rule of political conduct of the United States Government which is legitimate only in so far as it is not in contradiction with the rules of international law.

3. It is not admissible to regard (as Mr. Olney's note does) the refusal of England to agree to submit to arbitration the whole of the territory claimed by Venezuela as tantamount to an invasion or conquest of Venezuela territory by England. No one can be compelled to consent to an arbitration, and England's refusal does not prove that the claims of Venezuela have a legal foundation.

4. Generally speaking, the claims contained in Mr. Olney's note appear from every point of view to be ill founded; and they are not presented in a correct form—that is to say, are not in accordance with the rules of international courtesy such as should mark the relations of two States which are at peace with each other.

5. On the other hand, the purport of this note, *i. e.*, the request that England should state whether she will consent to submit to arbitration her whole dispute with Venezuela, and the notice that, in the opinion of the President of the United States, a refusal on the part of England would tend to disturb the future relations of the two countries, cannot be regarded as an act which constitutes an intervention or an ultimatum in violation of law.

This proceeding, which is so ill-conceived from some points of view, and reprehensible from the point of view of international courtesy, does not tend to compel England to resort to arbitration. It is simply a notification to England that the United States would regard her refusal as an injury done to her interests, and would take measures to protect them. It does not constitute precisely a menace of war, but, at the most, is a menace of breaking off diplomatic relations—an action which any State may resort to, without violation of international law, whenever it considers, rightly or wrongly, that another State has injured its interests.

6. Moreover, the message of President Cleveland does not conform in its terms to the usages of international courtesy. Yet it does not constitute a manifest infraction of international law.

7. To nominate a Commission charged with the study of the grounds upon which Venezuela and England base their respective claims, and with the duty of making a report to the United States Government, is certainly an unusual proceeding. Nevertheless, this does not appear to constitute an infraction of international law. Any Government may, without going beyond its rights, seek for information respecting the respective rights and claims of other States, whenever it considers that the dispute is one in which its own interests are involved. It is certain, however, that this American Commission cannot exercise any authority, and that its opinion can have no decisive value.

8. Any effective intervention hereafter on the part of the United States, with the view of supporting the rights of Venezuela—if they consider that these latter are injured by England—as a consequence of the Report, cannot be legitimately based on the Monroe Doctrine. In principle, a State has no right to intervene effectively in a dispute between two other States. Nevertheless, there are some exceptions to this rule. Notably, when the conflict is the result of a violation of the essential precepts of international law (respect of territory) committed by a State (which is powerful) to the injury of another State (which is weaker), a third State is, I consider, justified in intervening when it thinks its interests are injured by this violation of public law.

In order that this intervention, however, may be legitimate, the violation of international law by one State to the detriment of another must be manifest.

When does such a case arise? It is impossible to decide this by general rules. It is a question for decision in any given case—one which cannot be pronounced until after the dispute has been investigated.

In the particular case before us it appears to me to be very difficult to admit that in this dispute about frontiers on which the United States ground their intervention, there is a manifest violation of Venezuela territory by England. The greater part of the country to which Venezuela lays claim has been occupied for many years by British subjects.

The rights upon which Venezuela mainly grounds her claim had their origin at a period anterior to the conquest of Guiana by Holland, a conquest recognized later on by Spain—from which England appears to derive her rights.

Lastly, England consents to cede by arrangement some part of the territories which are unoccupied, and which she claims as hers.

Under such circumstances it appears impossible to affirm, or even to discover, any manifest violation, open and direct, of Venezuela territory—the only hypothesis which would justify, in some degree, if it actually occurred, an effective intervention on the part of the United States.

Such are the main points which I think should form the subject of investigation for the purpose of a juridical report on the difference between England and the United States.

I am afraid that this mode of considering the subject may not meet the objects which the International Arbitration and Peace Association has in view; or may not contain a precise reply to the questions respecting which they desire a juridical opinion. Should such be the case, I should be greatly obliged by your frankly telling me so. If, on the other hand, you consider that a report drawn up from the point of view which I have had the honor to indicate ould be useful, I am at your service.

J. BERNAY, Professor.

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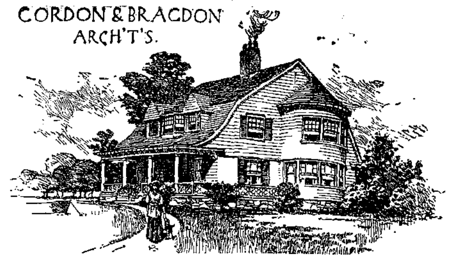
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City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks,		2,185,435.63
Bank Stocks,		178,981.00
Cash in Office,		269.58
Cash Deposited in Banks,		202,997.30
Add:		**$10,116,436.81**
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over cost,	$41,205.31	
Interest accrued and due,	146,502.32	
Net Deferred and Outstanding Premiums,	151,393.68	$339,101.31
Gross Assets January 1, 1896,		**$10,455,538.12**

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Policies issued,	4,769	5,428	6,203
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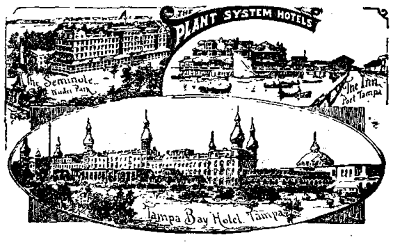

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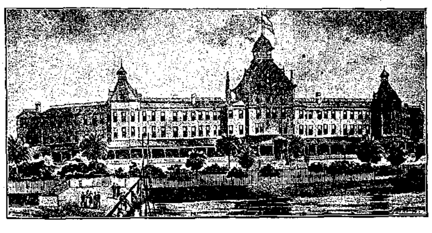

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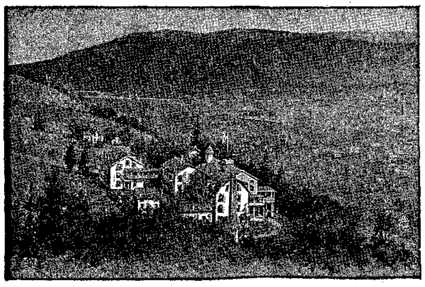

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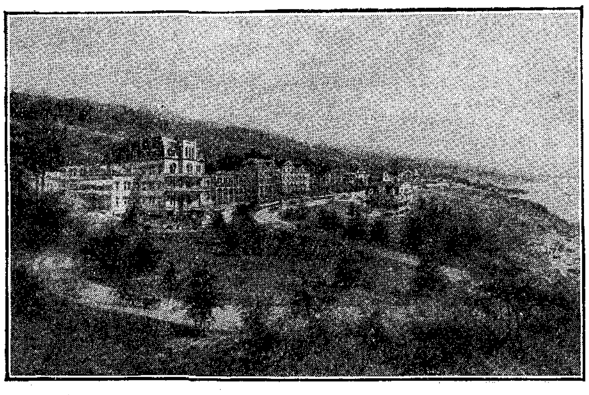

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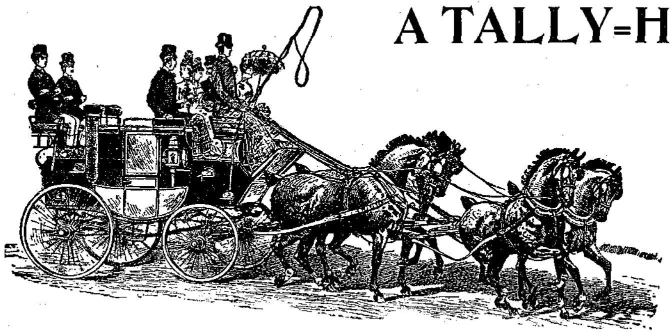

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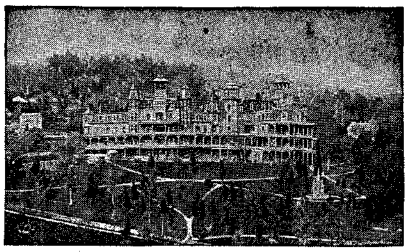

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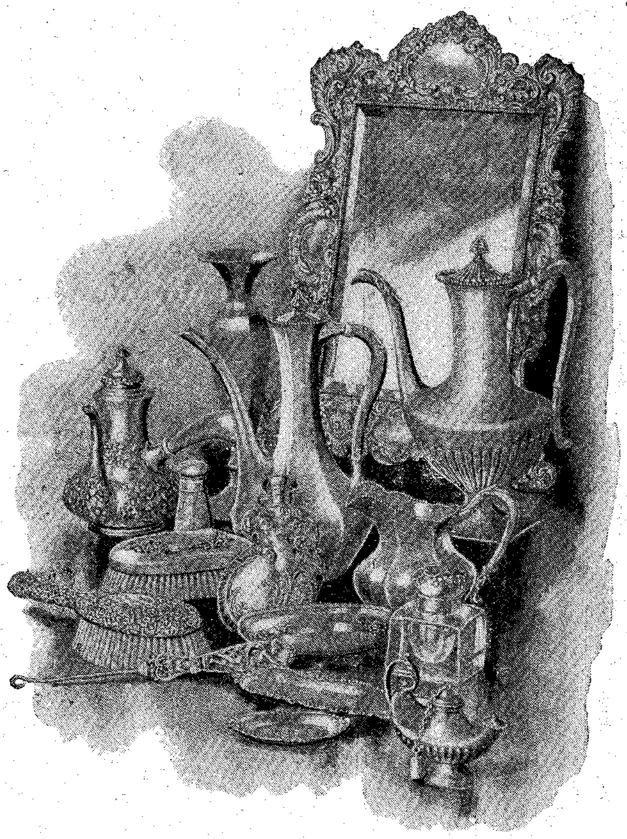

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